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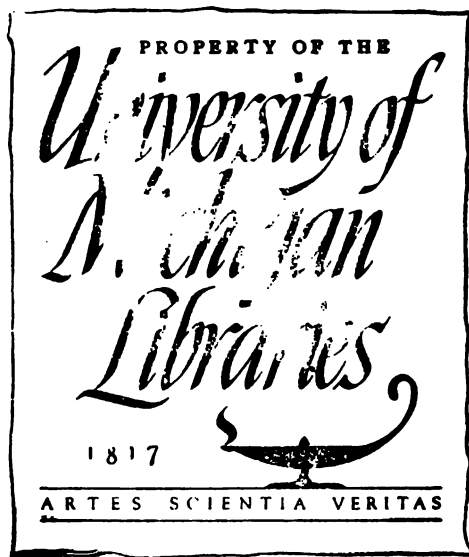
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# HISTORY OF ATHENS



HOWARD  
CROSBY  
BUTLER







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1008



# THE STORY OF ATHENS







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**FROM SHELLEY'S "ODE TO LIBERTY."**

" Athens arose: a city such as vision  
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers  
Of battlemented clouds, as in derision  
Of kingliest masonry: the ocean floors  
Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;  
Its portals are inhabited  
By thunder-zoned winds, each head  
Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded,  
A divine work! Athens diviner yet  
Gleamed with its crest of columns on the will  
Of man as on a mount of diamond set;  
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill  
Peopled, with forms that mock the eternal dead,  
In marble immortality, that hill  
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle."



BEQUEST OF  
A. L. CROSS  
4- 3-41

## PREFACE

THE purpose of this volume is to give a simple sketch of the life and art of Athens from its earliest beginnings to the present time, as we find them recorded in ancient literature and in the monuments that time has spared to us. To this end an outline of the mythology and traditional history of the city is given in the introductory chapter, and for the rest a background is provided on which is traced the Story of Athens, as we read it in ancient history and in the lives of great Athenians. Where the thread of the narrative is broken in the accounts given by the ancients, we have to depend upon the researches of modern historians; and for our study of the topography and art we are dependent almost entirely upon modern criticism. But the aim of the book, in the matter of history, is to give, as far as possible, the view of the ancients themselves rather than to discuss the credibility of the old historians. It will be enough for us to quote the figures of Herodotus regarding the number of Persians that fought in the various battles of the war of invasion, without making digression to agree with, or to attempt to refute the contentions of, certain modern writers that it would have been impossible for such numbers to have been packed into the various battle-fields.

Against this background of historical incidents, which depicts, in chronological order, the story of the wars, the leagues, the changes of government, the political and

commercial enterprises in which Athens was a prominent figure, will stand the statesmen, the politicians, the philosophers, the literary men, the artists, and the few prominent women whose lives make up all we know of the Story of Athens. Their deeds, their policies, their philosophy, and their works cannot be adequately treated in the narrow compass of a single volume; but the art, which is the only material monument of that life now visible in Athens, may be dwelt upon at greater length, and about her masses of broken wall and shattered columns, her collections of mutilated statues and faded vase-paintings, may be woven the tale of her career.

For the topography, I have used the maps of Curtius as a basis, changing them here and there in accordance with recent discoveries or with new light shed upon the subject.

For history and biography, I have depended, as far as possible, upon ancient sources, having recourse when necessary to the modern historians whose works are mentioned in the books for reference at the end of this volume.

The monuments speak for themselves, though, in many instances, the researches of Dr. Dörpfeld and others, in the field of architecture, have added greatly to their historical significance; and M. Collignon's study of the sculpture of Athens has been of great assistance in assigning dates.

I have chosen to represent the monuments of architecture by means of line-drawings, in order to overcome the exaggerated perspective of photographs and to do away with their deceptive color-scheme, by which the golden-yellow marble of the ancient buildings is made to appear brown or black against a white sky. The sculptures are reproduced almost entirely by photograph.

It is well-nigh impossible to be consistent in the matter of the spelling of Greek proper names. If one adopts the

Greek transliteration throughout, he must write Mouseion for Museum, Kupros for Cyprus, and Thoukudides for Thucydides; on the other hand, if the Latin form be insisted upon, he would have Nice for Nike, and so on. I have, therefore, fallen back upon the unfortunately crude but familiar Latin form for names of divinities, places, and people, and of objects that are well known in their Latin form, like Dipylum, Propylaea, etc., but have retained the Greek form for the titles of divinities that have not been commonly Latinized, like Zeus Herkeios and Athena Nike; while many names of objects that appear in Greek form will be found to be italicized at their first occurrence. It will be noted that the Greek *αι* is represented by *ī* when the long sound is pronounced, except in names in which both letters have been retained in the old spelling, *e.g.*, Poseidon.

My thanks are due to the American School of Classical Studies in Athens for the hospitalities of its library, and for opportunities afforded for hearing the lectures delivered under its auspices and in the other National Schools in Athens; to Professor W. K. Prentice of Princeton for many suggestions regarding the references to Greek history and literature,—the drama in particular,—and for numerous translations from the ancient texts; and to Professor J. R. Wheeler of Columbia for the use of correspondence concerning some of the most recent lectures of the German School in Athens.

CLASSICAL SEMINARY OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY,  
May 10, 1902.





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# THE STORY OF ATHENS





# THE STORY OF ATHENS

## I

### THE DUSK OF THE GODS

"And they dwelt in Athens, a well-built town, the realm of the noble Erechtheus, whom once Athena, daughter of Zeus, reared up and gave a place in her own rich temple at Athens."  
ILIAD, II, 546-549.



Athena, from an Ancient Vase-painting.

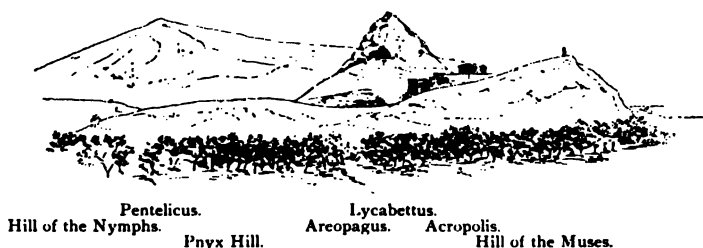
IN the most distant cycles of the past, long before men had begun to commit the record of their deeds to books or graven stones, in "the land of lost gods and godlike men," a sturdy, warlike tribe, one of those countless bands that were wandering over the wild, unsettled country on the north of the great sea, came to a fertile plain, inclosed between the mountains and the shore, and, finding a bare, rocky plateau rising from the midst of the plain, chose it for their abode. Who these men were or whence they came we cannot say, and little indeed can we imagine about them. They were a tribe of warrior shepherds led by the same impulse that was moving thousands of their brethren to choose similar places for settlement all along the rugged northern shores of the sea, with its deeply indented gulfs and estuaries, and upon the myriad islands that stand guard along its coast.

They were not in search of an isolated crag perfectly fortified by nature, such as would have been sought by a piratical band of marauders, but of an elevated plateau, which they themselves might fortify, with sufficient level space at its summit to accommodate the modest huts of a considerable number of herdsmen and tillers of the soil who should find their living in the wide plain and along the far stretching coast-line, and which would afford them a safe retreat in times of danger. They chose this precipitous rock because it was far enough from the sea to give them warning of the approach of an enemy in ships, and yet near enough to make traffic with the outside world easy. There were other rocky eminences rising from the same plain, some higher and some lower, but that which was to become the Acropolis of Athens was for many reasons the rock best suited to the purposes of the ancient founders. This choice alone would make it quite certain that these earliest settlers in Attica were a tribe bound together by ties stronger than those which bind robbers for mutual protection. They were doubtless subject to some recognized form of government, with a prince or a chief at their head. Religion they probably had, worshipping the mysterious powers of the elements in symbols of wood and stone. Their houses were rude huts of stone, and their arms and implements were made from the same raw material, provided by nature for her human children; for battle-axes, arrows, and knives of stone, and grinding utensils of the same primitive workmanship, have been found here as in all the earliest abodes of man in Mediterranean lands. Their customs were primitive. They tilled their fields and reaped their harvests, and every day, at sunset, drove their herds of cattle, of sheep and goats, up the steep slope and within the walls of the town, where they would be safe from piratical visitors and from the unfriendly neighbors with whom they were

often at war. For they were great fighters, these early settlers; and the only traditions their successors had of them were those of warlike fame. Their life was simple, and vaulting ambition found no place in their childlike minds; but the seeds of empire were in their blood, and upon the rock which they had chosen they laid the foundations of a city which was to become, in time, the birth-place of free human thought, the cradle of democratic government, the source of law, philosophy, and art, and forever the inspiration of human ambition. A lofty plateau, precipitous on three sides and not easy of access on the fourth, chosen by a tribe of stalwart men to be their stronghold, and fortified by them with rude and massive walls that encircled a group of simple huts, a rustic village, strongly built and poorly thatched, perched upon a mighty rock,—such was the Acropolis of Athens before it was embellished with the art treasures of the golden age, before it became the world's desire, the pampered favorite of eastern kings and western emperors, before it fell into the hands of perhaps too zealous Christians or of the relentless Moslem.

The country to which these pioneers had come was a land where all is light, where the earth basks in an atmosphere so brilliant that the unaccustomed eye is dazed almost to blindness by its effulgence, and where the naked rock glows with ever varying radiance in the changing effects of the slanting sun-rays; a land where earth, sky, and sea seem to meet and mingle more closely than in any other portion of the globe; not a land of tropical luxuriance nor of fertile productiveness, but one now parched with glowing heat, now bathed with plenteous showers; a land where man must labor if he would live, must strive if he would excel; a country well suited to develop the mind and body together, to produce the highest perfection in both.

The Attic plain stretches seaward far to the south, and westward to the low ridge of Mount Daphni, which divides it from the Eleusinian Bay. On the north it is bounded by the gentle slopes of Mount Parnes and the base of lofty Pentelicus. On the east the long, even wall of Mount Hymettus forms a near and mighty barrier, falling gradually on the south to the Aegean. Of the nearer hills which stand about the Acropolis, Lycabettus, the highest, raises its steep cone, like a sentinel, high above



Pentelicus. Lycabettus.  
Hill of the Nymphs. Areopagus. Acropolis.  
Pnyx Hill. Hill of the Muses.

Athens from the Southwest.

the Hill of Pallas on the north. Toward the south the Hill of the Muses slopes gradually up from the narrow valley between it and the Acropolis, and falls steeply toward the sea, joined on the west by the long, level mound of the Pnyx, which connects it with the Hill of the Nymphs. Between this low outer range and the Acropolis, the Areopagus rears its bare and shattered crest.

Mountains, hills, and crags, like the Acropolis rock itself, are all mere masses of limestone arrested in various stages of development, hardening in mighty Pentelicus into white and glistening marble; in Hymettus, into marble gray with shades of blue. In the Acropolis and neighboring rocks, the stone, itself a bluish gray, takes that violet hue, so famous in poetical descriptions, which, shaded with browns and reds, assumes a variety of won-

drous tints with the changing effects of light. Mountain, hill, and crag are almost completely bare to the brilliant sky,—

In naked beauty more adorned,  
More lovely,—

for with the simple mediums of sun and air, the ever varying seasons and the hours of the day vie with each other to clothe their perfect forms with translucent radiance.

These limestone masses fall into shapes unmatched for beauty and variety of outline. The lower crags are bold, sharp, and chasm worn, but the distant ridges take lines of gentler grace. Here are neither the snow-clad pinnacled peaks of the Alps, nor the swelling, wave-like curves of wooded mountain ranges; but simple lines of dignified repose, typical of the Greek temperament, as if drawn by the hand of an Attic master.

Though bare of forests and unclothed of grass, the mountain landscape of Attica never appears desolate, like a weary waste; for the piercing sun draws up from the sea a delicate, vapory haze, and throws it over her lovely form. This filmy veil is not only tinted by various effects of light, but is changed in tone, from season to season, by the aid of little plants which come and go, finding footing, for a brief space, among the crevices of the rock. The spring veil is different from the autumn veil; for, after the winter rains, myriads of minute blossoms bestrew the slopes and add their brilliant hues to the film that Phoebus provides. In the autumn these little plants, parched by the summer's heat, shed soft shades of red and brown through the vapory fabric. Throughout the year, scattered patches of piny brush weave thin patterns of blue-green in the tissue, so that we never miss the verdure to which our northern eyes are accustomed after we

have once beheld the naked loveliness of Attica through the diaphanous veil that clings to her form like the damp drapery of a Phidian statue. No one, I trust, who has stood upon the Acropolis at sunset and watched Mount Hymettus, like a huge chameleon, change from red to violet and then to deep velvety blue, has ever wished to see those noble sides covered with the soft vesture of the forest.

The plain that sweeps about the Acropolis, between the mountains and the sea, was watered in centuries past by two small rivers, the Cephissus and the Ilissus, which now are marked by dry, rocky fissures, except when heavy rains fall on the mountain sides. It still yields harvests of grain, fruit, and olives; but these are scarcely to be compared with the plenitude which for centuries maintained the population of a large and flourishing city.

The soft browns of the furrowed fields in early spring, offset by snowy patches of almond blossoms; the masses of waving golden grain in summer, partitioned off by rows of aloes and interspersed with the gray-green squares of olive groves and the brighter greens of vineyards and fruit orchards, all contribute to make the plain a becoming foreground for the enchanting distance, presenting most lovely contrasts in form, as well as in color and sentiment.

The lower hills and mountain sides furnished, of old as now, full vintages of Attic wine, while the verdure of the steeper slopes afforded pasture to countless flocks and herds; for we cannot doubt that in earlier times, when the two rivers were flowing streams, the lower mountain sides were covered with herbs and grasses. The mountains themselves, in the prehistoric period, may have been wooded, but that we shall never know.

About this famous rock and its neighboring craggy pyramids and lofty mountains, the early Athenians soon

wove a maze of beautiful tales. They gave each spot some mythical significance and peopled all the land with heroes half divine, whose wondrous deeds, whose adventures and amours, became the burden of their songs, their legends, and traditions. So that the later Athenians believed implicitly in the godlike character of their ancestors, and in the stories their fathers had told of the founding of their city, until history was lost in myths.

The earliest personage of importance in the legends of the Athenians was Cecrops, earth-born father of their race, who represented the most ancient epoch of their history in Achean tradition. To him, their first king, was imputed the introduction of the first principles of civilized government. He it was who founded their city, and from his name their citadel was at first called Cecropia. He taught his subjects to worship the gods, erecting an altar to Zeus Herkeios, abolished their bloody forms of human sacrifice, instituted marriage, and encouraged agriculture. He united twelve of the independent communities of Attica into townships with separate councils, more or less subject to his rule.

This prince married Agraulos, daughter of Actaeus, chief of an Attic tribe, who bore him a son, Erysichthon, and three daughters, Agraulos, Herse, and Pandrosos, the three sisters who figure so prominently in Athenian legend. Whether Cecrops was an autochthonous hero or represented an early migration from one of the more ancient homes of civilization,—from Egypt, as was suggested by a number of ancient writers, or from Asia,—it is impossible to say. He died after a long reign, leaving no male issue, and was buried upon the Acropolis, near the sacred shrine of Athena Polias, which he had set up. He was succeeded by the autochthonous king Cranaus, who lived in the time of Deucalion's flood, and whose daughter Cranae married Amphictyon, a son of Deucalion, who



subsequently succeeded to the throne of Attica. The Athenians themselves seem to have had a very vague notion of the chronological succession of their kings. It is only in these latter days of historical study and archaeological research that cold dates and unromantic genealogical tables have assumed importance. Seven successors of Cecrops are named by Greek writers before Aegeus, father of Theseus; they are Cranaus, Amphictyon, Erichthonius, Pandion, Erechtheus, Cecrops II, and Pandion II; but there is little agreement among the ancient authorities regarding the order of their sequence.

In the somewhat later, so-called Ionic, tradition, Cecrops is confused with Erichthonius and he with Erechtheus, and the personality and deeds of these heroes become almost as those of one. Again, Cecrops is made a lineal successor of Erechtheus, while a third chronology provides a second Cecrops, as in the list given above. In any event, Cecrops represents an epoch of the greatest antiquity in Athenian history,—an epoch far older than that of Erechtheus and the period of which Homer sings.

It was in the time of one of these heroes, according to legend, that the worship of Athena was instituted at Athens; but as the virgin goddess had her home on the Acropolis at the time of Erichthonius's mythical birth, it seems more consistent to ascribe this honor to the more remote age.

In the reign of one of these legendary princes, the virgin daughter of Zeus contended with Poseidon for the possession of the Attic land; their struggle took the form of a contest before a jury of the gods of Olympus, in which each strove to produce the gift which should be most useful to mortals. The scene of the contest was the Acropolis. Poseidon, having the first turn, struck the rock with his mighty trident, causing a spring of salt water to gush forth, and leaving three marks which are

still to be seen in the Acropolis rock beneath the Erechtheum. At the blow, forth leaped the first horse, with all his strength and fleetness, ready to become the faithful servant and companion of man. Athena then, in her turn, with no show of brute strength, fashioned the homely olive tree and described all its possibilities of usefulness to humankind. And though Poseidon's gift has perhaps proved the more useful to the greater number of the sons of men, it was certainly more in keeping with mortal sentiment in those days that the gods should award the victory to Athena. She became from that moment the protectress of Cecropia, and the city exchanged its original name for hers.

This judgment of the gods was a fortunate one for the Cecropians. The worship of Athena, preëminent from that time upon the Acropolis, the love and enthusiasm for their divine protectress which animated the inhabitants of the newly named city, seem to have molded all their subsequent history and directed their destiny during all the succeeding ages. The stately form of Athena, her courage, her chastity, can be traced in all the dignity of their political career, in their deeds of valor, and in the purity of their ideals in literature and art.

Athena, daughter of Zeus, the most powerful, and of Metis, the wisest of the gods, represented to the Greeks a harmonious blending of might and wisdom. As offspring of Zeus, she represented government, a protectress of the state; as a daughter of Metis, she symbolized the authority of law, was patron of popular assemblies and of the courts of justice. As such she was believed to have instituted the court of the Areopagus at Athens, which had its seat upon the hill just opposite the gate of the Acropolis, and in which the first trial in the traditional history of Athens was held, when the god Ares was brought before a tribunal of the gods for the murder of

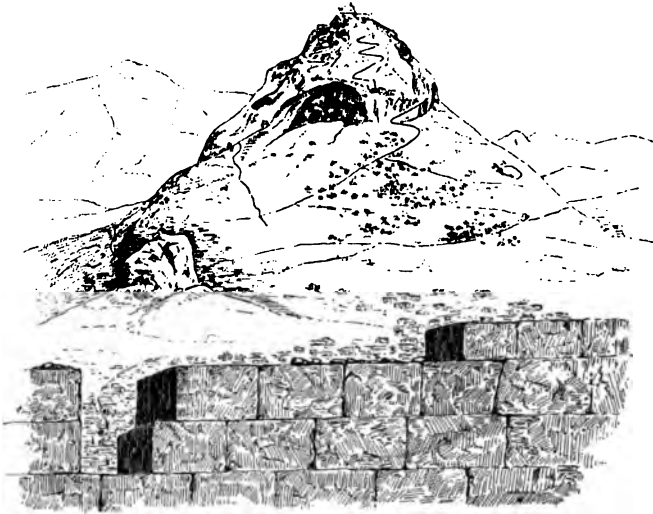
Halirrhothius, whom he had killed for attempting to violate Alcippe, his daughter by Agrauros.

Tradition further told that Metis had been swallowed by the king of the gods, and that Athena, at her birth, had sprung full armed from the head of Zeus. The youthful warrior goddess joined her father in his war against the giants, and by her own valor buried Enceladus under the huge Sicilian mountain and slew Pallas, for which deed she was given the epithet of Pallas Athena. Thus, as goddess of war, Athena became the protectress of the state against foreign enemies, and led the Athenians to many a victory on the field of battle. She was, moreover, a virgin goddess, against whose breast the arrows of Eros were shot in vain. Patron of valor in men and chastity in women, she stood before the youth of Athens an example of the highest ideals in life, a unique figure in the Olympian hierarchy. Besides being foremost in the line of battle, waging almost ceaseless wars, Athena was patron of the fine arts and of the domestic accomplishments of weaving and the like. From her creation of the olive tree she was considered a protecting deity of agriculture, and was believed to have given the plow and the olive-press to her devotees in Athens. The serpent, the owl, and the olive tree symbolized her respective attributes, and were sacred to her throughout Greece.

Can it be doubted that the worship of so high an ideal was largely instrumental in placing Athens at the political head and center of Greece, in making her orators and statesmen preëminent in the ancient world, in establishing her schools of philosophy as the first and greatest of antiquity, in producing sons foremost in valor, first in peace, and in developing her art to a level of priority for the whole world?

It seems to have been not long after Athena had established her rights upon the Acropolis that Atthis, a daugh-

ter of King Cranaus—from whom Attica received its name—became the mother of a son by Hephaestus. This infant, who turned out to be half human and half serpent, with only the head, arms, and body of a man, was aban-



Mount Lycabettus, from the Acropolis.

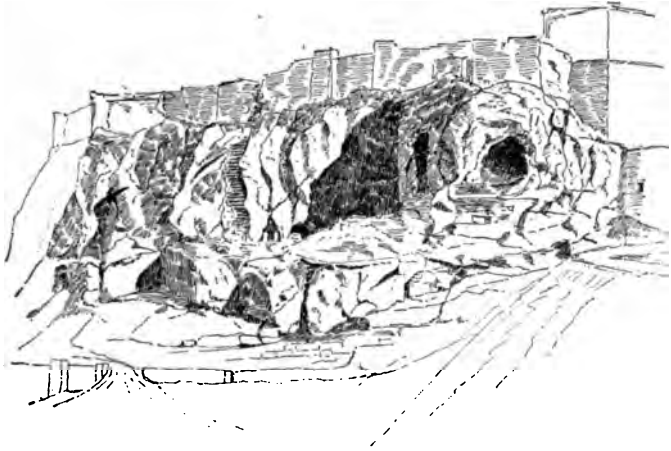
doned by its mother on the Attic plain and left to die. But the abandoned children of gods in those days seem always to have fared well, and this one was so fortunate as to fall under the watchful eye of the virgin goddess who had spurned the advances of its father. She took the babe to her home on the Acropolis, gave him the name of Erichthonius, and placed him in a box in the seclusion of her "own rich temple," that he might be reared in secret, giving the custody of the mysterious casket to the daughters of Cecrops, with express instructions not to open it.

One day the goddess went off to the mountains of

Pellene to fetch a rock wherewith to buttress up her Acropolis. In her absence the three sisters, Agraulos, Herse, and Pandrosos, overcome by curiosity, opened the chest and beheld the writhing form of the serpent-like foundling. One of Athena's ravens, who had been watching the operation, flew in haste to inform his mistress. He met the goddess near home, bearing a huge mountain in her arms, and told her of what was happening. Athena, in her anger and haste, dropped her burden, which has lain ever since where it fell, and is now known by the name of Lycabettus, the sentinel hill of the Attic plain, ever gazing toward the Acropolis, but destined never to stand shoulder to shoulder with its neighbor as the divine Athena had intended. The goddess reached home to find her charge safe; but the maids had fled, and had dashed themselves over the wall, mad with fear, certain of the ancients said. They must have picked themselves up again, however, and recovered from their bruises, for Herse lived to be loved by Hermes, and Agraulos to win the affection of Ares and to die a death which made her an object of devotion among the Athenians. For when, in after years, during a protracted war, an oracle had announced that Athens would prevail if some victim should become a voluntary sacrifice, this daughter of Cecrops leaped headlong from the wall and was killed among the rocks, where a sanctuary—the sacred Agraulium—was afterward established in her memory. To this precinct the Athenian youths came to sacrifice upon donning their first suit of armor, swearing to defend their country with the last drop of their blood in grateful recognition of her heroic sacrifice. Pandrosos likewise was so greatly honored by the Athenians as to have her sanctuary on the Acropolis, and sacrifices were performed in her honor.

The daughter of Zeus, at any rate, must have forgiven the sisters for their inquisitive disobedience, or she would

never have permitted them to have sanctuaries so near her own; perhaps the goddess herself was sometimes given to curiosity, and could therefore pardon it in others of her sex. However this may be, it would not have seemed fitting that these interesting maidens should perish like



Cave of Apollo, Grotto of Pan, and the Sanctuary of Agraulos, with its staircase. View from the Areopagus.

the scriptural swine, and we certainly prefer to picture them as they are pictured by Euripides, dancing again "beside the long rocks on the green below the temples of Athena," to the piping of Pan sitting in his grotto beneath the wall of the Acropolis opposite the hill of the Areopagus.

Erichthonius grew to manhood and became king of Athens, having driven out Amphictyon, who represented the old line of Cecrops. With his accession a new order of things begins upon the Acropolis; a new temple was built for the patron goddess, and the Athenaea, the great feast and procession in honor of Athena, were

instituted. The new king married Pasithea, who became the mother of a son, whom he called Pandion, and a daughter, Creüsa, who was beloved by the god Apollo. Pandion succeeded to the throne of his father, and during his reign Dionysus and Demeter were believed to have come to Attica, bringing increased harvests and the culture of the vine.

While Pandion was king, Athens was attacked by some enemy, and the king called upon Tereus, the young king of the Thracians, for assistance, promising him the hand of one of his two daughters, Procne and Philomela. After delivering Athens from the enemy, Tereus took Procne in marriage, but soon after came back for Philomela, telling her that her sister had died. He cut out the tongue of his second wife to avoid trouble; but Philomela learned the true situation of affairs, and managed to communicate the truth to her sister by a few words which she wove into a peplos. The sisters then fled, and were pursued by their brutal husband, but when overtaken they prayed to Zeus to change them into birds. Procne became a swallow and Philomela a nightingale, while Tereus was turned into a hawk. In this legend the Greeks found the origin of three of their most familiar birds.

After Pandion the chronology of the Athenian kings becomes confusion worse confounded. The name of the old pre-Erechtheid prince Cecrops is repeated, and a distinction is made between Erichthonius and Erechtheus, though both are given Pasithea as wife, and the second is given Pandion II as grandson. This confusion is doubtless the result of the effort of the later grammarians, who are our chief authorities, to give the "Ionic" Erechtheus precedence, without destroying the more ancient "Pelagic" traditions, and to give Aegeus and his son Theseus (the favorite hero of the Athenians) some connection with the old Erechtheid stock, though it must be admitted

that they were simply foreigners, without any claim to descent from that august line of kings. Homer knew only the one Erechtheus.

The grammarians, we must remember, depended for their information ultimately upon local tradition, which we know is often contradictory and never to be relied upon, particularly in matters of inheritance.

Aegeus ascended the throne, however, whether through having been adopted by Pandion, as some writers suggest, or by force, it is difficult to tell. Pandion, according to the legend, had been deposed by his cousins the Metionids. Aegeus disposed of the cousins, restored him to the sovereignty, and became his successor. This seems very like the explaining away of violent usurpation; but, be this as it may, Aegeus ruled in Attica, though he did not take up his abode in the royal palace upon the Acropolis, but was content to hold his court on the upper Ilissus, as is stated by Clidemus, or near the Delphinium which he had established near the city.

During the reign of Aegeus, Androgeus, son of Minos, the renowned king of Crete, came to Athens to compete in the games of the Athenaic festival. Having defeated all his opponents, he went about with such an air that he became a nuisance in the city. When Aegeus could endure his conduct no longer, he suggested to some one to kill the youth, whereupon his powerful father, Minos, made war upon Athens, and the city was obliged to submit to the humiliating conditions of sending each year seven youths and seven maidens to be devoured by the Minotaur, a beast half man and half bull, which Minos kept for his amusement in the labyrinth in Crete.

Theseus, "Aegeus' more than mortal son," mentioned among the Homeric heroes as a friend of Nestor, represents the most important epoch of prehistoric Athens. In fact, Theseus, the greatest favorite of all their heroes,



was very much of a reality to the Athenians, and some modern authorities are inclined to give him real existence. In their legend, Theseus was to the Ionic Athenians what Heracles was to the Doric peoples of Greece. The story of his early life runs as follows:

He was born of Aethra at Troezen, the realm of his maternal grandfather, Pittheus. When he reached maturity his mother showed him the stone under which Aegeus had left a sword and sandals as symbols of his fatherhood. These he took and went straightway to Athens.

Bacchylides, a poet of Pindar's time, describes the coming of Theseus in the following dithyramb, which was to be sung responsively by a company of young men representing Athenians and a leader taking the part of Aegeus.

CHORUS: Oh, King of holy Athens, Prince of the wealthy Ionians, why has the trumpet's brazen bell sounded this new note of war? Is some one, a leader of armies, besetting our border with hostile intent, or are robbers, devisers of mischief for the herdsmen of the sheep, driving off our flocks with violence? Speak! for thou, if any mortal, hast at thy command a trusty band of sturdy youths, thou son of Pandion and Creüsa!

AEGEUS: Just now a messenger has come hot foot over the long road of the Isthmus, and he tells of the wonderful doings of a mighty man indeed; he has slain the lawless Sinis, who was greatest of men in strength, the offspring of Lytaeus (Poseidon), son of Cronus, the shaker of the earth; he has killed the dangerous boar in the glades of Cnemmyon, and Sciron madly violent; he has put a stop to the wrestlings of Cercyon, and the mighty hammer of Polypemon—Procoptas dropped it when he met with a better man. I fear where this will end.

CHORUS: Who does the messenger say he is and whence, this man, and with what following? Does he say whether

he comes with arms of war and a numerous force, or alone with his attendants, like a traveler journeying to foreign lands, a strong man and a valiant, as he seems to be, and bold, to have holden the mighty strength of such as these? Surely a god leads him on, that he may execute judgment upon the unrighteous: for one who is always doing, hardly escapes mischance. All things, in the length of time, come to an end.

ÆGEUS: Two men only, the messenger says, are his company, and round his radiant shoulders he has girt a sword with an ivory hilt: two polished darts he has in his hands, and a helmet of Laconian make, stoutly wrought, upon the aureole of his hair: a purple tunic about his breast he has, and a cloak of Thessalian wool: and his eyes, like the Lemnian mountains, flash out tawny flames: a youth he is in the first of his manhood, and his only thoughts are of the delights of Ares, of war and the brazen din of battle: and they say he is bound for splendor-loving Athens.<sup>1</sup>

When the "mighty man" arrived, Ægeus recognized the tokens, and proclaimed Theseus his successor, to the exclusion of his nephews, the sons of his brother Pallas. These latter rebelled, but were destroyed by the young hero, who thereupon set out to emulate the deeds of Heracles, with whose marvelous exploits the Greek world was already ringing. His first quest was the destruction of the Minotaur, having been sent to Crete, at his own request, as one of the youths for sacrifice. We shall not tarry to describe this famous adventure, with which are connected the love and loss of Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, the Cretan king—it was one of the numerous amatory escapades of the youthful hero—but pass on to his conflict with the Amazons. These he encountered after their struggle with Heracles, and carried off Antiopē, their queen, who became his bride and bore him a son, Hippolytus. The Amazons, in return, invaded Attica and

<sup>1</sup> Professor Prentice's translation.

assailed the very walls of the Acropolis, encamping upon the Hill of the Muses. The warrior women were in time completely routed by Theseus, and many of them were left dead about the lower walls. Out of respect for the queen, these were given the honors of burial and their graves were marked by fitting monuments, which are mentioned by Plutarch. Meanwhile the children of Heracles were brought to Athens to be under the protection of Theseus. When Eurystheus, Heracles's great rival, came to take them, Macaria, one of the daughters, saved the whole family by sacrificing her own life. Theseus then, with the aid of his friend Pirithous, sought out the girl Helen, earth-born daughter of Zeus, then only sixteen years old, in her Spartan home, and carried her off to Attica, where she remained under the custody of his mother, Aethra, until rescued by her brothers, the Dioscuri, or the Anaces, as the Greeks called them, who invaded Attica in Theseus's absence. After the death of Antiopē, Theseus had espoused Phaedra, a daughter of Minos, king of Crete, and sister to his old love Ariadne; a treaty of peace having been made with the island kingdom.

By this marriage, Theseus brought into his house the seed of domestic infelicity, from which sprang one of the most pathetic tragedies of Athenian tradition—a tragedy immortalized by Euripides in ancient literature, and made famous in modern drama by the "Phèdre" of Racine—which culminated in Theseus's becoming virtually the murderer of his own son, and in the suicide of Phaedra, disgraced and in despair. For the new queen fell in love with her stepson, and, finding him unresponsive, hung herself, leaving behind a note in which she accused Hippolytus of attempting her honor. Theseus, in his rage, cursed his son in Poseidon's name; and not long after, while Hippolytus, downcast and depressed by his

father's curse, was driving his chariot by the sea, Poseidon sent a bull out of the waves, which frightened the horses, and Hippolytus was dashed to his death. The king discovered, too late, the innocence of his son, and repented bitterly.

By his second marriage Theseus had another son who was called Demophon; of him we shall hear later. In return for the services of Pirithous in securing Helen, Theseus was bound to accompany his friend to Hades in his attempt to reclaim Persephone. Pirithous never returned from the perilous adventure, and Theseus was held for a long time in durance vile, until liberated by his ideal, Heracles, when he returned to find his throne usurped by Menestheus, another of Homer's heroes, of whom an ancient inscription in the agora said :

With Atreus' sons this city sent of yore  
Divine Menestheus to the Trojan shore;  
Of all the Greeks, so Homer's verses say,  
The ablest man an army to array:  
So old the title of her sons the name  
Of chiefs and champions in the field to claim.

Between his adventures Theseus had found time to administer his government well at home, and he is characterized by Thucydides as a wise and vigorous ruler. He was believed to have united the twelve separate townships of Attica, either by force or persuasion, into one organic state, and to have increased the dignity and importance of the festival of the Athenaea, which from his time came to be known as the Panathenaea. At about the same time he is said to have introduced the worship of Aphrodite Pandemos. He divided the citizens into three classes—the Eupatridae, the Geomori, and the Demiurgi, which doubtless represented the nobles with large estates, the

small farmers, and the laborers who worked for the community at large. He corrected many abuses, and established a far firmer and better regulated government.

Theseus never recovered his throne, and retired to Scyros, where he was treacherously killed by Lycomedes. His line, however, was eventually restored in the person of his son Demophon, with whom the purely mythical story of Athens gives way to something more like history. The time of Theseus, in truth, comes very near being within the pale of history; but here, as in other cases, the historians of Athens were so affected by the beauty of their local traditions, so religiously did they follow their legendary lore, that it is almost impossible to distinguish between the real and the fabulous in their writings, to determine just how far their accounts were based upon historical foundations. For that there was a human prototype for many of their heroic personages, and that their mighty deeds of valor were nothing more nor less than a glorified picture of human acts, can scarcely be doubted. But when those prototypes existed, or what their deeds actually were, and how much they influenced their own day and generation, it is difficult to say.

Herodotus mentions but three kings between Cecrops and Theseus—Erechtheus, Pandion, and Aegeus—but it is plain to any student of the myths or of archæology that there must have been a long period of development between the epochs represented by "Pelagic" Cecrops and by "Ionic" Erechtheus—the one an epoch of dawning civilization, the other an age of organization and political development. Thucydides makes Theseus, the lawgiver, a historical entity, relegating only his "labors" to the realm of myth; but if we accept Theseus, "the wise and vigorous ruler," why not Theseus, the vanquisher of the Amazons who carried off Helen?

Though it might have served our practical and archæ-

ological purposes better to have had him more exact and critical, who would wish the Greek writer one whit less of a romancer? It was the delightful and picturesque imagination that was born in the Greek, that lulled his infant mind in songs to sleep, that was instilled in his early training and imbued in his religion, that made his literature and art what they are—the most perfect and lovely creations of the human mind.

It is not from history at all that we glean our earliest historical fact. It is the pages of Homer that shed the first ray of light through the dusk of the gods. We know approximately the age of the Homeric poems. They mention Athens, and from this we know that Athens existed in Homer's day. Moreover, we know that it was an ancient city when the poems were written. What Homer says about Athens may or may not be true, but from his mention of the city of Athena it is an established fact that Athens existed as a city somewhat over one thousand years before our era. Likewise, the epithets which he applies to Athens could not have been made at random without real significance. And in these few scattered words we have our earliest description of the city of Athena.

Homer, indeed, has little to say about Athens. We might wish he had said more; but the Atreids, not the Theseids, were the chief actors in the great epics, and naturally the city of Agamemnon, and not that of Theseus, claims the greater share of description. But in the very mention of the name Athenae we may read volumes, for to this he applies the same strong descriptive words as to famous Mycenae, and upon her palace the same stock title, *πικινὸς δῶμος* (goodly house), is conferred.

## II

### HOMER'S ATHENS<sup>1</sup>

"Then she [Athena] came to Marathon and to wide-wayed Athens,  
and entered the goodly house of Erechtheus."

OD., VII, 80-81.



Theseus and the  
Minotaur, from a  
Vase-painting.

IF we might think of Homer as we may of the other poets of ancient Greece,—if the higher critics had not destroyed for us the familiar image of the blind and wandering bard,—we might picture to ourselves the Athens of his day listening to the lines of the great epics as they sounded for the first time on mortal ears. For in those dim ages of Greek history Athens was a city of renown, and there is little room for doubt that some of the minstrels whose united songs make up what we now call the Homeric poems trod the streets of "wide-wayed Athens," and climbed the steep ascent of the Acropolis to sound their lyres at the threshold of the "goodly house of Erechtheus." The city of Theseus is reckoned by them among the great cities of Greece, on a footing with the capitals of Perseus and Agamemnon; and had the dust of the ages buried Homeric Athens as long and as carefully as it has those other cities, we should doubtless find here remains of that period as wonderful and extensive as those discovered at Tiryns and Mycenae.

<sup>1</sup> Homeric Athens in these chapters is not to be considered as the Athens of the day in which Homer lived so much as that mentioned in the Epics, the city of the Homeric heroes.

But the Acropolis has for three thousand years been the stage of a continuous life, more active and more far-reaching in its influence, perhaps, than that of any other spot in the world; and the shifting scenes, century after century, the repeated destructions and restorations, the replacing of the old and crude with things more rich and beautiful, and the embellishments of an age of luxury, have almost completely obliterated every vestige of the city of the heroic age. It is only in these latter days that prehistoric Athens has been brought to light by scientific research carried on within the limits of the Pelasgic city.



Remains of Pelasgic Wall at the West  
End of the Acropolis.

The first important works done by the prehistoric founders of Athens after they had taken up their abode upon the rock so well fortified by nature, were the building of a wall to make their fastness more defensible, the construction of an easier, yet well protected, approach to it, and the erection of an abode for their prince or chief, in which he might gather all his warriors about him. Were there no monumental evidences of the truth of this, we should not hesitate to affirm its probability, arguing from what we know of other prehistoric Greek cities. But the researches of Dr. Dörpfeld and others have brought to light abundant remains of all three structures. Sections of a gigantic wall of the highest antiquity are now to be seen on all sides of the Acropolis; portions of



a massive ramped ascent, coeval with the wall, are plainly visible on its southern slope; and the substructures of an extensive palace of about the same age are traceable at the top, along the eastern and northern sides.

We must bear in mind that the form of the Acropolis rock was in those times very different from that which we see at present. A little to the east of the center of the space inclosed by the walls rose a rough cone of rock, which sloped down on all sides to the wall, whose lines coincided approximately with those of the present wall, but which varied in levels. This eminence in the earliest times undoubtedly served the purpose it answered for many succeeding centuries—that of an altar.

On the level next below it was erected the palace of the prince, and in the angle between the slope and the outer walls clustered the less pretentious huts of his retainers. The ascending road, which was of necessity strongly fortified, began at the southeast corner of the rock and was carried on a gradual ascent along the precipice below the southern wall to the west end, where an ascending series of winding loops or terraces began, redoubling on one another and fortified with nine strong gates, the last opening upon the inclosure at the summit. Of the former section abundant evidence remains in the enormous blocks of polygonal masonry that still form a sort of retaining wall at the south of the Acropolis, ascending by easy degrees. Of the latter part—the terraces—naught whatever remains, but it is referred to and described in numerous texts, and has formed the subject of much learned discussion under the title of the “Nine-gated Pelargikon.”

Who built these walls and outworks, we shall never know. The ancient Athenians, in their tradition, did not ascribe these great building operations to their godlike warrior forefathers, but held that they were the work of

certain builders, called *Pelasgoi*, imported for the purpose from Sicily, the land of the Homeric Cyclopes, or one-eyed giants. These paid builders of walls and palaces, whom Euripides calls "movers of rocks" and "builders of gates," were supposed to have lived on the slopes of Hymettus, but what became of them nobody says. They appear to have been imported only to be expelled by the Ionians, as Dr. Wilamowitz-Moellendorff remarks. Their work, however, seems to have been anterior to the period of Theseus, for with the Ionian invasion they disappear. Pausanias and Pliny even go so far as to mention the chief architect, the former giving him the name Agrolas—the rough stone—the latter Hyperbius—of giant strength.

It is, however, the general name given to this tribe or race of builders that has been the stumbling-block for archæologists in their study of prehistoric Athens, and has afforded a basis of contention among them. The ancients gave to these primitive fortifications the name of Pelargikon. This is held by one camp to be another form of the word Pelasgikon, by the other to have been the original name, having no connection whatever with the Pelasgians.

All this, however, is neither here nor there. It is more interesting for us to know, as far as we may, what this mighty defense was. From descriptions in the ancient texts we learn that this intricate system of walls extended from the base of the Acropolis rock at its southeastern angle, ascending gradually along the southern side, curving around its western extremity almost as far as the Areopagus, then sweeping to the north and east and joining the upper walls in the neighborhood of Pan's grotto. The poet Lucian describes a philosopher fisherman sitting on the upper walls at the corner just north of the present propyleia, who drops his hook, baited with

gold and figs, into the region below, and is asked if he will fish up stones out of the Pelargikon. This gives us a northern boundary, for beyond this point the rock itself is steep, and further defense would be unnecessary.

As we have already seen, the first or lowest section of the Pelargikon is easily traceable in remains, but the portion between the west end of the Acropolis and the Areopagus, the nine-gated outworks mentioned by Clidemus, has totally disappeared; for the whole contour of the western slope has been greatly altered, from time to time,—by the Greeks themselves in the fifth century, by the later Romans, by Franks and Turks, and recently by the construction of the modern carriage road. A plan has been made, suggesting the lines which may have been followed by that maze of massive walls, and delineating the winding course of the road along their flank and the position of the nine gates—a plan of impregnable fortifications and an easy means of ascent, based upon similar prehistoric schemes of defense.<sup>1</sup> The outermost gate seems to have been directly west of the Acropolis, not far from the Areopagus.

The walls of the Pelargikon embraced two important springs, so that in time of siege the Athenians were not cut off from their water supply. One of these, the Clepsydra, at the northwest corner of the Acropolis, is reached from the top by a winding stair of fifty-two steps cut in the solid rock; the other, below the south wall, in the sanctuary of Asclepius, was also approached by steps through a small opening in the upper wall still to be seen near the southwest angle of the Parthenon.

Besides these two narrow means of descent from the Acropolis, both of which opened within the inclosing walls of the Pelargikon, there were two other postern gates connecting with the region below, and undefended,

<sup>1</sup> In article by Walter Miller, *American Journal of Archaeology*, vol. viii, p. 489.

except by their narrowness and probable secrecy. Both were connected with the palace—one near the middle of the north side of the Acropolis, leading down to the sanctuary of Agraulos, which in later years betrayed the citadel to the barbarians; and the other descending, near the northeast angle of the wall on its northern side, to the gardens which lay on that side. The walls, both upper and lower, were made of the hard Acropolis limestone, laid in the most primitive method of the style called cyclopean, the separate blocks varying greatly in dimensions, some joined with considerable precision, others loosely fitted together with a filling of broken pieces and clay.

The sumptuous buildings of a later age that were reared upon the very foundations of the Erechtheid palace have necessarily obliterated almost every sign of the existence of that earliest of buildings upon the Acropolis. Judging, however, from the small fragments which have been recently recovered, and by a comparison of these with the better preserved remains at Tiryns and Mycenae in the palaces of Perseus and Agamemnon, we need not hesitate to assume that the house of Erechtheus was, in all respects, to be compared with those contemporary seats of royalty. Its superficial extent was fully as great as that of either of the others, covering, as it did, a large portion of the rock; the method of construction—that of laying roughly hewn blocks of stone together, with joints filled in with smaller



Foundations of the House of  
Erechtheus.

chips and clay—is entirely similar to that of the remains in Argolis, and the references to the Athenian palace in the Homeric poems are equally flattering, though by no means so full. Need we hesitate, then, to say that here on the Acropolis there stood a palace, rival to those other prehistoric abodes which have yielded up such treasures to the archæologist?

If, indeed, the “goodly house” was the peer of the stronghold of Perseus at Tiryns, we should hesitate to call it crude or primitive in the sense that early rock-cut abodes, adobe huts, and mud villages are crude and primitive. The palace at Tiryns was far too highly developed a structure to be called crude. Its well-articulated plan, its arrangements of open courts and well-defined apartments, its employment of the column, the threshold and jamb, its floor covering of pebbled plaster, its painted wall decorations, all place it on a level with structures too well designed to be called primitive, and show that these problems of plan and arrangement had been worked out before in buildings that *were* primitive.

The “*ποικιλὸς δῶμος*” of Homer, then, we may conjecture to have been composed of a series of sets of apartments separated by open courts and connected by doorways and corridors. Besides its apartments for the men (*μέγαρον*) and those for the women (*γυναικεῖον*), it contained the tribal hearthstone, the focus of national life. Within its walls was the early temple of Athena, to which Homer refers (Il., II, 546-549) as her own rich temple at Athens, enshrining the wooden image of Athena Polias, the heaven-given xoanon, most sacred treasure of the Athenians. In the courtyard—the Pandrosium, named after the daughter of Cecrops—stood the ancient olive tree, undying symbol of Athena’s victory over Poseidon in their memorable contest for the Attic land, and beside it the altar of Zeus Herkeios, the hearth and center of the state.

Without, on the eminence mentioned above, stood the great altar, ὁ βωμός, sacred to Zeus Polieus and his virgin daughter, protectress of the city.

All this sacred inclosure, within the encircling wall of the Pelasgoi, constituted the city (ἡ πόλις) of the Homeric era and the period immediately following. The massive, though scattered, fragments which we have described, the polygonal walls, the substructure of the "goodly house," the site of the great altar, are the only surviving traces of the "well-built town" of Homer. These are our only tangible record of the home of the noble Erechtheus, the city of Theseus. These are the walls that defied the assaults of the Amazons; and from the parapet, now concealed beneath the temple of Nike, it was that old Aegeus threw himself in despair, when, watching long, he at length descried afar the black-sailed ship of his forgetful son, Theseus, returning from the conflict with the Minotaur. For Theseus had promised to set white sails should he return victorious; but, though a victor, the loss of Ariadne had made him forget the token, and the aged father, believing Theseus dead, leaped headlong from the wall, to be killed upon the rocks<sup>1</sup> below, where for ages stood an altar in memory of Aegeus the Hero.

This was the city that received the beautiful Helen when King Menestheus opened the gates of Athens to her brothers, after they had released their sister from her secret confinement by Theseus, whose throne the ruler had usurped. These are the walls and this the stately palace which bold Menestheus left to join all the princes of Greece in that twenty years' conflict, all for—

The face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium,

<sup>1</sup> Other authorities say that he leaped into the sea and thereby gave the Aegean its name.

and to gain renown in the epic lines as the best of the Greeks, after Nestor, in arranging steeds and chariots for battle.

These are the veritable remains of the towers that smiled to welcome back Theseus's son after his creditable adventures upon the plains of Troy, where, after the fall of Ilium, he rescued his grandmother, Aethra, who had all these years been a captive slave to Helen. Plutarch seems to confuse this prince with his brother Acamas, and makes him the object of the love of Laodice and father of her son Munychus, whom Aethra reared up in secret at Troy. Demophon, on his return from the war, was beloved of Phyllis, daughter of the Thracian king Sithon, to whom he was betrothed, and then set out for Athens with a promise to come back to consummate their nuptials; but he tarried long, and when he returned to Thrace he found that poor Phyllis had put an end to her life in despair. Diomed, a prince of Argos, returning from the Trojan war, was cast upon the coast of Attica, and, not recognizing the territory, began to ravage it. He was encountered by Demophon, who took from him the sacred Palladium, Troy's treasured statue of Athena. The conflict took place under cover of night, and the Athenian king had the misfortune to kill one of his own subjects in the *mêlée*. For this he was tried before the court of the Areopagus—the first mortal to stand before that august tribunal—and was acquitted.

Through Demophon the Theseid line was perpetuated for several generations to Thymoetes, who, in a war between Athens and Boeotia, was challenged to single combat by Xanthus, the Boeotian king. Thymoetes was old and feeble and declined to fight, pleading years and infirmity; but there was a brave nobleman, a guest at the Athenian court, who stepped forward to take the old king's place. He killed Xanthus, and was rewarded with

the throne of Attica. This was Milanthus, a member of an old Messenian family, who had been driven out of Messene by the Dorians and had come to Athens. Thus a new dynasty came to the throne to succeed the old line of Theseus.

Milanthus's son was Codrus, the last of the kings. In his reign the Dorians invaded the Peloponnesus and threatened Attica. An oracle had decreed that the invading army could not take Athens unless they spared the life of the king. Codrus, the purest type of a patriotic monarch, clad himself in the garb of a peasant, went into the enemy's camp, picked a quarrel with the soldiers, and was murdered. The Dorians, when they learned that they had slain the king, withdrew from Attica, and Athens was spared. The Athenians are not known to have established a shrine to the devoted king, as they did to Agraulos,—the first voluntary offering for Athens,—nor to have erected a statue to him; but they resolved that no mortal should be considered worthy to sit upon the throne or wear the robes and scepter of so good a king, and with him the royal succession came to an end.

These later kings, after Demophon and down to Codrus, are post-Homeric so far as the story of the epic is concerned, though several centuries doubtless elapsed between the self-sacrifice of Codrus and the composing of the Homeric songs, which in all probability took place some time after Athens had passed from a royal to a democratic form of government. But the poets confined their rhapsodies to tales of older days, and probably found no more poetry in democracy than we do in these present days. Nevertheless, the cities and the palaces that Homer describes are unquestionably the cities and palaces of his own day. We cannot look for archæological accuracy on the part of those ancient bards, but the interesting fact



remains that the spade of research is yearly proving the accuracy of Homer's descriptions, not only with regard to monuments that may have been contemporaneous with the epics, but regarding objects that must certainly have existed hundreds of years before a line of the poems could possibly have been composed. This would seem to show that art progressed as slowly in proportion before the historical period as it did rapidly after the age of history had dawned, and that in those days many buildings and other works of art remained relatively unchanged for centuries after their execution.

For if the Homeric epics were composed long after royalty had become a thing of the past in Athens, the "goodly house of Erechtheus," of which the poet sings and with which he must have been more or less familiar, was no longer a royal residence, but a building of great antiquity, even in those days, preserved as a sort of historical and religious monument by the democratic Athenians. Naturally, the intimate connection of the ancient palace with various shrines and temples, particularly with the temple of Athena Polias, had done much to preserve it from annihilation and even from change; and, in the light of the Homeric lines and of the discoveries of these latter days, we may well believe that in Homer's day few changes had taken place in the ancient royal house, which had been erected centuries before, and which, from the massiveness of its construction and the halo of associations which enveloped it, neither required nor received alteration.

But massive walls and fragments of palaces are not our only tangible memorials of the heroes whose names are so familiar to us in Homeric song. Architecture was not the only art practised by that warrior race. Sculpture and painting were perhaps even more highly developed among them and practised by the more peaceful

subjects. Arms, furniture, jewelry, and gems have come down to us from that distant age, to show their makers' skill in carving, while pottery in a hundred varied patterns, and even bits of decorated plaster, have survived to prove the cunning of the earliest Greek fingers with the brush; not to forget those more homely arts of the loom and embroidery-frame which Homer loves to describe and for which the Athenian women became so famous in the making of Athena's sacred peplos.

Although some of these products of art are unfortunately lost to us forever through the perishableness of their material, and others are not nearly so well preserved among the ruins of ancient Athens as they are at other places, existing chiefly in tiny fragments that have lodged in the crevices of the rock, there are enough evidences to show that these arts *did* exist in Homeric Athens, and compare quite favorably with those of Agamemnon's princely abode.

If it is not going too far to draw one more illustration from the better preserved monuments of the Atreid capital, we may restore a scene upon the Athenian Acropolis with details borrowed from the ruins of Argolic palaces and the lines of Homer.

We must picture the lordly abode of the Athenian princes as something far more than an aggregation of massive walls and colonnaded courts. Those walls, severe and plain without, blazed within with a revetment of curiously wrought metal or brilliantly colored plaster.

The doors, incased in beaten bronze, swung upon hinges of the same material; the handles, too, were richly wrought in gold or silver.

The walls were massy brass; the cornice high  
Blue metals crowned in colors of the sky;  
Rich plates of gold the folding doors encase;  
The pillars silver on a brazen base;

Silver the lintels deep projecting o'er;  
And gold the ringlets that command the door.

If this famous description of the house of Alcinous, from Homer's "Odyssey," were our only warrant for imagining this lavish use of beaten metal with enrichments in gold and silver, many would doubtless be disposed to say that the Homeric picture was drawn from the realm of pure imagery, although the very mention of these methods of decoration and the poets' minute description of the exquisite craftsmanship with which they were applied are enough to prove beyond a doubt the existence of such modes of architectural adornment in their day. But these elaborate and brilliant poetical reproductions have been brought from the regions of doubt or mere probability into the full light of fact by the well-known discoveries at Mycenae. Some small plaques of embossed bronze, a few holes on the interior surface of the stone walls corresponding to holes in the plaques, and a handful of bronze nails fitting nicely into the holes in both, bear indisputable witness to the reality of the poetic picture, which is only enlarged and glorified by fancy. This was before the day of soldering, and the small bronze plates, whether used to incase the walls of a tomb or palace or applied to cover the wooden frame of a chair, a chariot, or a jewel-casket, were joined together by dexterous fitting, and held in place by well-made nails or rivets.

This fashion of covering walls of stone with metal plates, which seems to have been the most ancient form of mural decoration in Greece—employed even before painted plaster—and which characterizes the Homeric period of art as an age of bronze, was in all probability imported from the East. There is an Asiatic ring about such lavish use of metals suggestive of Phenician art, which delighted to cover everything with plates of metal—sugges-

tive also of the brazen pillars and other works of brass which Hiram, King of Tyre, made for the temple of Solomon, for Hiram was a man "skilful to work in gold, in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone and in timber, in purple, in blue and in fine linen and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving." It was, moreover, from Phoenicia that bronze came into Greece, partly by way of Asia Minor, but more especially by way of Cyprus.

But to return to the palace upon the Acropolis, within whose brazen halls, relieved and softened by rich, elaborately woven hangings, stand royal seats and couches of quaintly carved wood, inlaid with dyed ivory, gold, or amber, and studded with nails effectively disposed. In the banquet-room, upon the tables, stand golden lamps in form of boys supporting the receptacle for oil, golden cups in infinite variety of forms, pots, and vases, the multiform product of the potter's wheel, fashioned with infinite grace and bright with party-colored griffons, horses, and other animals, or simple geometrical patterns, and huge brazen caldrons embossed in high relief.

Luxurious couches are placed against the walls, which are covered with rich stuffs woven by the dainty hands of the queen and her noblewomen, in patterns gay with gold, crimson, blue, and sea-dyed purple. Within these stately halls the noble scions of the Eupatridae sit in dignified conclave or sup at the festal board which Homer so frequently describes. Their garments are rich and finely wrought; their armor, the finest product of the engraver's skill; their arms, bronze-headed spears and swords and daggers of bronze inlaid with spirited designs in silver and gold; their bucklers, heavily bossed or inlaid with various colored metals in designs depicting hideous monsters "to fright the souls of fearful adversaries," or representing the simple heraldry of the age. When feasting is over the warriors gather in groups about

the court or play at *pessoi*, two and two, their spears over their shoulders and their bucklers resting against the wall behind them.

But no picture would be complete that did not give a glimpse into the *gunaikeion*, where stately matron and lithe Athenian maid with fingers deft weave many colored strands, as if by magic, into designs of surpassing beauty—rich hangings for sacred shrines, bright arrases for the chambers of the palace, finely wrought garments for the bridal, or somber canopies for the funeral train. Mayhap the youthful Helen was present at such a scene as this, and, sitting among the maids, recounted the story of her abduction by the gallant Theseus.



The Game of *Pessoi* from a Vase-painting.

But what has become of these works of the heroic age upon the Acropolis? If we find them elsewhere, why not at Athens? The answer to this question has already been given in these pages. The age of bronze was overlaid with silver and with gold. The colossal building operations of later days, for which the rock itself was scarped and cut to its very core, completely obliterated the remains of the original structures. The metal objects of every age that were not entombed with their original owners have been sought by subsequent generations who, often in ignorance, made use of their material by altering their forms. The pottery that was not likewise hidden away in graves, on account of its perishable qualities is absolutely lost, or found only in ancient rubbish fillings where the unevenness of the rock has been leveled up with fragments and debris. But were there no tombs on or about the

Acropolis that corresponded with those at Mycenae? This is a question that has been much agitated.

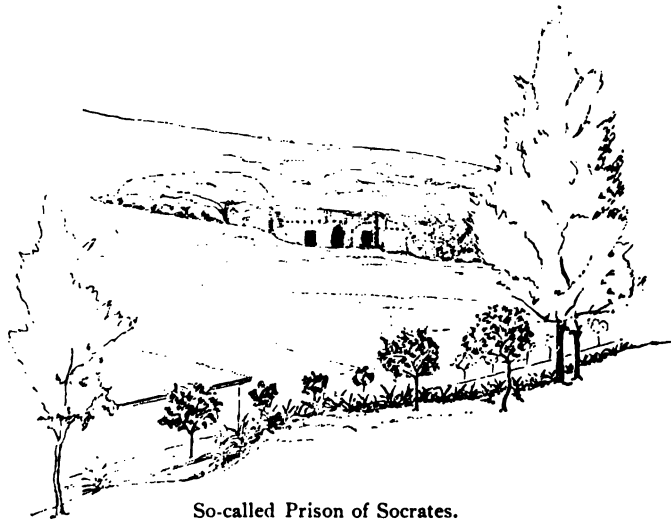
Tradition points to various prehistoric burials upon the sacred hill, but tombs upon the rock itself would naturally have disappeared with everything else of the prehistoric age. It is almost certain that Attica never boasted beehive tombs or treasures as great as those of Argos. But there are remains of rock-hewn chambers that may have answered a similar purpose for the princely rulers of Athens, and, in parts of Attica, vaulted chambers underground with linteled openings to the surface; but these are far less pretentious than the Argive monuments, and, if they contained objects of value or interest, were rifled of them ages since. At Spata, not far from Athens, at the foot of Mount Hymettus, there were discovered several vaulted tombs which fortunately preserved some gold cups and a few bits of carved ivory in the form of thin plates with well-wrought reliefs, among them the figure of a sphinx and a group representing a bull devoured by a lion. The subjects and their treatment are not unlike those of Mycenaean art, and they undoubtedly belong to the earliest art-period in Attica.

Not far from the Acropolis, in the side of the Hill of the Muses, facing the rock, are several fair-sized chambers hewn in the living rock, entered by well-cut doorways. These have long been known as the "Prison of Socrates." There are three main chambers in close proximity, their entrances being almost equally spaced in the scarped and



Ivory Relief from Spata.

finished surface of the perpendicular rock, where evenly disposed dowel-holes denote the former existence of outer architectural enrichments. To the left, the remains of a stair are still to be seen cut in the rock. In the interior only two of the chambers are finished, the third remaining only partly hewn. Of the others, that to the left is carefully hewn to quadrilateral form, and has



So-called Prison of Socrates.

a flat ceiling, while the opposite chamber has a slanting roof and, at the back, a narrow passage leading into a second chamber, or *tholos*, with curving roof. The passage was closed with two slabs of stone, one of which remains. All have doubtless been altered in form since they were first hewn out, and may have served a variety of uses during the ages; but there can be little doubt that the original cutting was prehistoric.

Who can tell but that these were the tombs of the

earlier Athenian kings? Who knows but that here reposed the bones of Erechtheids or Theseids, wrapped in rich drapery and in cloth of gold, with masks of gold and jeweled ornaments, with precious cups for feasting, and inlaid arms for hunting in the Elysian Fields?

There is no room for doubt that they were tombs, for one still bears marks upon its floor of the place of a sarcophagus. And what other purpose might they have served? For later burials were mostly performed according to other methods and in another quarter—the Dipyllum. These half-natural, half-artificial remains, then, may perhaps be added to our scant store of prehistoric monuments in Athens; and it is a pleasure, upon returning to the isolation of the Acropolis, to connect at least one monument outside of the Pelargikon with the earliest period of Athenian life.

But as we sit on the Acropolis of to-day, which is essentially the Acropolis of the golden era of Pericles, and gaze upon those purest productions of a perfected age, the old poetic Athens of the sturdy age of bronze, the city of the Homeric heroes, fades from us as a dream fades before reality. It is only when we are far away, out of sight of those glorious temples upon whose stately colonnades and architraves the history of the western world is written, when we read the ancient legends or muse upon the old-time lays, that we can conjure up the scenes of that older life, so dim and yet so beautiful, which the hand of time has all but erased from the scroll of history. The Acropolis is thus like an ancient parchment upon which have been written again and again the deeds of each succeeding generation. It is only when we have carefully removed the later, more readily deciphered characters from the palimpsest that we may read the scant and faded lines of the original story.



### III

## ATHENS OF PISISTRATUS

"Ye gods who in sacred Athens visit the city's incensed centre stone,  
and her famed market place of splendid ornament."

PINDAR.



Capital from the Temple  
built by Pisistratus.

THE age of demigods and heroes had faded into the distant past; the destiny of Athens had fallen into human hands; the old paternal and kingly government, by the voluntary sacrifice of Codrus, last of the royal line, had been replaced by a more popular though still aristocratic rule; Dracon, after the futile attempt of Cylon to gain supreme power, about the middle of the seventh century, had made laws for the government and well-being of the state; and Solon, at the beginning of the sixth, had modified the constitution for the better administration of the government, when the first of the tyrants of Athens appeared upon the scene.

For some three hundred years after the time of Codrus, Athens was ruled by single archons or rulers, of whom the first was Medon, son of the devoted monarch. The first twelve archons were all of the family of the last of the kings, and held their office for life. Under one of them—Aeschylus—the first Olympiad is said to have been established, fixing a chronological starting-point in Athenian history—776 B.C. For the next hundred years the archons were still chosen from the old royal family, but for periods of only ten years. About the beginning of

the seventh century, however, there appear to have been nine archons elected from the Eupatridae or noble families. Of these, three held offices of special distinction: the *Archon Eponymos*, who gave his name to the year and was the civil head; the *Basileus*, king archon, or high priest; and the *Polemarchos*, or military chief of the state. The other six were called *Thesmothetai*, and their function seems to have been chiefly judicial.

The history of Athens during these centuries is most obscure. One of the few archons about whom we know anything was Megacles, a member of the great family of the Alcmaeonidae, a branch of the house of the Nelides who were driven out of Pylos, in the Peloponnesus, at the time of the Dorian invasion, and had settled in Athens. Megacles came into prominence about the year 628, when Cylon attempted to make himself tyrant of Athens. This Cylon was a scion of one of the noblest Athenian families; he had taken the great prize in the Olympian games in his youth, and, having won wide popularity among the citizens, made an attempt to restore the monarchy in his own person. With a number of followers, he seized the Acropolis; but the citizens, aroused by the archon Megacles to the enormity of his design, besieged the citadel and starved the insurgents into subjection. When they finally yielded, Megacles, with a band of armed men, rushed into the sacred inclosure, where they found Cylon and his adherents clinging to the altars for protection, quite safe from the swords of the enraged citizens. The refugees then fastened a thread to Athena's altar, and, holding it in their hands, prepared to descend from the Acropolis. Protected by this tiny strand, which gave them all the benefits of a sanctuary, they passed down through the winding Pelargikon and out of the last gate. But just when they were passing the seat of the Eumenides the thread broke, and

Megacles with his followers, taking this as a sign that the goddess had abandoned them, fell upon them and slew all except a few who flung themselves at the feet of the archons' wives. In the massacre the blood of some of the refugees was shed upon the very steps of the altar of the terrible Eumenides; and for this offense a taint of sacrilege clung to the family of the Alcmaeonidae, and we shall hear of it from time to time during many succeeding generations. After this the city was constantly haunted by phantoms and ghosts; weird apparitions and strange noises kept the people in a constant state of fear. An oracle was consulted, which declared the city to be under a curse in consequence of the pollution of the altars. The Athenians therefore sent to Crete for a man famous for his mysterious powers of purifying and cleansing places that had been profaned. This man was the poet Epimenides. He came to Athens, and, by performing various religious rites and sacrifices, restored the city to favor with the gods. In connection with the purification of Athens, Megacles and his family were banished, and were not seen again until another attempt at tyranny was made. The archons who had been in office at the time of the sacrilege were also banished, and the bones of those who had died were dug up and thrown into the sea.

After Cylon's attempt upon liberty, the Athenians' dearest treasure, the first written code of laws appeared in Athens. The times were turbulent and crime was becoming so flagrant that Dracon drew up a code which inflicted the death penalty upon almost all offenders, from petty thieves to murderers. Dracon was said to have used blood for ink when writing out his laws, and they are still a byword for drastic penalties, as are the laws of the Medes and Persians for immutability.

During these years a war broke out between the Athe-

nians and the Mitylenians for the possession of Sigeum, in the island of Lesbos. On the Lesbian side fought Alcaeus, the famous poet; but he fought and ran away, and was afterward disgraced and banished by his countrymen. It may have been a weakness for Athens that caused him to desert, for he afterward showed great courage on the field of battle while attempting to win back his rights as a citizen. He is believed to have come to Athens after his failure to regain his country, and his poems were greatly admired for many centuries by the Athenians. He was soon followed by another famous Lesbian, perhaps the most renowned of the lyric poets of Greece, the "clear-toned" Sappho. Alcaeus had once been deeply in love with Sappho, and had made his devotion known through the medium of his verses; but she had quenched the ardor of his passion in a poem addressed to him, and then had married Cercolas of Andros, and gone with him to the Cyclades. Left a widow soon after her marriage, according to tradition, she came to Athens, in the prime of her beauty and poetic genius, not in search of Alcaeus, it would seem, but to join the circle of poets which was becoming famous in the city of Pallas. Here she met and fell in love with young Phaon, whom the later poets describe as cold and unresponsive to her declarations of affection. Tradition says that Phaon went away to Sicily, and was followed by Sappho, who then addressed to him her most celebrated ode, a prayer to Aphrodite, but without touching his heart. The poet, in despair, finally leaped from the Leucadian rock to end her woes and her bright career.

In Solon's time—594—the archons were reinforced by a council or parliament of four hundred members (one hundred from each of the ancient Ionic tribes), the powers of the Areopagus were extended to administer justice, all classes were enfranchised, and the highest

offices of state were opened to free citizens according to their wealth. The title to political power was thus established upon a basis of property instead of one of birth, and the first step was taken toward pure democratic rule. In fact, the constitution as revised by Solon entitled him to the rank of the greatest democratic lawgiver of Athens, and as such he was honored by the Athenian statesmen of subsequent ages. All later legislation in the direction of democracy was but a modification of Solon's laws. The laws of Solon were inscribed on tablets and preserved upon the Acropolis.

Even before the old kingly rule had come to an end, the hearth and center of Athenian political life had been removed from the Acropolis to the Prytaneum, which Theseus was believed to have established on the north side of the hill of Pallas. This became later the home of the chief archon, and remained such until the time of Solon. Thus the Acropolis, shorn of part of its dignity, was made to share its preëminence with a new religious as well as political center on the north of the rock. At the same time there rapidly grew up a lower town, always second in importance to the "city," and as yet unfortified. This was known as the Asty.

But Solon, with all the rigidity of his constitution, was unable to maintain a democratic form of government in Athens. The Athenians, ever hero-worshippers, ever fickle above all else, were easily led to place their confidence in a single man who seemed to represent their ideals of government. The constitution had not the power to quench hostilities between the three great factions into which Athens found itself divided: the party of the plain, which embraced the landed proprietors and of which Lycurgus was leader; the party of the sea-coast, made up largely of wealthy commoners led by Megacles, a younger Alcmaeonid; and the party of the highlands,

comprising the poorer classes, whose best interests lay in the hope of a more democratic form of government, but had been for some time without a leader. It was now that Pisistratus, a young kinsman of Solon, long a friend and companion of the great lawgiver, placed himself at the head of that party which represented the claims of the poorer classes. Endowed with extraordinary personal gifts, descended from the Homeric Nestor and the Pylia kings, noble, handsome, sagacious, Pisistratus fulfilled the dearest ideals of the Athenian populace. Ambition soon discovered for the young leader the possibilities of the situation, and, backed by the most numerous party in the state, he resolved to make himself supreme. He easily ingratiated himself with the poor by throwing open his extensive gardens as public pleasure resorts and by going about the streets attended by youths who distributed money among the needy citizens. Nor did he omit to placate the wealthy who were not strongly attached to one of the other parties. The military fame which he had won in the war for the recovery of Salamis from the Megarians, his gifts of oratory, and his tact, accompanied by a decided gift for simulation, won many friends for him among the upper classes, while fear or hatred of the other parties made him with some people the choice of two evils.

Appearing one day in the agora wounded and bleeding, and with a train of mules showing signs of a highway attack, Pisistratus gathered the people about him and told them that he had barely escaped with his life from the violence of his enemies. Sympathy and admiration for his courage at once animated his followers and drew others to his standard, and he was thereupon voted a band of fifty clubsmen as a guard against further molestation. With this nucleus, he soon surrounded himself with a band sufficiently strong to seize the citadel. Clubs

were abandoned for spears, his leading opponents were at once forced to leave Athens, and despite the strenuous protestations of Solon, Pisistratus held the seat of a tyrant. This was in the year 560. Solon, who by orations and poetical compositions had struggled in vain to impress upon the people the danger of submitting to a supreme ruler, placed his arms outside the door of his house in token that he had done his best to defend his country's laws, but was now too old for service.

But this preëminence was not destined to last long for Pisistratus. The opposing factions, under the leadership of Megacles and Lycurgus, combined and forced his withdrawal. The property of the exile was exposed for public sale, and Callias, the head of a rich family, one of his chief opponents, was the sole purchaser. Scarcely had these leaders gained their point when disputes arose between them, which, after more than four years of strife, ended in the offer of Megacles, chief of the Alcmaeonid party, to support Pisistratus in the tyranny if he would marry his daughter Coesyra (Pisistratus was a widower). Upon accepting the offer, the former tyrant returned to Athens, and in a chariot, beside a stately woman in the garb of the virgin goddess, was drawn up the winding slope of the Pelargikon into the sacred inclosure of the Acropolis, while heralds ran before his triumphant train shouting, "Athenians, welcome Pisistratus, whom your Athena has honored above all other men and now brings back to her own abode!" The stately woman who was chosen to give grace and dignity to the triumphal entry was no more than a beautiful garland-seller of Paeonia, named Phya. She was afterward given in marriage to Hipparchus, second son of the tyrant, and thus another bond was formed between the tyrant and the populace.

Pisistratus wedded the daughter of the Alcmaeonidae, but would not suffer himself to become a father by the

daughter of a house accursed by the gods, and thus incurred the anger of the party that had so lately espoused his cause. Again the new tyrant was obliged to leave the Acropolis and flee from Athens, and the constitution of Solon was again in force. The property of Pisistratus, once more exposed at auction, was again purchased by Callias, his wealthy opponent. The exile retired to Eretria, in Euboea, where he spent ten years in preparation for his final return. He solicited pecuniary aid from the various cities that were friendly to him, and got possession of the great silver-mines at Laurium. With funds thus raised, he secured the services of Argive mercenary troops. When, after a long period of waiting, the time was ripe for his great step, Pisistratus, with his son Hippias, landed at Marathon, and with a large body of troops, reinforced by Lygdamis and a band of Naxians, entered Attica, marched to Athens amid the welcoming shouts of the populace, and once more established himself upon the Acropolis in the palace of ancient Erechtheus, beside the shrine of Athena Polias, protecting goddess of the Athenians. From this period, the time of Solon and Pisistratus, the history of Athens becomes authentic, and though the chronology of Pisistratus's successive banishments and returns to power is somewhat confused and misleading, the facts are unquestionably reliable, and after his final establishment in the tyranny the chronology of events becomes historically trustworthy.

Pisistratus's first acts upon his final acquisition of power were in the direction of establishing a firm seat—measures which he seems to have omitted in his former usurpations of the government. He established a standing army of mercenaries, thus laying the foundations of future Athenian military prowess. With this new force he subjugated Sigeum, which had long been a subject of



dispute with the Mitylenians, and sent out an expedition, under his son Hippias, for the suppression of piracy. He exiled many of the leaders of the factions opposed to him, who had not already fled, and seized the children of some of them, placing them as hostages under the protection of his friend Lygdamis, whom he made tyrant of Naxos. Among those whom he exiled was Cimon, the father of Miltiades, whom he afterward recalled to his former position and rank among the citizens. His policy at home was rigid, but not severe. Following closely the forms of government laid down in the constitution of Solon, he not only enforced the laws upon all classes of his subjects, but was himself an example of rectitude. To better the condition of the poor, he enacted regulations against idleness, and sent many of the poorer citizens away from Athens to gain a livelihood in the agricultural districts, supplying seeds and even cattle to those who had no means to procure them. He moreover established a fund which provided pensions for disabled soldiers and the families of those killed in battle.

It was the policy of the new tyrant to keep the higher political offices, as far as possible, in his own family; and though this method would seem to tend even more toward despotism, it was effectual in suppressing political jealousies among his people. Under this firm and aggressive rule Athens rapidly increased in influence and importance, and we soon hear of Croesus, King of Lydia, sending an embassy to the Athenian court to ask for coöperation in opposing the increasing aggression of the Persians. With his government firmly established, his foreign policy asserted, his subjects contented, the next step of Pisis-tratus was to employ the superfluous energy of the citizens in improving their city.

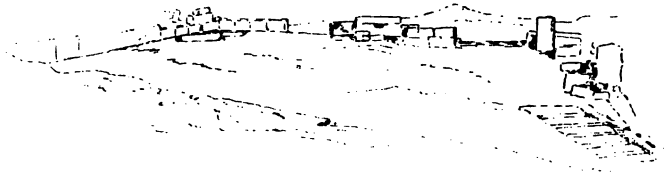
It was further in accordance with the taste of this princely ruler, as later developments prove, to beautify

his realm with works of art of all kinds. Indeed, the monumental history of Athens begins with the tyranny. In whatever else Athens may have excelled between the Homeric age and the age of the despots, however great may have been her kings, like Codrus, or her lawgivers, like Dracon, her art had certainly not kept pace with that of the other states of Greece, though it had reached a plane of development far higher than was supposed for many years previous to the most recent discoveries upon the Acropolis. Pīstratus seems to have appreciated the backward position of Athens in this regard, and lost no time in importing artists and works of art from the best centers of his time. The islands of Samos and Chios, much nearer the old art centers of Asia, had developed schools of sculpture far in advance of the Attic school. Paros and Aegina were making strides along artistic lines. All these schools had advanced in technique and the use of materials unknown in the ancient school founded in Attica by the mythological Daedalus. Artisans were imported from all of these localities, and a new school of art quickly sprang up in Athens, destined in time to surpass them all.

BUT let us look at Athens as it stood in the beginning of the sixth century, and restore in mind, as far as we may, the city and its monuments as the new ruler found them.

For many centuries the architectural aspect of the city of Pīstratus was absolutely forgotten. No data could be derived from the ancient texts or from the remains upon which one might build even a conjecture as to the form of its temples or other buildings. But recent research upon the Acropolis has brought to light fragments, long hidden from the destroying hand of time, from which it is possible to reconstruct the Athens of the sixth century more perfectly than almost any other

Greek city of that period. From the architectural fragments, we may know that the Athenian architects had not fallen so far behind in the race for perfection, and it is easier to understand the marvelous rapidity with which the Athenians reached their goal so soon after Pisis-tratus's time. From the sculptured bits we readily discover that the art of Daedalus was not lost upon the Acropolis. From the few fragments of painted decoration found here and there, it is evident that the old fondness for richly hued plaster and pottery had not died out.



Sanctuary of Artemis Brauronia.

First and foremost upon the Acropolis stood the time-honored temple of Athena, beside the ancient palace which spread well over the northern and eastern quarters of the rock, the accretion of many generations. Within the limits of the palace, and inextricably connected with it, was the most ancient temple of all—a threefold sanctuary, sacred to Athena Polias, Poseidon, and Erechtheus. Near by, upon the summit, we know not exactly where, stood two, or perhaps three, other temples with colonnaded porticos and sculptured pediments. About these were grouped, even in this early day, a number of ex-voto statues and other forms of votive offerings. A large part of the remainder of the surface of the rock was portioned off for the sanctuaries of divinities and heroes who had no temples, with their altars and offerings. Here were the sacred inclosure of Artemis Brauronia and, beside the palace, the Pandrosium, shrine of

the goddess of the dew. The grave of Cecrops was still an honored spot. Among these temples and shrines the sacred way wound up from the gate at the west to the great altar just east of the temple of Athena. All were inclosed within the great prehistoric wall, so ancient, even then, that its foundation was considered superhuman, so strong that after hundreds of years of resistance it needed no strengthening.

Since the old Homeric days, a new style of architecture had sprung up on Greek soil, a style which grew up with Greece and became so identified with Hellas that we have come to regard it as typical of Hellenic genius. Tradition held that this kind of architecture had been introduced by the Dorians, and it came to be known, in later times, as the Doric style. No minute description of this style is necessary for us here. The name brings before our eyes a stately portico of tapering, fluted columns, set on a level stepped base, their simple swelling capitals carrying massive beams of stone beneath a frieze of square, sculptured slabs alternating with narrow blocks, all surmounted by an overhanging cornice and a simple triangular gable. This style was dignified and simple from the first, but as time went on it took on graces and refinements which gave it new beauty and charm without changing its form. The earliest form of the new style had been introduced into Athens long before Pisistratus was born, and all of the temples of his day, except that within the palace, were of the Doric style.

A few years ago we had to reckon with but two temples of Athena upon the Acropolis—the Parthenon and the Athena portion of the Erechtheum, both much later than the time of Pisistratus; the latter, because it replaced the most ancient shrine of Athena in Athens, was called the *old temple*; but since the memorable discoveries of Dr.

Dörpfeld a third temple must be taken into account, a temple of great antiquity, which provides us with another shrine of Athena for the city of Pisisstratus and another *old* temple. And this is doubtless the sanctuary to which the Greek writers applied that name. Between the Parthenon and the Erechtheum the excavations have disclosed the well-defined remains of the foundations of a great temple constructed of two distinct kinds of stone. The whole plan has been made out, though none of the parts of the superstructure remains *in situ*. The foundations of the cella, the inclosed portion of the temple, were found to be of cruder workmanship than the basement of the peristyle or colonnade. The former was built of the Acropolis rock, the latter of limestone brought from quarries at the foot of Mount Hymettus. But this is not all: in other diggings, on various sides of the Acropolis, a great number of architectural fragments have been brought to light—architrave blocks, triglyphs, metopes, and pieces of cornice, besides drums and capitals of columns, some in marble and some in poros stone, many of them bearing traces of color.

Upon this mass of material the great archaeologist set to work and, with patient study, evolved a complete history of a building which the eyes of man had not seen for over two thousand years. The foundations, as we have said, apparently belonged to two different periods of building. The architectural fragments, too, when pieced together, were evidently not all of the same age. At this point the value of the minute study of details became evident. One set of capitals was found to have the line of the echinus, the curved portion, drawn almost straight up to the abacus, and rings cut on the neck of the column, thus conforming to a type common in the later sixth-century temples of Greece; while the other set has a very flaring echinus and rings cut only

on the curve itself, like the capitals of some of the earliest Greek temples known, which enterprising colonists who had left Greece in the seventh century built in Sicily and southern Italy. Nevertheless, these fragments, of different dates, had belonged to the same structure. The older ones, all of poros stone, were parts of a very ancient temple, while the later details, some of poros stone and some of marble, belonged to a restoration manifestly



Archaic Fragments found upon the Acropolis.

made under the direction of Pisistratus—a conclusion reached by a comparison of these fragments with works known to have been executed in his time in other parts of Athens and at Eleusis.

Pisistratus, then, found upon the Acropolis a temple of Athena in poros stone. How did this temple look if the plan made out in the ruined foundation walls and the older fragments of the superstructure belong together? From the plan, we should say that the building had a porch at either end, which consisted either of four free-standing columns or of two columns standing between the projecting walls of the cella; or, technically speaking, was amphiprostyle-tetrastyle, like the temple upon the Ilissus, or distyle-amphiantis, like that at Eleusis, probably the latter. The archaic columns with their flaring capitals, the architrave of which, with a fragment

of its *taenia*, remains, and the triglyphs and cornice, all in poros stone, were covered with a patena of stucco to which a yellow stain was applied in the lower portions and various bright hues in the details above.

The interior was divided by walls, and possibly by rows of columns, into several chambers and aisles. Dörpfeld conjectures that the easternmost compartment was divided by two rows of columns into three aisles, and that this was the cultus chamber of the sanctuary where the sacred rites were performed. The western half, corresponding to the opisthodomos in later temples, consisted of a large, undivided compartment, upon which opened two small, unlighted treasury chambers in the middle section of the cella. Of the sculptured decorations we can know little or nothing, but from the evidence borne by the architectural fragments it is certain that the exterior, at least, was bright with colored designs. Well-carved lions' heads, picked out in rich color, which served as



Lion's Head from the Cornice of the  
Old Temple of Athena.

gargoyles at the corners of the roof, molded cymas decorated with painted designs of palmettes and anthemions, and string moldings with patterns in color, have been found upon the Acropolis, but to what temple they belonged it is hard to say.

That this was the *hekatompædon*, the "hundred-foot" temple of the pre-Persian inscription, can scarcely be doubted; that it was the great temple of the Acropolis of Pisistratus's time, second only in age to the triple temple connected with the "goodly house" of Homer, is absolutely certain. In this temple

Pisistratus paid his vows and sacrificed to Athena when he ascended the Acropolis triumphant after his long exile.

The still older temple which was replaced by the present Erechtheum is of course irrecoverably lost. The spot upon which it stood was hallowed by many sacred associations, and when it was replaced by the present fourth-century edifice it was necessarily completely removed. It probably stood in its ancient form when Pisistratus became tyrant of Athens, with the Pandrosium beside it, and the tomb of Cecrops, the sacred olive tree, the altar of Zeus Herkeios, and all the most ancient treasures of Athens in its vicinity still intact.

The honor of discovering the site of the old Athena temple belongs to Dr. Dörpfeld, but the praise of having discovered the former existence of the other temples which have already been mentioned is due properly to the Greeks themselves, to M. Kavvadias, the director of the Athenian school. The existence of the old temple was hinted at, to say the least, in the texts, though it was always confused with the Erechtheum; the two other pre-Persian temples that have recently come to light are *not* mentioned, nor is their existence even implied, in ancient literature. Moreover, even now that the Acropolis has been scraped clean to bed-rock in every quarter, no remnants of temple foundations have been found other than those already known.

That these temples existed is proved, and proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, by the discovery of two sets of archaic pediment reliefs in the filling between the natural rock and the fifth-century wall of the Acropolis to the southeast of the Parthenon. That the four pediments form two sets is clear from a comparison of their measurements, their style and technique. Each set may be assumed to have adorned the tympanums of an amphi-



prostyle, or two-porched temple. All are in poros stone, treated with a patena, and brightly colored. They represent the most ancient pediment sculptures in existence, and fix a date for the employment of sculpture in this mode far earlier than was formerly admitted. Both are much older than the time of Pisistratus, but were undoubtedly in existence and well preserved when he assumed the tyranny.

The pair of reliefs which, from its lowness and the crudeness of its execution, is judged to be the older, measures about twenty-five feet in length, and stands a little over three feet high. It might thus have belonged to an amphiprostyle temple some thirty-five feet wide. Where this temple stood it is now impossible to tell; possibly its site was where the Parthenon now stands. It is also impossible to distinguish, among the archaic architectural fragments scattered along the south wall, those which might have belonged to this temple. It was undoubtedly in the most archaic style, with low, stout columns and swelling, broad capitals, highly colored. The subjects of the pediment reliefs represent two of the labors of Heracles, and for this reason the temple is conjectured to have been sacred to this hero, who, at the time of the building of the temple and the execution of the reliefs, was worshiped with divine honors at Athens. At a later time, when the Athenians began to consider themselves of purely Ionic origin, the worship of Theseus supplanted that of Heracles, who was essentially a Doric hero; but, before the time of Pisistratus, Heracles had been quite as popular a divinity in Attica as in the Peloponnesus, and it is by no means an incredible thing that the Athenians should have erected a temple in his honor upon the sacred hill.

But to return to the pedimental sculptures. The first two were executed in quite flat relief upon poros stone.

Each pediment is composed of six slabs, but the subject is continuous and the figures often cover portions of two slabs. The better preserved of the two groups represents the combat of Heracles with the Lernaean hydra, a favorite subject of early black-figured vases. The hero of the scene does not occupy the exact center of the group, as was common in the later archaic pediment sculptures, but, armed with breastplate, bow, and quiver, advances from the left side of the middle toward the right wing, which is filled with the writhing snake-like coils of the hydra, whose many waving, hissing heads, with mouths wide open, surge toward the combat. To the left, behind Heracles, his faithful companion Iolaus




Archaic Pedimental Relief, Heracles and the Hydra.

mounts his chariot, drawn by two well-executed horses, who bend their necks to sniff at the giant crab, which Hera sent to aid the hydra, in the extreme angle of the gable. The whole design is executed with wonderful freedom and in excellent proportions, and is quite remarkable for archaic work. The scene is depicted precisely as it is on early vases, although the sloping sides of the gable demanded a slight rearrangement at the ends. Even at this early date the sculptor evinces that wonderful aptitude for conforming groups of statuary to the triangular pediment form, which the later work illustrates so well. In this composition the horses, which must be represented as facing the angle to conform to the accepted design on vases, bow their heads toward the hideous crab-like monster and bring the lines of the group to the desired angle. Contrary to the general rule for polychromatic schemes in

early reliefs, the background of this pediment is not colored. The nude portions of the two men are painted in a color true to nature. Their hair, beard, and eyes are black. The body of the hydra is painted a bright green, while its open mouths are a fiery red. The accessories of the picture—the shield of Heracles, the chariot, and the horses—are treated in flat tones of red or reddish brown. The companion relief has for its theme the fight between Heracles and Triton, or the Old Man of the Sea, another favorite subject for vase-painting and used as an architectural decoration in the frieze of the temple of Assos. This subject is cleverly chosen in the present instance; for what other group could so well match the struggle of the hero with the serpent coils of the hydra as his encounter with the snaky form of the great fish monster? The slabs are much broken and defaced, but the group is easily made out. Heracles, in the attitude characteristic of this theme, has thrown himself upon the body of the sea monster and has his left arm around the monster's neck; with his right he clasps his other hand, and prepares thus to crush out the life of his adversary. Triton strikes out but feebly with one hand, and stretches the other in supplication to the god or gods, who may easily be restored in our minds, and who were doubtless represented in the missing portions of the group, which occupied the left wing of the gable. The execution of this relief, the proportions and action, the figures, and the polychromy are all similar to that which belonged to the opposite gable.

The second temple, whose pre-Persian existence is known only from the discovery of its gable sculptures, is no more easily located than the former. Its architectural form is no more easily determined, but we may safely conjecture that it had a porch at either end, and was somewhat larger than that which we have called



the *Heracleum*, because its pediments were a little broader. The subjects of this pair of reliefs are not so clear an index to the cultus of the temple which they adorned as are the others. One of them represents a labor of Heracles—a reproduction, in fact, of the second of the *Heracleum* pediments; the other, a combat in which Zeus and his earth-born son, the great Doric hero, make onslaught upon the vulcanic forces of nature, represented in the



Archaic Pedimental Sculptures, Heracles and the Old Man of the Sea.

triple-bodied Typhon. It has been suggested, in view of the presence of Zeus in one gable, that the temple may have been sacred to Zeus Polieus, who we know had a shrine upon the Acropolis; yet the reliefs may have belonged to the old temple of Athena. Here again the reliefs are in poros stone, but are executed almost in the round. In the first of them the combatants and spectators are preserved, at least in part. Heracles and the sea monster occupy the left wing of the pediment. The hero braces himself with his right knee and foot upon the ground, and grasps his enemy about the neck or chest. The heads of both figures are lost, but the snaky body of the Triton coils away toward the angle of the gable. In the right wing stood a figure, man above and snake below, holding in his hand an eagle—emblem of royalty. This personage is doubtless no other than Cecrops, the autochthonous father of the Athenians, represented as half serpent to signify his earth-sprung origin. The life-size

figure of Heracles is the most remarkable. It is a figure from one of the early Doric black-figured vases of the sixth century, executed in round sculpture. The massive back, the thick, muscular leg, small at the knee and ankle, but swelling to heavy proportions in the thigh and calf, are entirely like those early paintings. The undulating body of the Triton heaves in massive folds. Both figures, though so badly broken, are full of action and physical force, well proportioned, and carefully composed to fit the triangular shape of the gable.



Archaic Pedimental Sculptures, The Serpent Echidna.

Of the corresponding pediment little remains save the marvelous figure of Typhon and fragments of Echidna, his serpent spouse. His three busts, with their heads and arms, are well preserved; the wings and coiling bodies, uniting at last in one, are also sufficiently complete to give us a perfect notion of the monster's original appearance. The first and second busts face almost directly the center of the pediment; the second is set further forward than the others; the third turns slightly to face the foreground. One wing of the foremost is thrown to the front, while that of the last drops down upon the body. The left arm and hand of each are present, drawn up to the breast, while the right arm of the central figure is also shown, a little more elevated. All the heads are similarly treated. All have long, crinkled hair and pointed, curly beards. They wear that bland expression so characteristic of archaic works, with flat, wide-



open eyes very wide apart, and broad, smiling lips, surmounted by curling mustaches. The chisel of the sculptor has elaborated all the details with great minuteness, depicting the curls of the hair and beard in a series of elongated ringlets, and denoting the separate feathers of the wings by means of delicate, regular, incised lines. The foremost of these figures holds in his hand a fragment serrated with wavy lines. This has been described as a portion of a thunderbolt which the volcanic monster

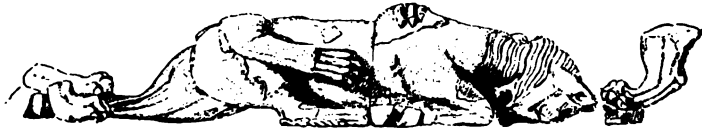


Archaic Pedimental Sculptures, The Typhon.

wielded. At first sight these figures are most suggestive of the sculptures of the Assyrians, and the bland look, the treatment of hair and beard are certainly full of Oriental suggestion; but the modeling of the flesh parts, the free and varied execution of the arms and hands, are much more lifelike than the best Assyrian work, and much nearer our Greek ideal.

In both groups the sculptor has done his utmost with the tools and materials at his disposal. He has carried out a familiar composition with remarkable freedom of design and has executed the details with delicacy and precision; but it remained for the painter to complete the masterpiece. With his limited palette, upon which were found red, blue, black, yellow, and green, besides a peculiar brownish color, he has used all his skill to bring out the force of the composition, rendering the human

figures more natural, the creations of fancy more terrible and repulsive. Red and blue are his favorite colors. These he employs upon the scaly body of the Triton. Heracles's body is painted a light red, which was doubtless meant for flesh color, and is, indeed, not far from nature. Red and blue are used again upon the coils of Typhon in three longitudinal bands, one of blue between two of red. The bodies of Typhon are painted a reddish hue, but the heads are treated in colors far from nature's. The hair and beards are a violent blue. The third figure has been nicknamed "Bluebeard." The whites of the eyes are yellow, and the iris a brilliant green; only the eyebrows are given the black of nature, and the pupil is picked out in black. It is, of course, difficult to bring ourselves to see great beauty in sculpture so violently colored; but when we take into consideration the brilliant polychromy of the buildings which it adorned and the radiance of the sky under which they existed, we may imagine that they were somewhat toned down, and that the eye was not offended by their vividness as it may be now in the subdued light of a museum.



Archaic Pedimental Sculptures, Bull and Lions.

One other archaic group in high relief of poros stone remains. It may easily have belonged also to a temple pediment. It is that which we see before us as we enter the first room of the Acropolis museum, much restored in plaster, but still showing a vigorous decorative composition. The theme is that of a powerful bull overcome by two lions. Considerable portions of the bull

remain. Crushed to earth by the overpowering weight of his devourers, he has fallen upon his knees in front; one hind leg is doubled under his body, and the other, with his tail, is dragged out behind by the claws of one of the lions; his neck is bent in complete submission, the head pressed to the ground, with staring eyes and half-open mouth. Of the lions, only the massive paws and powerful claws are in evidence. If the bodies of the lions carried out the spirit seen in their tenacious claws and compared favorably with the expression of the dying bull, the composition must have been a very spirited one. The design is indeed archaic, but well advanced in freedom and action. The artist shows powers of composition and vigorous execution, rather than grace or delicacy of treatment. Here are no longer the wild, impossible designs in which the early Mycenaean artists treated the same theme, nor the almost grotesque scene of the Spata relief, with the long, waving horns of the bull, and the wild, bulging eyes of the lion, but a highly naturalistic picture full of well-expressed realism. No one has ventured to place this relief, and no companion for it has been discovered. It is on a large scale, and doubtless adorned a temple of considerable magnitude. It is not an unthinkable proposition that it may have belonged to the old temple of Athena, which Pisistratus enlarged and beautified, and may have been discarded at the time of Pisistratus's renovation.

So much for the buildings and their sculptured enrichments which Pisistratus found upon the Athenian Acropolis when Athena "received him to her own abode." But it would be a mistake to think of the hill of Pallas as crowned simply with an ancient palace and a number of small, richly ornamented temples and girt about with its massive cyclopean wall. The crest of the rock was bedecked, even when the tyrant came, with a host of



votive offerings. Its sacred avenue was lined with statues of various sizes, some in stone, some in bronze, and doubtless many in highly painted wood. The three hundred votive inscriptions, in letters dating from the first half of the sixth century, cut upon statue bases which have

come to light upon the Acropolis, are probably only a very small number of the original early inscriptions. Before the time of Pisistratus the greater number of statues was probably of poros stone treated in a manner somewhat similar to the pediment reliefs though doubtless with less freedom, conforming to the fixed canon for votive offerings—a rather stiff and conventional canon that obtained throughout the sixth century even in the advanced archaic style under the sons of Pisistratus. Only



The Moscophorus.

one statue in marble has been found that can be certainly dated before the last quarter of the sixth century; that is the well-known figure of the Moscophorus, or calf-bearer—a votive statue, with an inscription, representing the donor of the *ex voto*, in the rôle of “master of the sacrifices,” bearing the sacrificial victim upon his shoulders to the altar of Athena. The name of the giver of the statue, which should perpetuate his

pious act to all generations, as the inscription says, was Combus, son of Pales. The letters date from a period anterior to 550 B.C.; the material is the blue-gray marble of Hymettus, proving that this indigenous medium was employed by sculptors even before the beginning of the tyranny. The figure is well wrought, though the new material must have offered strong resistance to the chisel of the sculptor. The legs are destroyed, but the body and arms, which grasp the legs of the young bull, are strongly molded, with muscles well expressed in the technique employed for softer stone. A strange sort of garment, which clings to the figure, is an interesting point about this, perhaps the earliest statue in native marble preserved to us on the Acropolis. A mantle seems to have covered the shoulders, falling down on either side of the legs, leaving the fore parts of the body nude. The whole design depended largely upon the painter for complete expression, and the surface is beautifully finished for the work of the brush, which must have made the statue and its fellows, which are no more, a very effective embellishment of the sacred inclosure.

The cupidity of man has swept away all signs of the sculptures in bronze that adorned the Acropolis of this early day, and the statues in wood were either burned by the barbarians or have long since returned to the elements; but the inscribed bases are a sufficient index to the great collection of statues which graced the shrines and the borders of the sacred way. Our picture of the Acropolis of Pīsistratus, then, must include not only the group of heavy, brightly colored archaic temples, its smaller shrines and altars garlanded with sacred emblems, but also a host of gaily tinted statues, the pious gifts of generations of Athena's devotees, standing guard along the sacred way and grouped about the great altar and the steps of the temples. Through this forest of

stately archaic figures beaming with their ever-present smile, after his repeated exiles, after struggles and reverses, at last triumphant, the man of the century was borne, while the walls of the temples echoed back the wel-

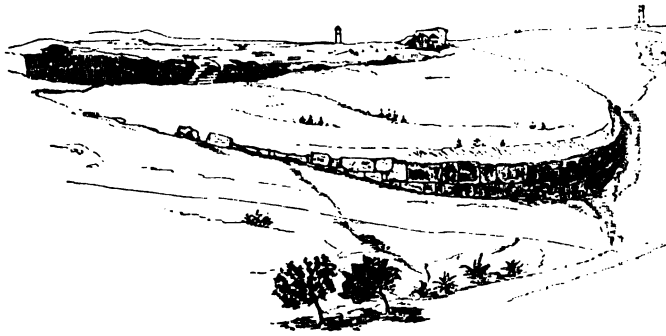


The Areopagus.

coming cry, "Athenians, receive Pisistratus, whom your Athena has honored above all men."

But what of the city outside the ancient Pelargikon, the Asty that had grown up about the foot of the Acropolis rock since the far-off time of Theseus? In front of the gates, almost joined to the Acropolis by the cyclopean outworks, the rock of the Areopagus was still, as it had been for centuries, the great seat of criminal justice—the avenging court of the Eumenides, whom the people called by this euphemistic title, "the gracious," because they feared to call them by their real name. The steps which were cut in the rock and led up to the summit from two sides are certainly older than the sixth century. Across the narrow valley still further to the west, on the eastern slope of the low ridge between the Museum and Nymphæum hills, stood the ancient Pnyx, the scene of the early public assemblies, the theater of great historical events, where Dracon gave laws to the early Athenians, where Solon harangued the people with orations and poetical compositions when he would dissuade them from

following Pisistratus. This earliest of parliament houses, which contained the famous *bema*, or speaking platform, sacred to the Athenians as was the rostrum to the later Romans, was long a subject of archaeological controversy. The place of assembly was sacred to the gods, just as the theater was, and had its altar. There was, moreover, a distinct resemblance in form between the place of assembly and the ancient theater. The remains now pretty generally accepted to be those of the ancient Pnyx and Bema fulfil precisely the requirements of the ancient descriptions, none of which are especially early. To begin with the Bema, we have, first, a high, perpendicular wall scarped down in the natural rock at the crest of the hill. This is not in a continuous line, but on two lines forming a very obtuse angle. At the center a broad, cubical block, like an altar, with steps leading up on three sides to the narrow platform about it, stands out from the wall. This is also cut from the living rock. Behind the altar

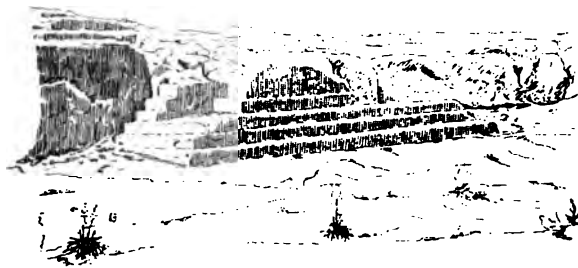


The Pnyx, from the Areopagus.

and above it, at the top of the wall, three rows of seats are hewn out. These have been recognized as the places of the Prytanes, who are known to have sat facing the people. Behind these may be traced the remains of a

heavy polygonal wall, which extended the full length of the terrace, set a little back from the edge. To the rear of this again, on axis with the Bema, are the foundations of a second great altar.

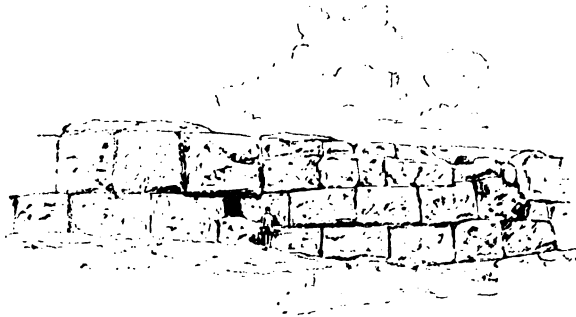
The place for the people is, at first sight, less readily recognized, but a closer examination of the remains and the exercise of a little archaeological imagination will serve to restore a complete artificial *koilon*. From one end to the other of the rock-cut wall, a heavy polygonal wall may easily be traced, sweeping in a broad curve, deeper than a semicircle, toward the Areopagus. This forms the outer boundary of the *koilon*, but just here is the crux, for the ground, instead of sloping up from the Bema, as in a theater, falls quite steeply toward the remains of the great outer wall. Of course, such a disposition of the ground would have been absolutely unsuited for the purposes of an audience, for the sound of the voice of the orators would rise and be lost. And why should the Athenians have chosen such a location, where



The Bema.

the natural conditions were the reverse of the requirements? We may easily imagine that at the earliest period, when the assemblies were small, there was enough level space at the top to accommodate all the people; that this spot, sacred to the special divinity of assemblies, was

so hallowed by associations that the later Athenians could not move to a place better suited to accommodate the growing population. So, to make up for the natural deficiencies of the site, the great wall was built, much higher of course originally, and the intervening space was



Retaining-wall of the Pnyx.

filled up so high that the ground sloped upward from the Bema to its summit. This sloping surface was probably not provided with seats, but was "arranged according to antique simplicity, not with the complexity of a theater," as Pollux says. The people, then, arranged themselves upon the sloping ground and looked downward upon the Bema, where the orators, standing, faced the sacred hill. The sustaining wall was not "Pelagic," but belonged to an early Hellenic period. Some of its blocks are of enormous dimensions, and all are carefully dressed on the edges. When the wall had its full height, the assembly sitting at the top of the *koilon* seemed to the people below, or across the valley upon the Acropolis, to be perching upon the rocks, as they are described in ancient literature.

To the north of the Acropolis, we know not exactly where, stood the ancient Prytaneum, founded by royal

Theseus and perpetuated by the democratic Athenians. Here lived the chief archon, and here the ambassadors of foreign states were entertained at public cost.

Further west, on the northern slope of the Acropolis, was the ancient sanctuary of Theseus, where the Council of Five Hundred occasionally met, and where the Thesmothetae annually presided at certain elections. Here Pisistratus, once at least, addressed an assembly of the people.

In the same neighborhood was the Anaceum, or sanctuary of the Dioscuri, for after their visit to Athens the twin brothers were worshiped with heroic honors by the people. It stood just below the Agraulium, which we know was situated at the foot of the northern wall of the Acropolis, where Agraulos, the daughter of Cecrops, leaped down—that is, as near as we can place it. On the same slope, between the northwestern foot of the Acropolis and the Areopagus, the Metröon, the shrine of the mother of the gods, embraced a considerable area. On the other side of the Areopagus was the Eleusinium, where parts of the sacred mysteries of Eleusis were performed. Further toward the east lay the Diogeneum, and somewhere on the north or east of the Acropolis, we know not exactly where, still stood the Delphinium which Aegeus, the father of Theseus, founded in the dim ages of early Ionian Athens, and where Theseus sacrificed the Marathonian bull. Near the market was the Lanaeum, where one of the festivals of Dionysus was celebrated, and where a large circle of stone was built at a very early period for the dancing of choruses.

Thus we see at once that Athens, at the middle of the sixth century, did not lack for holy places. The sanctuaries of divinities and heroes had begun to multiply from the distant days of Cecrops, and the Athenians seem not to have been contented with consecrating a

single sanctuary for some of their divinities. There were at least two precincts of Dionysus within the Asty—the Lyænaeum and the sanctuary of Dionysus Eleuthereus—and, under Pisistratus, two to Apollo and two to Zeus Olympios, for in the most ancient times there was a precinct of the Olympian Zeus, below the north wall of the Acropolis near the cave of Apollo, where Deucalion had built one of the most ancient shrines in Athenian tradition. Not far away, probably in connection with the cave of Apollo, where the god met Creusa, was the ancient Pythium, the sacred precinct of Apollo; from the altar of Zeus Astrapaïos, above this precinct, the watchers used to look toward Harma for the flashes of lightning which were the signal from the great shrine of Apollo at Delphi. /e

Beyond the limits of the town, to the east near the Ilyssus, was another important precinct of Apollo—the Lyceum—and across the river, on a beautiful hill called Helicon, a sanctuary of Huntress Artemis, with an altar to Heliconian Poseidon. Even at this early day the men of Athens must have been “very religious.”

The Athenians had long ceased to live upon the Acropolis when Pisistratus took up his abode in solitary state upon the sacred rock;—not wholly solitary, though, for the priests and priestesses attached to the several shrines and temples also had their abodes beside Athena’s temples; but the people of all classes had, ages before, moved their habitations down to the plain, where water was more accessible, and where each family might have its own vine and fig-tree—its own herd of goats, perhaps. Athens had extended her power over all Attica, and fear for safety no longer disturbed the settlers below the frowning cliffs of the Acropolis. In the long period between the age which Homer describes and the advent of Pisistratus, when kingly sway had become a thing of



the past and the nobles were the real power in the state, it had become the fashion for the Eupatridae to live in the country in the neighborhood of Athens, where they had extensive villas, with all the luxuries of suburban life. This was the condition at the time of Hesiod, who describes this class of nobles as going to town only upon urgent business. Political officials, however, whose duties might require their constant presence in town, tradesmen, craftsmen, and artisans would naturally live within the city limits. Between the Pnyx hill and the Areopagus, at a very early period, a domestic settlement had sprung up, which by the time of the tyrant had become a veritable town, with narrow, crooked streets which even in ruins remind one strongly of a modern European village. This district has only lately been unearthed. The remains are chiefly of house walls, in which may be traced the plan of the early domestic abode of the Athenians. The walls themselves are made of stone laid in the styles of different periods, from the earliest polygonal to a highly developed quadrated work. They are seldom over five or six feet in height, and quite level at the top, indicating that the upper portions of the walls were made of sun-dried brick (which has long since disintegrated), a fashion which has been perpetuated in Greece to this day. A doorway, sometimes with marble sill and jambs, opens upon the street; within are rooms of fair size, often grouped about an open court. The floors are sometimes of pebbled plaster, sometimes of large pebbles fitted together in mosaic form; again, they are of ordinary mosaic. The walls inside were covered with plaster and painted, as the remnants prove. They often show several layers of plaster and designs of widely different ages. Many of the houses are provided with deep wells stoned up with polygonal masonry, and nearly all have convenient cisterns and granaries in the form of

great earthenware jars buried to their small necks in the soil. Many of these are perfectly preserved.

In the wider streets are public wells of great depth, covered by stone slabs, with small apertures, the necks of which are well furrowed by the ropes which for centuries have drawn the dripping buckets from their cool depths. Some of these are again in use. A breath of life is given to this city of the dead when an Athenian woman is seen wandering through the ancient streets to fill her jar with water from a well out of which Solon, descending from a stormy tirade upon the Pnyx, may have quenched his thirst. The household altars, the fragments of columns and marble moldings, which are seen on all sides, belong to a much later era, and, with the mosaics and more recent painted wall patterns, indicate that this residential portion of Athens was occupied for many generations after the day of Pisistratus. But the bottom of the valley soon found itself too crowded, and the houses began to spread up the slopes of the Areopagus and the Museum hill. Chambers were excavated at different levels in the slanting rock, leaving narrow, natural partitions between them; then, as the sides were not high enough, a wall of stone or brick was added to the natural wall, stairs were cut to connect different levels, and probably to connect stories. At intervals in the streets, curving exedras have been found, also hewn out, where the wayfarer might rest, where the philosopher might lecture to his disciples, or the rhapsodist read Homer to a group of admirers.

In this narrow inhabited valley, where it opens to the north below the Areopagus, lay the agora. It is not possible to say when this early market-place was established, but it is certain that at the time of the tyrant's usurpation it had become an important commercial and forensic center. It was here that, in very ancient times,

the industry of the potters developed so extensively as to give to the whole district of the agora the name of *Ceramicus*, which it retained throughout its history.

Great transformations had come over the city during the centuries since the heroic days of Theseus and the kings. The Acropolis was again the seat of the ruler—not a crowned king, to be sure, but a tyrant who lived in regal state. The homes of the citizens were no longer crowded into the sacred inclosure, but clustered about the base of the Acropolis. Beside the massive palace built of huge uncut boulders, long and low and grim, there stood upon the Acropolis a cluster of brightly colored temples with graceful porches surrounded with gaily painted statues. The houses in the lower city were no longer brown, thatched huts, but well-built houses, probably whitewashed without and roofed with red-clay tiles. Colonnades were common now, giving an open, airy effect to the market-place. Athens was no longer a primitive village of semi-barbarous mountaineers, as it had been at the beginning, nor yet the stronghold of a heroic prince, as it had been at the dawn of history, but had become a modern city, with all the elements of a highly developed metropolitan life, with its religious, political, commercial, and artistic sides; the priest, the statesman, the warrior, the artist, and the tradesman had each his part to play; each had his own home, his friends, his amusements.

If great changes had taken place in the monumental aspect of Athens since the old Homeric days, equal modifications certainly marked the social aspect of the city. These phases are nowhere better discovered than in the tone of the literary products of the later age. The old epic style of composition had been replaced by the lyrics of a new school. The highly imaginative songs of the Homeric poets were superseded by the personal poetry

of Archilochus, Sappho, and Alcaeus. The poet no longer dilates upon the deeds of gods and heroes, nor fashions his lays to the luxurious pleasing of the ears of kings and princesses, but tells an unvarnished tale of life—his own life often—that gives a clear picture of his day. He no longer sings for his bread in the banquet-halls of princes, extolling the bravery of their ancestors. He now addresses the people, his equals, face to face, and reflects the doings of every-day life. We discern at once a new social system with two distinct classes—the rich and the poor—and the poems picture for us the oppression of the lower classes by the higher, and their mutual hatred and distrust. But this is not all. The nobles themselves are divided by factions—as yet the unborn hope of the lower classes—and jealousies and party strife are rife. Education had become a requisite in the life of the citizen, for every free-born Athenian was expected to take an active part in the affairs of the city. The training of the youth was now a matter of systematic regimen. At the age of six the Athenian boy was torn from the nursery, where, with his little sisters, he had played with toys not unlike the playthings of modern children; was emancipated from the nurse's stories of bogies and from the maternal sandal, and sent to school, in charge of a watchful slave. Unlike the children of Sparta, who, boys and girls alike, were considered the property of the state and subjected to the most vigorous physical training, to the exclusion of their intellectual education, the Athenian boys were trained according to their fathers' direction, the law insisting only that they be taught to read and to swim. The girls learned only what their mothers taught them. At school the boy remained until sixteen, learning letters, music, and gymnastics. The first included the three great rudimentary branches; the second consisted usually in play-

ing the lyre—the flute was sometimes taken up, but was usually objected to because it distorted the face; the third was always insisted upon as contributing not only to physical strength but also to physical beauty. When the youth had learned to read, he was introduced to the poets. Homer was the center of literary training, not only as a compendium of useful knowledge, but also as a fountain of religious information and moral guidance. When school-days were over, the boy stood on the threshold of manhood. The gymnasium was ready to receive him. Here he indulged in healthful exercise, competing in various games and in listening, if his tastes so led him, to the learned discourses of older men. The sophists had not yet appeared.

In the gymnasium the boys formed those stanch and lifelong friendships that are the treasured products of our modern university life, but there were certain phases of their devotion to one another which are in amusing contrast to our boyish friendships. They loved with a passionate ardor that is known only under southern skies, and their jealousies were as ardent as their loves. As hero-worshippers they went much further than we do; for everybody, men and boys alike, of every rank and age, paid court to the best athlete of the hour or the leading beauty of his class. We have a pathetic picture of Athenian hero-worship carried to its extreme in the story of two boys—Meletus and Timagoras. Meletus was well born, and the son of a wealthy father, but shy and not particularly conspicuous for beauty or athletic prowess. In the academy he met Timagoras, the prize athlete and the foremost beauty of his gymnasium. Meletus wanted to know the favored youth, and strove modestly to win his affection. One day he brought to the gymnasium a beautiful pair of game-cocks, the pride of his heart, and offered them as a present to Timagoras.

The proffered gift was carelessly rejected, and poor little Meletus's soul was so sorely wounded that he went straightway up to the Acropolis and leaped to his death. Timagoras's heart was not of stone, and when he heard of what had happened he took up the rejected present and followed his devoted friend. The Athenians found their bruised bodies lying side by side among the rocks, and in memory of their devotion set up, by the shady entrance of the gymnasium, an altar of "Love Returned" and a statue of a boy holding two game-cocks.

When the eighteenth year had passed, the youth was reckoned among the *epheboi*, and began the serious part of his education which was to fit him for a soldier and a citizen. His eighteenth birthday was both a solemn and a festive occasion. The celebration of the day began with a drink-offering to Heracles; then the youth's hair was cut, and the locks dedicated to Apollo. After these ceremonies, he entertained his friends with feasting and with wine. He was then examined as to his physical condition and as to his rights to become a citizen. The examination passed, he was enrolled with his tribe and, armed with spear and shield, was presented to the assembly of the people. Next in order came the dedication of a cup in the sanctuary of Agraulos, where the solemn oath was taken, after which he was a full-fledged *ephebos*. The next year was spent at hard work in the gymnasium, and then, clad in *chlamys* and *petasos*, he took up his arms and served his country, for one year more, as a frontier guardsman.

The religious attitude of Athens has greatly altered since Homer's day. In place of the low polytheism of the rhapsodists, with its hierarchy of immoral, vacillating, selfish divinities, with more weaknesses than their human subjects, the lyric poets reverence an impersonal deity whose sway, though inscrutable, is all-powerful.

Life is treated in a very different vein—in fact, the lyricists, without the remotest intention of being so, are of a decidedly philosophical turn of mind, mediating between faith and rationalism, and their works paved the way for the teachings of Anaxagoras and Plato. The ethics of their time are in a sense loftier, more practical, and far better suited to the development of character than those illustrated in the epics. They still approve selfishness and deceit, and their views of personal bravery are even less exalted, but love with them is an entirely different sentiment. The love of the Homeric hero, like that of the Olympian gods, was little more than an animal passion, though we find something a little different in the attachment of Achilles for Patroclus, and in the homely devotion between Hector and Andromache; but in the lyric age a high-minded, unselfish, manly attachment between men and between the opposite sexes is common, and for this reason the position of woman is elevated. The position of queens and princesses in the epics—like Clytaemnestra, Helen, and Arete—is of course by no means secluded, and we find them taking a prominent and dignified place in the social life of the court; but this situation can hardly be considered as applying to women of all classes, especially where Asiatic influence was strong. But in the time of Sappho, woman often seems to have been counted the equal of man just as far as she chose to be, particularly in the rôle of poet or teacher. The virtuous and modest gentlewoman is lauded by the lyricists; equally, too, the tidy and frugal housewife of the middle class, whose household duties demand of her a share of homely work.

The manners of the day appear to have softened much. The Homeric feast, in which heavy eating, to the music of the rhapsodists, seems to have been the chief feature, is replaced by a lighter banquet, accompanied by intelligent

and brilliant conversation. Drunkenness was ever an offense to Greek taste. Bacchus in the company of three nymphs—wine with three parts of water—was held to be the suitable potation for conviviality at all Greek banquets. Hospitality, which was looked upon as an obligation in the heroic age, is deemed a privilege in the period just preceding the tyranny, when, as Herodotus tells us, the elder Miltiades, who was "a man of great importance, being of a house that kept a four-in-hand," sat at his door, and seeing the Doloncian envoys coming by, dressed in foreign garb, called out to them and offered them lodging and good cheer.

The poetical works of Solon, the great lawgiver, which are known only in fragments, are illustrative of most of these social tendencies. Solon understood well the social and economic conditions of his day; he clearly saw that the state of affairs at Athens could not go on; he deprecated the insolent attitude of the nobles and the sufferings of the poor; he had done much to ameliorate the condition of the lower classes, and his immortal laws were designed not only to rebuke crime, but also to bring about social reform. But though Solon's laws and the constitution as interpreted by him were theoretically perfect and admirably calculated to transform Athens and make her a power in Greece, as she could never become while torn by dissensions between the classes and within the classes themselves, they were impracticable under the existing conditions, and it was impossible to enforce them. There is a grain of good sense in the criticism of Solon's contemporaries when they taunted him for not seizing the tyranny. However good, however simple laws may be, they need a powerful hand to enforce them in a community to which they are a novelty. "A free constitution," as Mahaffy says, "is perfectly absurd, if the opinion of the majority is incompetent," and the Athenian community



was worse than incompetent. Whatever our opinions of despotism to-day, all must recognize that until a nation is educated by long experience to systematic government, it needs a firm and resolute hand—a single hand—upon the helm of state.

When Solon modestly refused to take the helm and to make the constitution a real governing force, Pisistratus, doubtless not wholly moved by patriotism, came forward with readiness to take his place,—and this is not an idle expression, for Pisistratus did take Solon's place as far as it was possible for one man to take the place of another in such a case. Appreciating fully the value of Solon's theories, the tyrant extended the constitution of the great lawgiver to its ultimate possibilities under the existing conditions, and enforced his laws with an impartial hand. The effect was almost instantaneous: the nobles ceased their quarreling, the lower class was protected against their rapacity, the poor were encouraged and materially helped. Solon, who, despite his bitter opposition to the theory of despotism, was allowed to remain at Athens and enjoy the fruits of his enforced constitution, must have acknowledged in his heart, at least, the wisdom of Pisistratus's rule, and have softened his extreme bitterness toward the tyrant.

## IV

### ATHENS OF THE PISISTRATIDAE

"O bright and famous Athens,  
Pillar of Greece!"

PINDAR.

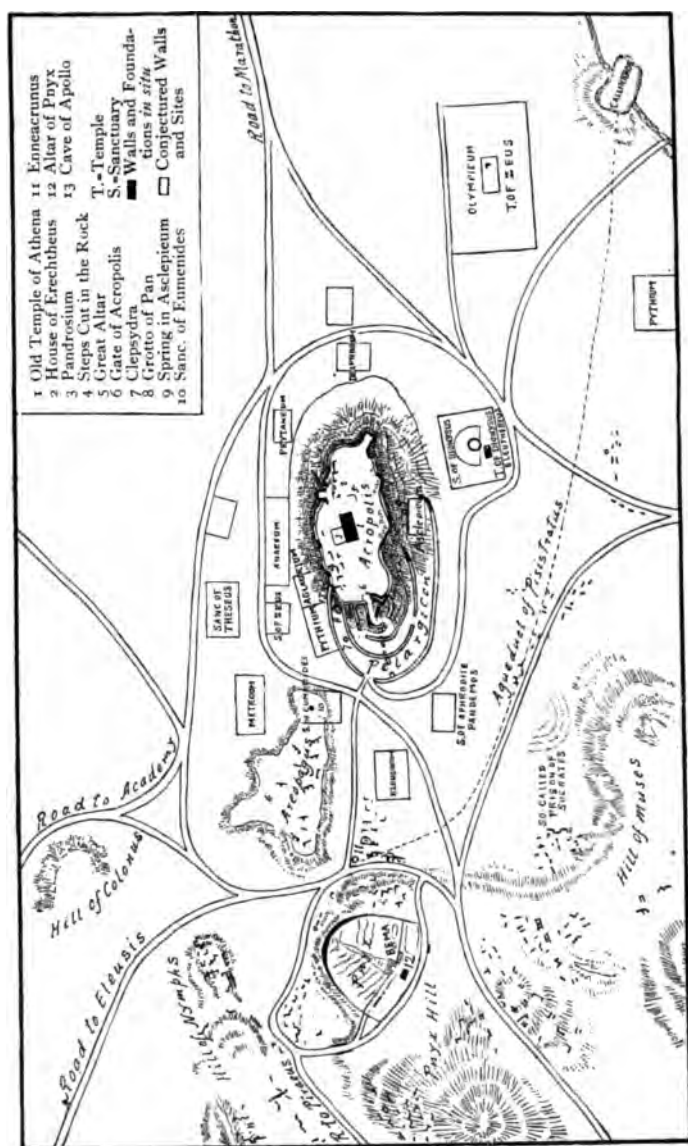


The Tyrannicides, from  
a Coin of Athens.

HAVING taken a glimpse of Athens as the city stood at the middle of the sixth century, when Pisistratus made himself tyrant, let us now survey the period of the tyranny, and look at the city as it was at the end of the century, improved by the public works and embellished with the works of art which Pisistratus and his sons undertook.

A renaissance in literature and art, one might almost say, was the direct and immediate result of the change of government at Athens. Poets from all parts of Greece, from Ionia and the islands, were received at the Athenian court. The literary products of past centuries were revived. The songs of Homer, existing only in disjointed fragments, were collected and written in consecutive form under the direction of the tyrant. Dramatic entertainments were introduced, and music was cultivated.

Art began to flourish in many forms; the painting of vases revived in new and beautiful styles; and the new coinage was placed in the hands of artists and appeared with the head of Athena on one side and her sacred owl on the reverse. These were the earliest coins of Athens to bear the image of the patron goddess.



### Plan of Athens before the Persian Wars.

Sculptors flocked from all the flourishing plastic schools of the Greek world to carry out the designs of the new rulers for the enrichment of their capital, while architects labored to externalize their colossal schemes for rebuilding the ancient city of Theseus. These great works were not only undertaken upon the Acropolis itself, but were extended over the entire city round about, and even to Piraeus and Eleusis on the seaward confines of the Attic plain.

We may take it for granted that the first work of renovation instituted by Pisistratus was the remodeling of Athena's temple. It was natural that, after his restoration to power by the goddess, after having publicly acknowledged his indebtedness to Athena and giving her the position of honor in his triumph, he should repay his debt of gratitude by adding new beauty to her ancient shrine.

The old temple of Pisistratus's time, as we have seen, was of the form known as distyle-amphiantis, without a peristyle. Its cella walls were undoubtedly of stone. The structure was raised upon a stylobate of but one step. It was probably not unlike the other temples of its time upon the Acropolis. The new tyrant's desire was to make the temple of the patron deity the largest and richest in Athens—to place it beyond the possible rivalry of her neighbors.

The fashion of having the temple cella surrounded with a colonnade, or peristyle, had come very much into vogue throughout the Greek world during the past century, and Pisistratus, who was presumably prevented by popular sentiment and priestly veneration for the time-honored edifice from completely rebuilding it, or from erecting another structure upon a new site, devised the plan of surrounding the old cella and its porticos with a rich outer colonnade. Just how much of the original

structure was spared it is of course impossible to say, but we may conjecture that the alterations covered only the roof and such portions of the entablature as were to be architecturally connected with the new peristyle, which was elevated upon a single step, like the Heraeum at Olympia and other archaic temples.<sup>1</sup> At the south and east the stylobate or base was laid upon the living rock; but, as the ground sloped rapidly away at the opposite

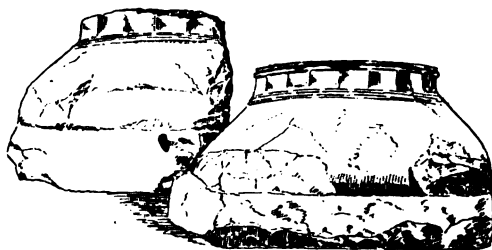


Foundation Walls of Old Temple of Athena, Later Erechtheum  
in the Background.

angle, a heavy retaining wall was constructed to support it. This wall constitutes the most conspicuous portion of the remains, rising directly before us as we enter the Propylaea. It is constructed of Acropolis rock, well built in horizontal courses, each laid in polygonal fashion. The stylobate itself was of quadrated Piraeus limestone. The colonnade consisted of six columns at either end and twelve on either side, counting the corner column twice, of course. The columns were of the developed archaic type, with annuli upon the shaft below the capital. The line of the echinus was drawn out at a

<sup>1</sup> Prof. J. R. Wheeler has called my attention to the latest theory of Dr. Dörpfeld, in which the old temple of Athena, of the time of Pisistratus, is given prostyle-tetrastyle porches, of the Ionic order, within the Doric peristyle. In this latest reconstruction, the Triton and Typhon sculptures are placed together in one of the pediments of the pre-Pisistratic temple, and the ancient Ionic capitals upon the Acropolis, hitherto unplaced, are accounted for

bold angle quite straight from the neck, and then curved steeply up to the heavy abacus, as may be seen in the fragments to be found along the south wall of the Acropolis and shown in the drawing. The architrave was deep and heavy; above it the triglyphs and metopes were fashioned in excellent proportions. Up to this point all had been of poros stone, but the metopes were made of white marble, better to receive enrichment either by chisel or brush. The cymas, geisa, and other upper moldings, with the roof, seem to have been made of marble, these being the portions most exposed to the weather;



Capitals from Pisistratus's Peristyle.

but the whole structure was colored, the poros parts upon a preparation of stucco, so that the diversity of materials was not noticeable.

In its enlarged and embellished form the old temple of Athena was a dignified and beautiful monument, worthy of the guardian goddess of the Athenians and creditable to the taste of her adoptive son. To complete the dignity of the design and enrich the severe beauty of its lines, in accordance with the common custom at Athens, the gables were filled—one of them, at least—with elaborate sculptures. The subject chosen for the group, the largest and finest of its day, we may readily believe, was that scene in which the patron goddess first distinguished herself after she had sprung full-armed from the head of Zeus—the battle of the gods and giants. Naturally, the particular moment of action should be that in which Athena wins the laurels of her earliest title, when she

has thrown the mighty form of Pallas upon the earth and, grasping him by the hair, leans forward slightly, with her spear poised high above her right shoulder, prepared to drive it through the monstrous body of her adversary. Fortunately, a sufficient number of articulate fragments of this wonderful group have been found for us to know that this was true, and Athena, in her death-dealing attitude above the fallen giant, may still be seen among the archaic sculptures of the Acropolis museum.

Like the other carved enrichments of the temple, the pediment group was executed in marble—white marble, imported from Paros—and, as is important to notice, in the round. Four badly mutilated figures survive—those of Athena and three giants. The first figure is unmistakable: the beautiful head, with close-fitting Attic helmet, bearing holes for the fastening on of metal ornaments; the characteristic aegis over the shoulders, with its writhing serpent fringe; the warlike pose,—all speak of the renowned goddess of war. The vanquished giant sits upon the ground, with knees drawn up toward his body, and struggles to defend himself with his arms (which exist only in fragments). The head is missing. The other giant figures, judging from their positions, occupied the angles of the gable. Each is crouching upon one knee, with the other massive leg and foot extended behind him bracing his body, and at the same time pressing his mighty frame forward. The upper parts of the bodies are scarcely more than mutilated torsos. The arms were apparently stretched forward in the struggle of combat. The head of one is sadly broken, but the other is well placed upon the shoulders, over which the crinkly hair falls in massive ringlets. The ears are well executed, and the face, though mutilated, shows a wide-open, fixed, staring eye.

All the figures, with the exception of Athena, though

executed in marble, show only slight advance over the old sculptures in poros stone. The pose of the two giants reproduces that of Heracles in the Triton pediment



Athena and the Giant Pallas, from the Pediment of the Old Temple of Athena.

(see page 61), with which the artist was familiar, and the anatomy and modeling of the flesh show little originality except in the treatment of the muscles of the abdomen and about the knee. All the rest is in that smooth, heavy, rounded style which had long been employed by



the successors of Daedalus. The pose of the giant Pallas is somewhat more of an innovation, though the forward twist of the upper part of the body is the same as that employed by more ancient sculptors. Only in the figure of Athena do we find a decided improvement in conception as well as technique. Her pose is at once powerful and free; far freer than that of much later representations of divinities, even in the Aegina sculptures, where Athena stands in a rigid, ungraceful attitude in the exact center of the pediment. Here she stood in the center of the group, it is true, but in action, bending forward and a little to one side as she threatens her foe. The face, though archaic with its placid smile, is full of exultant expression; the lips, cheeks, and chin are beautifully fashioned. Only the eyes are suggestive of the more archaic heads, but these wide-open and prominent orbs would have a far softer and more humane expression when seen, as intended, far above the line of sight, at the top of the lofty gable. The drapery still falls in archaic folds, but, like the aegis, is finely wrought. The limbs, which are represented in the action of rapid forward motion, are full of vigor, and the drapery here shows some suggestion of the form beneath it. Although the figure of Athena is in many technical respects superior to that in the Aegina pediment, neither this nor the forms of the giants can be compared with the other Aegina sculptures, with which they are so often compared, for anatomical accuracy, suppleness of action, or minuteness of detail. The flesh shows no sign of the muscular system beneath it, and there is no evidence of strength in their inert massiveness. With the fleshy portions toned to a pinkish ivory, the hair, features, and the drapery brought out in brighter contrast, the arms and ornaments supplied in burnished metal, this group represented the beginnings of a new school of sculpture in

Attica that, less than a century later, should ripen in the great sculptures of the Parthenon.

With the temple of Athena practically renewed in its outward form, with the new pediment sculptures in place, Pisistratus could in no way further glorify the name of his patron goddess in monuments of stone. Only one other means of celebrating her fame remained: this was in the festival by which the Athenians had long propitiated her favor. At this time the Panathenaea, instituted in the far-off days of prehistoric heroes and enriched by Theseus, was an occasion of only a little more pomp than the festal days of other divinities. Pisistratus now resolved to make Athena's festival outshine those



A Giant, from one of the Angles of the Pediment of the Old Temple of Athena.

of the other gods, as did her temple. The importance of the yearly games was greatly increased by the addition to the original equestrian events—the horse races

and the chariot race—of a series of athletic contests which included all the traditional events of the Olympian games. The procession was elevated to the dignity of a splendid pageant, the most important innovation being the introduction of a huge ship which, manned by youths and maidens and garlanded with flowers, moved majestically, of its own accord, along the line of the procession. The sail which was flung to the breeze from the mast of this wonderful vessel was formed of the sacred peplos, the presentation of which to Athena Pisistratus had initiated as a feature in the gorgeous carnival. Tradition and religious veneration forbade Pisistratus, whatever his artistic instincts may have prompted, from substituting a new statue in marble or in precious metals for the venerable xoanon, the primitive wooden statue of Athena, which inhabited her shrine; but by covering its shapeless and discolored form with the richest of embroidered garments, the defects of the old figure might be atoned for. The making and presentation of this rich saffron-colored garment, embroidered by Athenian dames and damsels with scenes from the battle of the gods and giants, was made a feature of each successive celebration of the Panathenaic feast, and was perpetuated for many centuries.

The festival was inaugurated by the observance of the sixteenth of *Hekatombaion* (July–August), the anniversary of the *Synoccia*, or union of the Attic demes under Theseus. Soon after this date the great festival commenced, culminating on the twenty-eighth of the month, the birthday of Athena. A celebration was held each year, but the grand Panathenaea was celebrated only once in five years. About the twenty-fourth were held the gymnastic contests and the athletic games which Pisistratus had established. It is not known where these took place; perhaps the plain to the south of the Acropolis or the spacious field of the Lyceum may have

been the scene of that interesting spectacle. Running, leaping, boxing, and a variety of other events formed the basis of competition. In almost every event the contestants were divided into three classes—boys, youths, and men. The prizes were simple crowns of olive leaves from Athena's sacred tree and oil from her groves of olive, in richly decorated amphorae, bearing on one side an image of the goddess and on the reverse a figure representative of the event—a runner, a jumper or a pancratiast, as the case might be. These games may have lasted two days; then came the trials of horses and horsemanship, all kinds of equestrian events, of which the chariot race was the chief. Again the prizes were crowns of olive and amphorae of oil. The following day was one of excitement for the youth of Athens, for in the morning the riders in the coming procession were chosen according to their height and personal beauty. When this selection, which was called the *cuandria*, had been made, the remainder of the day was given over to the Pyrrhic dances, in which the young warriors took part, wearing their helmet, sword, and shield, but otherwise nude. Their evolutions were a rhythmical reproduction of the poses, passes, and thrusts of the sword-fight, leaping, lunging, dodging, avoiding—all in concert to music with well-marked time.

Hesychius tells us that the regular events of the calendar were interspersed with dinner-parties and similar functions of a purely social character, at which the Athenian nobility entertained the ambassadors from foreign states and other guests of distinction.

The eve of the twenty-eighth was spent in preparation for the procession of the morrow. At dawn a vast concourse could be seen gathering outside the Ceramicus, gradually being marshaled into processional form by the ten stewards who had been chosen at the last anniver-

sary. By the middle of the morning the pageant began to move, passing majestically through the Agora, deserted now by all except slaves and unimportant foreigners, but luxuriant like a garden with garlands, boughs, and flowers, with which the stately colonnades, the shops, and the house fronts had been adorned.

Slowly they began the easy ascent toward the Acropolis, passing through the Eleusinium, below the mighty wall of the Pelargicon, until the first gate was entered. Here the ascent became more steep, as the throng filled the winding way between the walls, until the last gate was reached. Then a halt was called as the first to enter the ancient portal waited to offer sacrifice at the altar of Athena Hygeia (Health Athena).

Let us pause just within the massive gate as the procession moves on again, and review the vast assemblage as it enters the holy precinct. First come the victors in the contests of the past great festival, wearing the faded emblems of their prowess. The boys are quite men now, and the youths are still broader chested and sturdier than they were five years ago; only the men have not changed. All doubtless have been partakers in this year's contests, and not a few are wearing fresh crowns of olive won in a higher class. Next come the leaders of the sacrifices, the *πομπεῖς*, gorgeous in their official robes. Now we hear the trampling of hoofs, the champing of steeds, and the horsemen enter, reining in their impetuous mounts. Each man, in bright armor and plumed crest, wears a richly colored mantle that unfolds gracefully in the soft breeze. These are the advance-guard of the grave, erect officers of the army, some of whom are scarred with the battles of many campaigns, others fresh and buoyant with the hope of campaigns to come. Then pass the elders of the Athenians, the archons and legislators, the chiefs of the people, gray-bearded, clad in long, white

robes. They bear long branches of gray-green olive with unripe berries, small like the mistletoe. At the side of each walks an attendant bearing a sacrificial basin.

After these come the women, not because of lesser dignity, but in order that they might have a longer time to prepare—the stately dames and maids of Athens—the *cancephori*, bearing upon their heads the baskets of sacrificial cakes, attended by foreign-born women, who, like servants, bear the umbrella and stool of the Athenian lady and are thus permitted to attend the great feast. Finally the gates are crowded and the inclosure is thronged as the host of unofficial citizens, marshaled according to their tribes, marches through. When all are at last within the gates a hush falls upon the expectant multitude as the grand master of the sacrifices, standing by the great altar, lifts his knife on high in token that the ceremonial has begun. Then follow the sacrifices of bulls and oxen, bloody, in our eyes, as all ancient blood propitiations must have been. The hecatomb has been prepared, a mighty column of smoke curls up from the great altar toward the deep blue of the Athenian sky, and is wafted out over the city in a gray cloud borne on the gentle sea breeze toward the violet-colored hills. A rich odor of burning flesh, mixed with the fragrance of spices and flowers, pervades the sacred precinct and is borne through the garlanded colonnade into the shrine of the benign goddess. The nostrils of the venerable Polias inhale the savors, the smiling lips seem to smile more perceptibly, and Athena blesses her devoted people. Then the priestesses come forth from the shrine, and, upon the steps of the portico, receive the marvelous peplos from the hands of the citizens. They return to bestow one more favor upon the delighted goddess. The garment of the last festival year is gently removed, and the statue is now clothed in a robe even more beautiful

than the last; for the Athenian women vied with one another from year to year to surpass all former creations of the loom and needle.

Darkness comes on; feasting follows the sacrifices. As the evening advances, sweet strains of music are heard floating across the Acropolis as the older priestesses chant their litanies:

Chant thanksgiving for Athena's birth,  
Chant her praises in the field of war,  
Chant her bounty to life-giving earth,  
Renowned, victorious, worshipped near and far.

Night wears on, and the strain is taken up in merrier measure by the younger priestesses, who perform the sacred Pannychis by songs and dances, robed in their quaint attire. Midnight is passed, the note becomes deeper and still more gay as the men and boys begin their choruses. Thus the feast is prolonged with unabated zeal until Phoebus in streaks of ashen pink pierces the gray above Hymettus, and the dawn of another working day sends the tired reveler to his home again.

The gable sculptures in marble were but a single phase of growth and development of the art of sculpture which sprang up at Athens under the rule of Pisistratus and his sons. As we have said, marble was introduced as a medium by the Attic school just before the time of the tyranny. The native marble of Hymettus is the only material of this sort which is known to have been employed. But with the influx of artists from foreign schools, other materials, marbles better suited for the development of the art, were introduced from the islands where these schools had attained a finer technique, largely through the influence of the mediums at their disposal. The quarries of Paros produced the finest medium for the chisel, and the island boasted of one of the most flour-

ishing schools of plastic art. Samos and Naxos were her rivals. These and other islands of the archipelago were closely allied with Ionia in art as well as tradition. Ionia, in turn, was in touch with the great art centers of the East through the Persians and Phenicians, so that with the advent of Ionian artists from the islands and from the mainland a new and lively influence was introduced into Athens.

Among the earliest sculptors mentioned as working at Athens was Endoeus, often called an Athenian, though doubtless to be regarded as an Ionian in the light of works ascribed to his hand at Ephesus and other cities of Ionia. Endoios's specialty seems to have been seated female figures with abundant drapery, a type specifically Ionian; he is known to have executed such a figure of Artemis for the Ephesians and one of Athena Polias for the



Seated Statue of Athena, Possibly the Work of Endoeus.

Erythraeans of Asia Minor, and is reputed to have made a seated statue of Athena for the Acropolis at Athens. This statue was dedicated by Callias, son of Phianippus, one of the chief opponents of Pisistratus. Many years ago there was discovered in the debris at the north side of the Acropolis an archaic seated statue, now in the Acropolis museum, which, on account of its attributes, could be taken for no other than the figure of Athena. The pose, treatment, and probable age of this statue ful-



fil all the requirements of the case, and no objections have been suggested to prevent its being assigned to Endoeus; so, without further discussion, we shall call this early specimen of Ionian art upon the Acropolis the work of that famous sculptor. The marble is Parian. The head of the figure is missing, and the arms are badly broken. The body is poised slightly forward; one foot is drawn back, as if the figure were about to rise. A heavy drapery falls from breast to feet; over the shoulders the aegis is plainly to be traced, and the Gorgon's head, though mutilated, may still be distinguished upon the breast. The drapery falling over the limbs is rendered light in texture by the use of wavy incised lines; it clings to the form so as to show its contours. In this respect the treatment is far in advance of that in the figure of Athena which adorned the pediment of the great temple, where only the faintest effort is made to disclose the form beneath the folds of the drapery.

Another monument of foreign workmanship, which represents a type of statue somewhat different from that illustrated in the work of Endoeus, is to be seen in the Acropolis museum, not far from the above seated statue of Athena. This is a standing figure, executed in a pure white crystalline marble, posed in a stiff archaic attitude, and much mutilated above the breast. It is a female figure, with long folds of drapery wrought in even, incised lines and showing little of the form which it covers. This statue, from its striking resemblance to the famous statue called the "Hera of Samos," is conjectured to have been the work of a Samian artist, and was in all probability either imported in its finished state from that island or executed at Athens by one of the immigrant artists. For, from the inscribed bases, we know the names of Samian sculptors who worked at Athens, and this may have been the work of one of them. The texts, more-

over, and the inscribed bases have given us the names of a goodly number of artists who came to Athens under the patronage of the tyrants. Aristion of Paros, Callon and Onatas of Aegina, Theodorus of Samos, Archermus of Chios—some of whom have long been known from ancient literature, others known only from the bases—were among the men who came to lay the foundations of the future school of Attic sculpture that was soon to surpass all other schools. The ateliers of Athens were filled with eager students, and, during the short years of the tyranny, turned out a host of sculptors who seem to have worked prodigiously, if the remains of pre-Persian sculpture found at Athens are an index of their productiveness. Fifteen years ago practically nothing was known of the productions of this wonderful period of art activity in Athens. The Persians, it was believed, had swept every trace of them forever from the eyes of man. But, as it turned out, the Persians were largely responsible for the preservation of a marvelous set of sculptures that carries us back, with amazing reality, to the studios of Athens at the end of the sixth century. I refer to the discoveries of M. Cavvadias, made in 1886, that striking group of sculptures called by the Germans by the affectionate title of *die Tanten*.

When the barbarians sacked the city and devastated the Acropolis, they found a little host of slender maidens, daintily clad, with neatly plaited tresses and shining morning faces, standing in sweet silence about the shrines of Athena. Figures of youthful priestesses they were, placed there in memory of their service to the virgin goddess, waiting with gifts in their hands, ever ready to do her bidding. The soldiers of Xerxes ruthlessly threw these gentle images from off their pedestals, tore their jewelry from them, and mutilated their slender forms. When the Athenians returned they found their little priestesses

broken beyond repair. Carefully they took them up, and tenderly they laid them in a deep grave between the Erechtheum and the north wall of the Acropolis. Here they have lain until the great archaeologist of the Greeks

brought their delicate forms again to the light of day, with all their archaic charm, radiant with rich color, almost breathing in lifelike beauty. The Persians thus, by partially mutilating these charming statues, caused them to be carefully stowed away for more than two thousand years, protected from all decay, preserving their color as it never could otherwise have been preserved.



Archaic Statue of the  
Xoanon Type.

These little women are the most convincing evidence of the strong influence of the Ionian schools at Athens, reproducing in refined and highly developed form that group of Chiote marbles found at Delos. The pose,

the facial type, the costume, all are pervaded with an Oriental softness which is suggestive only of Asiatic Greece. The fourteen well-preserved figures present a sequence in the matter of execution. That which is generally believed to be the oldest preserves the xoanon form, while those conjectured to be the latest are almost free enough from archaic trammels to belong to the next century. Though the "family resemblance" among them is very remarkable, they exhibit the greatest variety of personal characteristics in expression and pose and in matters of dress, particularly for statues of a period which was hampered

by many conventions and limited to a comparatively small number of types. All stand with their feet close together, with heads erect, and eyes looking straight before them. Many of them hold the drapery free from the feet by one hand, while the other was extended forward from the elbow, holding some gift or emblem. The hair is dressed in the most intricate scheme of plaits, waves, and ringlets, showing the infinite patience of the Athenian maid and the great love of the Athenian lady, before the Periclean age, for elaborate head-dress. In some cases crowns of metal were used to enhance the beauty of the well-poised heads.

The costumes are elaborate and varied, the best illustrations extant of the costume of Grecian women before the Persian wars. The nether garment is in every case the long Ionian chiton, which falls from the shoulders to the feet. It seems to have been of soft material, which clings closely to the form. In front it was enriched by a vertical embroidered band of fretted pattern. Over this is usually worn the chitonisque, a heavier garment, probably often of wool and frequently with sleeves. This was the garment worn for warmth.



Archaic Statue, with Himation.

It seldom falls below the thighs. It is represented in these statues as of a crinkly material, like woolen, indicated in wavy lines. The third piece in the Ionian toilet

was the himation, a sort of mantle worn for effect as well as for protection. This was the robe in the wearing of which the Grecian maiden had widest scope for the display of her own taste. One of these little ladies wears hers



Archaic Statue, without  
Himation.

over her right shoulder, looped across her breast, and passing under her left arm. Its folds fall gracefully over the right arm, which is bent at the elbow, and in regular plaits down over the breast and at the sides over the hips. Another wears her peplos (for so it may be called) draped evenly over both shoulders, while a third dispenses with it altogether, and seems content with a simple sleeved chitonisque which shows off her stately form to good advantage. In all except the xoanon type the contours of the limbs are well indicated in the treatment of the drapery, and the greatest differences exist in the execution of the folds of the

drapery itself. But what an advance is marked at once in the design and execution of these monuments of the Renaissance under the Pisistratidae! What breadth of idea, what grace of conception, what dexterity of execution has the Athenian sculptor learned since Callias dedicated the Moscophorus! With what art does he draw the magnificent curves of back and shoulder, with what skill does he pose the majestic head! What boldness he has acquired to set the arm free in graceful pose to catch up the filmy drapery! But one point bespeaks timidity—the extended arm is always inserted as a separate piece of marble, separately carved. And what a transforma-

tion is seen in the soft, harmonious polychromy, which makes these figures unique in the world and has settled forever the disputed question of the use of color upon sculptures by the Greeks. Look at any one of these figures, and see how the master of the brush has emphasized the sculptor's skill: the beautifully rounded cheek and chin are rendered soft, warm, and flesh-like; the blank white eyes become tender and full of expression; the pale lips grow red and sensitive. The well-carved drapery, falling in its conventional folds, is now embroidered with rich bands of colored patterns, and figures are picked out over the surface of the wavy peplos. As has been already intimated, the crowns, the bracelets, and the earrings are frequently executed in metal, and the ends of the long ringlets were held in place by small buttons of gold or silver, all of which have of course disappeared. It is difficult to describe these marvelous creations and do them credit. One must see them to feel their exquisite beauty, and I daresay that no one who *has* seen them has been disappointed.

But the sculptures of the new Attic school are not fully represented by these purely Ionian types. There was another influence at work in Athens—older even, but less aggressive, perhaps, than the Ionian school—destined to play a very important rôle in the future development of Attic sculpture. This school, or collection of schools, related to the Doric schools of the Peloponnesus, was characterized by a type quite the counterpart of the other—a type rather more robust, crude at first, but finally ripening into the forms which evolved that wonderful type known as the athletic prize statue. The subjects are almost universally of virile type—young men stripped for exercise, such types as competed in the periodical games, the highest product of the palaestra and the gymnasiums. The nude male type is well known to have been the characteristic product of the Peloponnesian schools

of sculpture, and has been designated as specifically Dorian. Now Peloponnesian artists are known to have



Archaic Head, an Athlete.

worked at Athens under Pisistratus, along with the more advanced exponents of the Ionian school. Gorgias of Laconia and Aristocles, who is believed to have come from Sicyon, the home of the greatest of the old Dorian masters, Ageladas, are known from statue bases bearing their names. Unfortunately, it was not the lot of the virile statues upon the Acropolis to be tenderly laid away by loving hands, as were the little *Tan-ten*. No complete sta-

tue of this type has been found at Athens, but fragments and figures smaller than nature are abundant. By means of these it is not difficult to trace the current of Dorian influence that flowed side by side with the Ionian stream at Athens about the year 525. The male heads that have been discovered are plainly analogous to those found in the Peloponnesus. The stalwart torsos and statuettes of athletic victors are all strongly Dorian, and in a way more like the later ideal which we have come to consider essentially Greek, than the products of the purely Ionian artists. It is further interesting to note that the figures of animals were especially studied by those Doric sculptors. The horse, as executed by these artists and preserved in fragments in the Acropolis museum, was a

marvel of spirited design. The type is well known from a number of designs upon a series of famous Doric vases of the time of Pisistratus,—with head erect, alert, full of fire, with distended nostrils and parted mouth. Of the riders who rode these gay little beasts to victory only the legs of two remain. One figure was apparently that of a boy. His feet are shod



Archaic Equestrian Statue.

with close-fitting pink shoes, and his limbs are incased in party-colored tights, giving great antiquity to the circus-rider's costume of our own day.

That a coalescence took place between these two influences, coming from different directions, is certain. The type of each, though preserved intact for a time, is plainly modified by the influence of the other. It seems to me that this is nowhere more perfectly illus-



Fragment of an Archaic Equestrian Statue.





Archaic Bust of the Later Type.

trated than in two of the most famous of the *Tantou* figures, produced doubtless at the very end of the pre-Persian period. These statues, it would seem, though in all respects following the example of their predecessors in points of pose and demeanor, are almost of a different race; the facial cast is absolutely changed, the neck is shorter, and the bodily form more rounded, one might say more athletic. The

Ionian maiden has certainly taken hints from her Doric cousin. As time advanced, we find artists trained in one school abandoning the types and methods of that school for those of the other, as in the case of Antenor, a young Athenian who is known to have made one of the most majestic of the stately female statues. This statue is well preserved, except the face. The base of the statue has been found, and bears the inscription: "Nearchos . . . has consecrated this to Athena. Antenor son of Eumares made the statue." The sculptor, even in this early work, manifests a leaning toward Doric robustness for his figures, but the statue is in all respects a product of the insular schools. In after years, as we shall see, Antenor produced the virile athletic form with equal grace and ease, unfettered by sacerdotal conventionalities.

Thus, under the patronage of Pisistratus and his sons, were laid the foundations of the great Attic school of sculpture, which soon surpassed all the schools of Greece. The native Dorian material, inwrought at this time with the best foreign elements, was molded later by Phidias to the highest perfection of form and infused with spiritual and intellectual grace by Praxiteles.



Archaic Bust of Later Type,  
Showing Dorian Influence.



Archaic Statue,  
by Antenor.

Extensive as were the embellishments with which Pisistratus adorned the Acropolis, the hill of Pallas, where the worship of Athena dominated all other cults, was not the sole object of his attention. The polytheism of the Greeks in Athens, as in all the states of Greece, demanded the fitting worship of all the court of Olympus. Temples or altars sacred to Zeus, to the Pythian Apollo, and doubtless to many other deities existed at this time in Athens, as we have seen; but

all these were insignificant beside the shrine of Athena. Pisistratus undertook to propitiate the favor of other divinities by erecting a great altar to the twelve gods of Olympus in the agora, and by dedicating a new sanctuary for the Pythian Apollo beside the Ilissus. He founded a gymnasium in the ancient precinct of Apollo Lycæus, the first of the great institutions which were to put Athens in the front rank at all athletic contests and to train and foster the greatest philosophers and literary men in Greece. He further erected a temple to Dionysus in the precinct of Dionysus Eleuthereus, immediately to the south of the Acropolis, besides laying the foundations of a great temple to Zeus Olympios on the banks of the Ilissus. The site of the Altar of the Twelve Gods has not been fixed, for the agora has as yet not been excavated, but the foundations of a little temple are still *in situ* just in front of the Dionysiac theater, and the substructure of the Olympieum of Pisistratus has recently been brought to light not far from the massive cluster of columns which marks the site of the later temple of Zeus. Besides the substructure, a number of huge column drums have been found below the bases of the great standing columns of the later temple, which must have belonged to the first Olympieum that was built for Pisistratus by his architects Antistates, Callaeschrus, Antimachides, and Porinus, whose names are given us by Vitruvius. It will never be known how far the temple of Zeus was carried toward completion; if finished, it must have been ruined during the Persian wars, for ancient literature makes little mention of its existence until several centuries later, when an entirely new structure was begun. The foundations of the little temple of Dionysus, which Pisistratus built, abut the somewhat later stage buildings of the theater; the hard Acropolis rock of which they are built and the clamps

which bind the blocks of stone together are a sufficient indication of its pre-Persian origin. The temple was dedicated to the Eleutheraean Dionysus and enshrined a statue of the god.

Extensive public works for the improvement of the town and the convenience of the citizens were also inaugurated by Pisistratus

and carried on by his sons, which made Athens at the end of the sixth century the most beautiful and best ordered city in the Greek world. The ancient agora was completely renewed and cleared of the encumbrances which centuries had accumulated, and the water of Callirrhoe, a spring in the bed of the Ilissus, was conducted by a well-built aqueduct,



Aqueduct of the Enneacrunus.

through the valley between the Pnyx and the Acropolis, to the Ceramicus, or market-place. The water was distributed for public use in a fountain with nine pipes, called the Enneacrunus. The name of this fountain was long a mystery, and was a subject of much controversy among archaeologists. It was supposed to be a separate spring, like Clepsydra and Callirrhoe, but the most recent research seems to have cleared up all doubt. The excavations in the deep valley between the Acropolis and the Pnyx have revealed an ancient conduit, partly cut in the rock and faced with large quadrated blocks of Piræic limestone. The line of the aqueduct has been traced from the bed of the Ilissus almost to the agora. There is also an early Athe-

X

nian vase-painting that has thrown light upon the subject. It represents a fountain with nine spouts, and an inscription above the fountain reads, "Callirrhoe." This and other evidence seems to have proved that the Enneacrus of the texts was not an independent source, but the name of the fountain, or the aqueduct and fountain, through which the water of Callirrhoe was brought from its spring and distributed for public use in the heart of the lower city.

The city, thus extended and beautified through the untiring efforts of the tyrant, was filled with a curiously mixed population. The number of true Athenians with full rights of citizenship was comparatively small. There were many Greeks from other states, drawn by the increasing wealth and prosperity of the city, and a host of foreigners, craftsmen and artisans, who plied their trades to supply the increasing demands of the Athenians for luxuries, besides a large number of slaves of many races.

Among the inhabitants of Athens during the tyranny was a young itinerant actor, Thespis by name, a native of one of the neighboring Attic demes. He appeared soon after Pisistratus had assumed the tyranny, and shortly after his arrival became famous for the innovations and improvements which he introduced into the old cyclic choruses and dances that were performed in honor of the god Dionysus and constituted the dramatic entertainments of the day. The early history of the Greek drama is most obscure, and it is very difficult to reconstruct the earliest dramatic productions in Athens; but the dramatic art, like every other, was developed from most primitive beginnings, by slow growth, through succeeding ages, with the development of Dionysiac worship. Its origin was thus of a distinctly religious character. No theater, of course, was required for these primitive performances, which were produced by a chorus dancing

in a circle about which the audience grouped itself. The chorus, a group of young men, clad in little but their coarse tunics—or clothed, perhaps, in goatskins, with painted faces, and with their long hair crowned with garlands—danced, sung, and shouted in a merry revel, while the simple crowd, representing all ages and conditions, looked on in wonder, half devout and half laughing. To them this was a religious ceremony; yet they could not but be amused at the antics of the wild group of revelers. It is not known where these entertainments were given in Athens. Some of the classical writers infer that they took place in the agora. Hesychius mentions an orchestra in the market, “where the rhapsodists and harpists contended before the theater was built.” Others state expressly that performances were held in the *Linaeum*, one of the two sacred precincts of Dionysus.

When Thespis came to Athens the drama was in the earliest stages of development. The Roman poet Horace relates that the father of Greek drama journeyed to Athens in a wagon, in which he was accustomed to travel about Attica, reciting his own plays from this movable stage. In Athens he was generally believed, by his successors in the dramatic art, to have been the first to relieve the chorus by the introduction, at intervals, of a single actor, he himself taking the monologue parts. For this purpose he invented a table or platform upon which to raise the single speaker. This was the first appearance of the dramatic stage. The Athenians ascribed also to Thespis the invention of the mask, by means of which the actor was enabled to change quickly from one impersonation to another. With these new departures there was required, in addition to the dancing-place for the chorus and the raised platform for the leader or actor, a booth or tent, to and from which he could make his exits and entrances and in which he could change his

mask and costume; for we may believe that even in this most primitive period of *mise-en-scène* some attempt at costume was made. Thus early in the history of the Attic drama we may be sure of our *orchestra*, or dancing circle, our *logeion*, or speaking-place, and our *skene*, the earliest of the stage buildings. The *skene*, of course, prevented the audience from arranging itself, as of old, in a circle, as one third of the view was obstructed by it, but from two thirds of the perimeter of the orchestra the performance could be seen to advantage. This stage and scene were of course temporary, probably portable, since performances seem to have been given at different places. Plato, in his "Republic," would not have tragic actors set up their theaters in the market-place, and this shows that this custom was a public nuisance in Athens even after permanent theaters had been built. But great periodical productions connected with the celebration of the Dionysiac festivals, were doubtless held from an early period within the *Lanaeum* and in the sanctuary of Dionysus, where the present theater is. Whether there was a temporary arrangement of seats on those occasions, during the Thespian period of the drama, we cannot say; but there must very soon have risen, like steps, about the unobstructed two thirds of the orchestra, tiers of benches from which equally good views of actor and dancers could be had. These were necessarily at first of wood and temporary. When raised seats were invented, it was no longer necessary for the actor to stand on an elevated stage, and it is probable that at this time the platform was abandoned. In 535 B.C. Thespis inaugurated Greek tragedy in Athens; just ten years later, Aeschylus was born.

Out on the Attic plain, six stadia from Athens, on the banks of the Cephissus, was a wooded knoll, a favorite resort of the people on warm summer afternoons when

the heat and dust of the city became unbearable. In very ancient times this retreat, destined to become the nursery of Greek poetry and philosophy, received the name of the Academy. It was now chiefly a pleasure resort. Hipparchus surrounded this place with a wall, and his friends aided him in beautifying it. Charmus dedicated an altar to Love beside the entrance, and others soon followed in adding altars and statues to grace—

The olive grove of Academe  
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.

Charmus's altar, which became a landmark, bore this characteristic inscription: "To thee, O changing Love, Charmus dedicates this altar, at the shady borders of the gymnasium." Near by was an altar of Prometheus, at which in very early times the runners in the torch-race kindled their torches.

Despite the prosperity and rapid growth of Athens under the Pisistratidae, not all her citizens were contented with the government. As at all times and in all places the world over, there was now in Athens a class of people who chafed under the concentration of power in one man or one family. This seemed despotism to them, whether the rule was despotic or not. After the death of Pisistratus, in 527, his sons, Hippias and Hipparchus, administered the government with the same moderation that had characterized the rule of their father; the constitution and laws of Solon were upheld and enforced with impartiality. Hipparchus inherited the artistic and literary tastes of his father, and patronized architects, sculptors, and poets, surrounding himself with men of taste and letters. Under his patronage, Lasus of Hermione came to Athens and founded a school of lyric



poetry. One of his pupils a few years later was a young Theban, named Pindar, whose dithyrambs were soon to be the delight of the Greek world. The lyricists Simonides of Ceos and Anacreon of Teos, and Theognis, the elegist of Megara, were also among the poets of the Athenian court. Among the tragedians was Phrynichus, an Athenian by birth, who won his first prize in 511. There were doubtless many other tragic poets in Athens during these years, preparing the way for the giants of the tragic art who appeared within the next quarter of a century.

The sons of Pisistratus were proud men, born to the purple, one might say, though both had shared the hardships which their father suffered during the ten years of his last exile. Among the disaffected party at Athens were two young men named Harmodius and Aristogiton. They were deeply attached to one another, and, idling much about the market-place, listened to the plaintive wail of the lyricists harping on oppression and misrule, and were taught by the older wiseacre loafers to hate their rulers, whom they came to regard as oppressors. Harmodius was famous for his personal charm, and had attracted the notice of the tyrant Hipparchus. He might have become a member of the brilliant court had he chosen to accept the overtures of the tyrant, but, with youthful indifference bred of scorn, he coolly ignored the attentions of his superior. Hipparchus, piqued at his rebuff and burning with revenge, resolved to humble the youth, and carried his plan into execution by declaring Harmodius's sister unworthy to act as basket-bearer in the Panathenaic procession, an honor which might be conferred upon any free-born Athenian maiden. Harmodius, stung by the insult thus put upon his house, and urged on by Aristogiton, who is said to have been jealous of the tyrant's interest in his companion, entered into a conspiracy with Aristogiton and others to rid Athens of the

imaginary oppression of her rulers. The end of the month *Hekatombaion*, in the year 514, was drawing nigh, and with it the festival rites of the Panathenaea. The conspirators resolved to carry out their plot on the day of the great procession, when the tyrants mingled with the people more freely than ordinarily. Accordingly, on the morning of the twenty-eighth, while the grand cortège was being marshaled outside the agora, the two youths appeared, like the other citizens, with twigs of myrtle, but with short, sharp daggers concealed in the leafy branches. When Hipparchus, busily engaged in marshaling the archons and other dignitaries, entered the agora, he scarcely noticed the two youths waiting there in silence with their festive myrtle boughs. The pulses of the two young conspirators leaped as the object of their hatred came nearer, and in the excitement of the moment they did not wait for the signal that was to bring the rest of the band to their assistance, but lunged forward together, striking Hipparchus down with a few well-directed thrusts. A turmoil instantly ensued, in which the beautiful Harmodius received a mortal wound and his friend was secured and bound by the guard. Hippias at once, on hearing of his brother's assassination, sought refuge at one of the neighboring altars, and surrounded himself with his most trusted guards. That no general riot followed the murder would seem to show that the conspirators were few and the disaffection confined to a small number. In due time Aristogiton was put to the torture to reveal the names of his accomplices, and named some of Hippias's closest friends, who, with the tyrannicide, were promptly put to death. From the moment of the assassination the relation between the remaining tyrant and the people of Athens was radically altered. Hippias, in constant terror for his life, became morose and cruel. Still thirsting for revenge, he had a beautiful

Athenian girl, the sweetheart of Harmodius, tortured in order to force from her the names of others of her lover's accomplices. But Lanæa held her tongue, and died under the hands of her torturers.

During the three years that followed, Hippias grew more and more severe, more suspicious, and more cruel. In this short time the name of "tyrant" took on the opprobrium in Athens which has clung to it through centuries in all lands that derived their civilization or their forms of government from ancient Greek sources. There was now real cause for disaffection, and the citizens rebelled openly until all Greece knew that the Athenians were anxious for a revolution. But still the party in power was strong enough to maintain itself against the opposing faction, led by the Alcmaeonids, the old family rivals of the Pisistratidae. The revolutionary party increased rapidly in numbers and the cause of liberty grew in popularity. The Delphic oracle was bribed to favor the popular movement, and repeatedly bade the Spartans assist the oppressed Athenians to throw off the yoke of tyranny. In 510 the Spartan king Cleomenes, with a small army, was welcomed by the waiting Athenians. The augmenting force, with the armed men of the opposing faction, proved too strong for Hippias and his rapidly dwindling support. His children were seized by Cleomenes, and he was quickly forced to yield the Acropolis and to flee from the fury of the citizens, in whose minds success enkindled fresh animosity. No sooner had the tyrant and his family withdrawn from Athens than the public assembly voted a decree of perpetual banishment against them all.

The head of the Alcmaeonid faction at this time was Cleisthenes, son of old Megacles. Fortunately, this man was something more than a politician, having true ability as a statesman. He was in no wise deficient in the former rôle, however; for, finding that he could not easily

remain at the helm of state without the support of the poorer class, he began to increase the political power of the masses by every means possible, making friends with the people, as Herodotus says. In this way the influence of his rival, Isagoras, was decreased, and the son of Megacles soon found himself alone at the head of a strong party. His first act was to promulgate a new constitution, founded on that of Solon, the chief innovation being the division of Attica into communes or demes. From these he organized ten tribes in such a way that each tribe included demes from each of the three local factions of the people—the faction of the plain, that of the shore, and that of the mountains—making the supremacy of one faction forever impossible. This new arrangement necessitated the expansion of the *boulé* from three hundred to five hundred members of the ? duties and privileges of the members of this body were definitely expressed in the new constitution, and rules for the meetings were drawn up. The general assembly of the whole people was provided for, at which all citizens had opportunity to express themselves upon political questions. This was an institution of great antiquity, and had held its meetings upon the Pnyx from time immemorial. Solon had made regulations for it, but it was now given greater prominence, and began the career which it later assumed as the sole controlling power in the state. One of its new powers was the *ostracism*, a regulation by which the citizens, by casting a sufficient number of “ostraki” (voting-tablets) inscribed with the name of a suspected citizen, could banish him for ten years without bringing him to open trial. Tyranny was forever quashed by the constitution, oligarchy was made impossible, and the way for a real democracy was opened.

In 509 Clisthenes succeeded in freeing Athens from the constant and humiliating interference of Sparta.

Two years later he undertook a war against the federated Boeotians and Chalcidians, and brought it speedily to a victorious close.

With the fall of the tyranny the great public works instituted by the Pisistratidae seem to have come to a standstill, but the sculptor's art was employed by Clis-thenes to crystallize the enthusiasm of the people for their new-found liberty. Antenor, whose early work we have seen in one of the later *Tanten* figures, was commissioned to make a statue of the tyrannicides. This was speedily executed in bronze and set up above the agora, beside the road leading up to the Pelargikon. This statue was carried away, a few years later, by the Persians, but another was made at once to take its place, and an ancient replica of this is preserved in marble in the Museo Nazionale at Naples. This doubtless gives us a sufficiently correct idea of Antenor's group. The well-known Naples monument is in late archaic style. Its effect is somewhat impaired by the substitution of a head of much later date for the missing member of one of the figures. The group represents two finely made athletic youths advancing with daggers in both hands. Their forms are well executed, the muscles, carefully treated under the smooth flesh, showing a considerable advance over the works of sculptors of the middle of the century.

The martyrs of liberty were further commemorated by the erection of a monument to Lanaea, the brave girl who died for keeping her lover's confided secrets. The subject chosen by Amphicrates, the sculptor, to perpetuate the memory of this womanly heroism was a tongueless lioness, for a statue of a woman of her class could not lawfully be erected. This was executed in bronze and set up on the Acropolis. That his own services to the state might not be forgotten, and that the people might see their latest exploits extolled, Clisthenes set up another




Statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton, in the Museum at Naples.

monument on the Acropolis just within the gate—a huge bronze quadriga, which was paid for by the ransom of the Boeotian and Chalcidian prisoners taken in the late war, at two minae (\$35.00) per man.

Literature, so assiduously cultivated by the late tyrants, continued to flourish under the new democracy. The drama had assumed a new form, and its presentation took on more and more of a literary character. The writing and performing of tragedies were invariably in connection with competitions held yearly in honor of Dionysus, on the feast-days of that god. A host of dramatic poets sprang up in Athens, and a lively interest was taken in the contests. The competitors at each festival brought out their own plays, and were practically the managers of their own productions, training their choruses and often taking the speaking parts themselves. Among the dramatists in Athens at this time were Choerilus, Phrynichus, Cratinus, and Pratinas. Little is known of the works of these men, but they were doubtless great men in their day and generation. Phrynichus, who had taken a prize in 511, had reorganized the construction of the drama by grouping the chorus into bands to represent groups of old men, maidens, and the like. Pratinas was essentially a comic poet, and was the recognized author of the satyr-drama.

With the evening shades of the sixth century, a star had appeared in the dramatic heavens that gradually increased in brilliancy until the old constellations paled before its light. Almost a quarter of a century had elapsed since a young boy, falling asleep while watching his father's grape-vines, down by the sea at Eleusis, had been awakened by the god of the vine and told that he should be a composer of verses in his honor. The boy, whose name was Aeschylus, had left the vines, had studied singing and composition, and had now entered the lists with



older and tried men. Pratinas and Choerilus were his chief adversaries. It was on the occasion of one of these contests, in the year 499, that the audience portion of the temporary theater collapsed, and a large number of people were crushed among the timbers and in the panic that ensued. This catastrophe gave to Athens its first permanent theater. The old wooden structure had proved itself inadequate to accommodate the crowds of spectators which the increasing popularity of the drama brought each year into the city, and it was decided to make a more durable theater in the sanctuary of the Eleutheraean Dionysus, on the site of an old orchestra, between the temple of Dionysus and the Acropolis rock. Suidas distinctly states that the Athenians built their theater in the seventieth Olympiad (500-496), and there is little doubt that this structure occupied the site of the present theater of Dionysus, but whether any portion of the building of Clisthenes remains in the ruins of to-day it is impossible to say. Though the great public contests were held in the theater only during the annual festivals, though plays were prepared anew each year in honor of Dionysus, and though plays were seldom repeated until much later times, the drama played a very important part in the life of Athens, as is shown by the character of the dramatists she produced. The Athenians were as familiar with the works of their great tragic writers as we are with Shakspeare,—perhaps more so, in spite of the superior facilities which the printing-press has given us,—and we cannot but marvel at a state of society in which the current literature was so universally known. In the dialogues between ancient Athenians, preserved for us in the writings of Plato, we find frequent quotations from contemporaneous plays so naturally uttered that we cannot but believe the custom to have been an ordinary one. Books could not have been plentiful, though we know that



they were not expensive, and the men of that day must have depended largely upon their prodigious memories to have quoted thus familiarly from plays that they had seen enacted but once; to this was added that tremendous enthusiasm for art which made almost anything possible for them, and that was to build up, in the next century, a literature unmatched in its perfection, and works of art that have never been surpassed.



Vase-Painting,  
by Andocides.

## V

### THE PERSIANS

"Greatly to die, if this be glory's height.  
For the fair meed we owe our fortune kind;  
For Greece and Liberty we plunged to-night,  
And left a never dying name behind."

SIMONIDES.



IT is a notable fact that, in the history of nations, periods of glory and high achievement are often preceded by great calamities, by times of distress, when the nation seems to be on the very brink of ruin. It has also frequently been noticed that the greatest national crises call forth whatever there is of valor in a people, and raise up men with not only the will but also the ability to do great deeds.

The century which was to prove the most glorious for events and achievements in the history of Athens was overshadowed at its opening by a cloud that threatened to blot out the very memory of her name from history—nay, even to sweep all traces of budding Greek civilization from the face of the earth. Persia, heir to all the glories of the ancient empires of the East, inheriting the accumulated treasures of Chaldaea, Babylonia, and Assyria, having extended her sway to north and south, was now turning her greedy eyes westward. A large portion of the Greek world had already yielded to the power of Oriental despotism. Ionia, the oldest heritage of the Greeks in Asia, where Homer had lived and sung, was now a Persian satrapy. Darius Hystaspes

was on the throne, and Artaphernes, his brother, was satrap of Sardis—that is to say, of Ionia.

It was about the year 500 that a portion of the Asiatic Greeks, under the leadership of Aristagoras of Miletus, revolted from Persian dominion, and called upon the Spartans and Athenians to aid their cause. Sparta refused to interfere, but Athens came to the relief of the Ionians with twenty ships and a body of soldiers. After Darius had succeeded in suppressing the revolt, he set about to punish the Athenians for the part they had taken in the insurrection, and issued a decree that Athens must be destroyed. This sounded like the death-knell of Athenian liberty and Greek civilization. The hordes of Asia were to be poured into Greece; the vast armies of Persia, a mighty kingdom bound together by the strongest chains of empire, and the well-paid mercenaries of numerous tributaries were to be marshaled against the petty independent states of Greece, each jealous of the other and always unmindful of the value of coöperation and concerted action. Athens, having cut loose from Spartan leading-strings, could look no longer for Spartan protection. Her generals were brave men, it is true, trained in the highest arts of war; her citizens were all soldiers, willing and ready to fight; her wealth was all at the disposal of the state, to provide for defense when it should be required; but what were all these, compared with the countless armies, the untold wealth of the greatest of Oriental empires that was to be her antagonist?

Mardonius, a son-in-law of the Persian king, was appointed general-in-chief of the operations against Athens. Eretria in Euboea was counted in with Athens for annihilation. In 492 a great fleet was under way from the Asian shore with its prows set toward Attica. A mighty army had landed on the Thracian coast, and was push-

ing its way toward Athens. But a respite was decreed by the gods for the doomed cities. Poseidon met the Persian ships off Mount Athos, and most of them were swallowed up in the wake of his chariot. The army, making its way over strange country, was almost completely destroyed by the half-savage tribes of Macedonia, and Mardonius was compelled to return to the Persian capital to devise vaster schemes for the subjugation of Greece.

Athens, meanwhile, aware of her approaching doom, was making preparations to face what seemed to be overwhelming odds. Attica, "the dry nurse of lions," with Liberty for a protecting goddess, had nurtured a litter of whelps, unmatched for courage, of whom little had as yet been heard. Miltiades, the eldest of the group, had been trained in the days of Pisistratus; in fact, he had accompanied Darius, the Persian king, on an earlier expedition into Europe against the Scythians, on which occasion he was left with other Greeks to guard a bridge over the Danube while Darius proceeded to the interior. When Darius did not return at the time prearranged, Miltiades suggested to his compatriots that they destroy the bridge and abandon Darius, a proposition that added fuel to the fire of Persian resentment against the Greeks. Aristides, son of an ancient noble Athenian family, was already recognized as a warrior. To these two men were intrusted the military preparations of Athens. Themistocles and Cimon were younger: the former, impetuous, ambitious, and endowed with extraordinary gifts of intellect and personal magnetism, destined to be the foremost leader in the final struggle; the latter, inheriting the mighty spirit of his father Miltiades, the future scourge of Persia, the precursor of Pericles and the golden age of Athenian prowess. The spirit of these men and of other Athenians of their time, whose names are less celebrated, knew no bounds. If no

other people came to their assistance, if no leagues were formed among the Greek states, they were quite ready to meet the Persian hordes single-handed.

In Susa, Darius was busy fitting his army and fleet for a crushing campaign. At his court was an old man, a Greek, who was of great service to the monarch in giving advice and information, as he himself had taken part in warlike expeditions against Athens, and with success. This man was no other than the ex-tyrant Hippias, who, after his expulsion from Athens, had repaired to the court of Persia and had spent his declining years in urging the king to make conquest of Athens. Many of the ancient writers are inclined to give a feeling of bitter revengefulness as Hippias's sole motive for urging Darius to attack his native city, and for his willingness to betray her into the hands of barbarians. But it is not at all impossible that the wily Oriental, taking advantage of the trying situation in which his guest was placed, had promised to restore him to his own and, by arms, to enforce upon the Athenians the rule of the rejected Pisis-tratidae. We may hope that the aged Hippias, whose house in times past had been a bulwark to Athens when she was assailed by other foes, was moved by some other impulse than that of spite to the betrayal of his fair mother.

Datis, a distinguished general of the Medes, and Artaphernes, a young prince, son of Artaphernes the satrap of Sardis, and thus nephew to the king, were chosen to command the Persian forces. The defeated Mardonius was left to chafe in his humiliation. It was midsummer of the year 490 before the army of over one hundred thousand men was assembled in Cilicia, and the fleet of six hundred galleys, with transports for the cavalry, was ready, and the campaign was under way. The Persians crossed the Aegean and landed on the Euboean coast,

stormed Eretria, and, after six days of hard fighting, captured the city and razed it, taking the inhabitants prisoners. They then crossed from the island to the coast of Attica, landing on the plains of Marathon, just where Athena set her foot on the way to Athens in the Homeric account, and where the banished Pisistratus had begun his operations for the recovery of the city and the tyranny.

The Athenians, with an army of ten thousand hoplites, under the constitutional leadership of ten generals, one for each of the tribes, marched northward and took up their position on the heights to the southwest of the Marathonian plain, in order to guard the passage toward the city through the Mesogía, which would be the natural route for the enemy to follow. It was the custom for the Athenian generals to take command of the entire force by turns on different days, but nine withdrew their claims, giving entire control for every day to Miltiades. The twelfth of August came; the Athenians lay waiting to begin the battle, when a reinforcement of one thousand heavily armed Plataeans arrived, and the Greeks determined to make the onset at once. Herodotus gives a graphic description of the battle which followed, but none of the ancient writers describes the exact positions of the various divisions of the army or their movements. The enemy was thunderstruck at the audacity of their plainly inferior opponents, and their line advanced with less spirit. The wings fell back before the desperate onslaught of the Athenian ranks, but the closely packed ranks of the center broke through the Greek line by sheer force of numbers. Miltiades thereupon recalled the victorious wings already in pursuit of the flying Persian flanks, and, massing his entire force, reformed against the center of the Persian line, and was soon driving it back. Charge after charge followed, until the Athenians, victorious on every side, paused to

recover breath, while the enemy was running for the shore, where their boats lay drawn up in a long line. But before they could tumble into their galleys and push off from the beach the Athenians were upon them, some holding the boats while others renewed the attack. All was confusion, and men were falling on both sides. Cynaegirus, a young soldier, brother of the poet Aeschylus, was holding a galley with his right hand; a Persian battle-ax hacked it off, but he hung on with his left; when this too had been severed from its arm, the brave fellow clung to the side of the vessel with his teeth. Many were the deeds of personal heroism on that day, but the Greeks lost a surprisingly small number of men. The Athenian dead numbered but one hundred and ninety-two, while the victors counted over six thousand slain on the side of the enemy.

Scarcely had the din of battle died away among the echoing hills, when Miltiades, pausing to wipe the sweat from his brow and turning his eyes homeward, caught a flash, as of lightning, from the peak of Mount Pentelicus. For a moment he was puzzled, wondering what its meaning might be, when again came the flash, and his quick eye at the same instant noticed that the retreating Persian fleet had beheld it and seemed to be making renewed speed, as if in answer to its warning. The trained soldier at once divined the meaning of the sign; he knew well that it could be naught else but the flash of a burnished shield, and he believed it to be a signal, given to the Persians—by traitors in Athens, friends of the Pisistratidae—that the city was without defense, and might easily be taken. There was no time to spare. Athens was seven leagues away, yet there was time to reach the threatened city before night if the army were to make a forced march. A small number of men was detached to care for the wounded, to watch over the dead and the spoils, and

then began one of the most famous marches in history—a race for life, for liberty, for the salvation of homes and altars, a race with an antagonist already well under way and straining every nerve at a thousand oars to speed their galleys toward the Athenian shore.

For days a terrible gloom had hung above the city of Athens. No one remained in the city save the women and children, the aged and crippled men, and a small guard. Mothers and wives sat anxious in their houses, listlessly plying the loom and needle. The priestesses were busy preparing to hide the treasures of the temple of Athena or fly with them to the sea. Aged men, archons with long white beards, and soldiers of days long past gathered in little groups to discuss the gloomy outlook with subdued voices. Every day, from morn, when the red sun rose over the mountains beyond which the little Athenian band lay waiting until he slid behind the distant hills of Morea, a line of heads could be seen peering over the rugged walls of the Pelargikon on the side toward Pentelicus, like fledglings over the edge of a veritable storks' nest, but no news came that could relieve the suppressed anxiety of the watchers. Every new day seemed exactly like the last, and an occasional messenger brought no word of comfort.

The morning of the twelfth dawned; the last runner had brought word that the two armies would probably meet before noon, but as yet no reinforcements had come. Before the sun was up the watchers were again at their post upon the wall. Before any of the rest, a crippled youth<sup>1</sup> had toiled up the long, winding ascent to the

<sup>1</sup> This little story of the crippled boy is not original, nor is it found in ancient literature: it was told to me by an old Greek sailor whom I met one morning upon the Acropolis. I never saw him afterward, and was unable to find out where he got the story, whether he made it up, or whether it is a local tradition. It is not commonly known among the people so far as I could discover.



Acropolis, and had climbed upon the highest point of the rocks. The hand of nature had restrained his body from being with his friends, clad in armor upon the slopes above Marathon; but his heart was there, and now his eyes carried him as far as the forbidding mountains would permit. Fair-haired he was, and his fine face was bronzed by the scorching Attic sun; his eyes were full of fire which his crooked form bade him ever suppress, and the valor of his soul almost consumed him as his heart and mind strained toward the scene of the approaching conflict. The sultry day wore on, the burning sun drove many of the watchers, one by one, to seek the shade of the temple porticos, but the youth never changed his place nor turned his head as hour after hour passed on.

There was little movement in the streets below. The feeling of dread expectancy that makes people avoid one another pervaded the city with an air of calm which belied the throbbing hearts of the waiting citizens. The solemn priestesses of Athena passed noiselessly in and out of the temple, as they offered silent libations to invoke the favoring presence of their benign goddess at Marathon in this dread hour; but the revered xoanon of wood, like the vanquishing Athena on the gable of the great temple, only smiled her ever-present, placid smile, and gave neither hope of exultation nor cause for lamentation.

In the afternoon the usual light breeze sprang up from the sea. It fanned the cheek of the youth, who still sat motionless on the wall, with his chin resting on his hands; his eyes grew glassy, and a film seemed to pass over them as, ever straining for some object at the end of the long, white road, he thought he could see something moving—moving at last! He rubbed his fevered lids an instant, and then felt sure he saw a faint cloud of white dust. Drawing himself up as far as he could, he shouted to those below him, wildly gesticulating and

pointing in the direction where all were gazing. After an instant another and another, whose eyes were stronger than the others,—for all except the cripple were old men,—made signs that they too could see the tiny cloud, and a moment later a faint speck could be seen moving along the dusty thread. It was a runner! What news did he bring? Every man on the walls leaped down and ran, as fast as age or infirmity would permit, down the winding slope, through the nine gates, and then in all directions—some to meet the messenger on his way, others to tell the waiting wives and mothers in the breathless town. Where would he go? To the market-place, the cripple told himself. Others who were fleet of foot could catch a flying word as the runner passed, but *he* would await the moment until he could hear all. And he was right; hundreds of small boys met the runner far out on the highway; they received no word—he could not speak—but they were reassured by his look, for no terror was written on his drawn features, but the radiant glow that illumines the faces of dying martyrs. On, on he sped, a crowd of those who went out to meet him following in his wake. At the entrance of the market a great throng had assembled; the aged king archon had left his seat and stood among the crowd, surrounded by his associates. The throng parted as the runner appeared; his own mother did not recognize him, so black was he with dust and sweat. A hundred arms stretched out to catch him. He was falling at his last bound; with one final, superb effort he gasped, “Victory!” and then he fell into loving and trembling arms; blood was flowing from his mouth as he was borne, limp and motionless, to the shade of the colonnade, where water mixed with wine and oil for his tired limbs had been prepared for the first messenger. A wild, exultant cry arose from the agora, not the shout of stalwart men as when a vic-

torious army raises its mighty voice, but the shrill voices of women and boys whose hearts were bursting with pent-up feeling. The old men bent their heads; tears of relief were shed as the paean of joy swelled across the agora and was borne aloft to the ears of the anxious priestesses, whose white-robed figures now filled the places of the men watchers of the day.

We need not attempt to picture the scenes of jubilation that transformed the silent city into a pandemonium of delight as, through the afternoon, the messengers continued to arrive, telling first of the arrival of the Plataeans, then of the swift victory of the wings, the momentary reverse of the center, and the skilful management of Miltiades by which he turned the short-lived success of the Persians into disastrous defeat. Eyes sparkled as they told of the mysterious shade of Theseus appearing like a shining light upon the field, rushing, like the god of war, into the Athenian ranks as they began to waver, and leading his children to the renewed attack. Less than two hundred of the Athenians had fallen, the latest runner said; who they all were, of course he did not know; one or two he named as having died gallantly, and that placid grief that seldom moved the Greeks to weep for death stole over some hearts, and the joy they felt over the rescue of their beloved city, their homes, and their little ones from the relentless torch and chain of the invader, was mixed with sad regret.

But what of the first runner, who had outstripped all the rest just to gasp one word—one blessed word—and then fall fainting into the arms of those whose ears he had so thrilled? In his own home he lay, still motionless, still unconscious of the joy he had brought to his native city; tender hands had done their best to restore the spirit, but he had not stirred, and only faint heartbeats gave sign of life within the exhausted frame. By



his bedside sat the crippled youth, chafing the cold hands, moistening the parched lips, and, breathless, waiting the moment when his young hero should revive to speak some word and hear from his own lips that he was the first to descry the cloud of dust, then the moving speck, and then—how long it seemed until he was actually there in Athens with the welcome word on his tongue, the word that had thrilled Athens like a bolt from heaven! Then suddenly, above the sounds of happy exultation, above the songs of victory and the anthems of thanksgiving joy, was heard a shout from the trusty guard upon the citadel above, who now beheld the marvelous sight of a victorious army running at the end of a twenty miles' march in the August heat! In an instant it was known that the victors were close at hand; all Athens ran out to welcome them, but the army, to the amazement of their wives and mothers, turned suddenly from the direct road to the city and swept out into the plain to the south; and then all beheld the Persian ships, just rounding the point, heading for the shore at Phalerum. Breathless, the Athenian soldiers saw that they were not too late; the signal of the shield, which had been intended for the doom of Athens, had been her salvation—thanks to Miltiades's sagacity and the superhuman energy of the Athenian soldiers. The Persians, beholding the army that a few hours before had routed them, again drawn up in battle array, their armor catching the last rays of the setting sun, and ready to repulse them a second time, turned their rudders the other way and set their prows toward Asia.

On the morrow the Athenians, one and all, repaired to the field of Marathon, there to seek out their two hundred dead among the mutilated bodies of thousands of hapless Persians, and to collect the spoils, to strip the fallen Persian princes of their jewels, to gather together a vast number of brazen arms, swords and spears

and shields, that were to deck the colonnades of the shrine of the renowned goddess of war, who was at the same time the Athenians' own particular guardian and friend. It was reported that among the slain the mangled body of an aged man was found, whom some of the Athenians recognized as Hippias, the exiled tyrant. This corpse was buried without ceremony in the trench along with the Medes and Persians, but it was never proved that it was really the body of Hippias. The Athenian dead were gathered and laid close together as in the ranks of war; and when the great pyre had burned away, a huge mound was raised over many of the bravest and noblest of Athena's sons.

And when the mournful task was finished, the Athenians set out for home, laden with vast treasure and with many a hero who would return to his home never to fight again; for though in ancient times war did its work well, and usually either spared unscathed or killed outright those who entered its lists, there were always some maimed for life; even sword and javelin wounds would not always heal, though easier by far to treat than the shattering of shot and shell in our day.

A second time Athens had been spared the terrors of sack and pillage; her citizens returned once more to the pursuits and arts of peace. The invading army had been withdrawn, and no Persians remained on Grecian soil. The Athenians confidently believed that Darius would profit by the lesson learned at Marathon, and would abandon his cherished scheme for the conquest of Greece. Now followed funeral games in honor of the dead heroes—probably celebrated on the spacious field of the Academy—and the erection of a monument in honor of those who fell at Marathon. Great sacrifices were vowed to the gods in addition to the regular sacrificial rites. At the altar of Huntress Artemis alone, an unimportant shrine

outside the city, away across the Ilissus near the little hill called Helicon, the polemarch sacrificed each year five hundred goats to this goddess for her share in the victory of Marathon. With the return of peace, literature revived. Lyric poetry and the drama flourished side by side. Pindar, the favorite of kings, the privileged guest of states, who had loved Athens since his early school-days under Lasus, Agathocles, and Apollodorus, now spent much time in the city, and received from the citizens a reward of ten thousand drachmae for the ode in which he applied to Athens the famous epithet, "Pillar of Greece." The drama had developed rapidly since the days of Thespis, and had grown greatly in public esteem. Young Aeschylus, who, with his brothers Amīnias and Cynaegirus, had fought with distinction at Marathon, resumed his play-writing, competing with the favorite dramatists of the day at the festival of Dionysus until 484, when he won his first victory. After this he carried off prize after prize, winning in thirteen consecutive contests. During the first six years after his appearance Aeschylus did not win; his productions were too full of innovations, too far above popular ideals to gain recognition at once. He was not satisfied with the style of tragedy existing in Attica, with its coarseness and brutality. He endeavored to substitute for these elements more dignified action, more lofty and purer sentiments, and to impress his audience with awe and admiration, rather than to amuse them with Bacchanalian antics and ribald wit; and when, after repeated failure to please the judges, he at length won first place, he felt sufficient confidence to introduce further innovations in method of presentation, as well as in subject and treatment. So radical were the changes and departures which he made within the short space of eighteen years that he came to be regarded as the real founder of Attic tragedy,

and his marvelous inventions were looked upon as inspirations from heaven. His most important innovation was the introduction of a second actor, which made dialogue possible between the two chief antagonists of the tragedy and heightened the dramatic effect. For this purpose he employed a real stage, with back and wings. The chorus in the new drama was made of secondary importance, and was kept much of the time in the background. In his capacity as manager of his own productions he clothed his personages with costumes more befitting their rôles than the older costumes had been, and set his play with scenery which was the marvel of the Greek world.

In the year following the Persian invasion, Aristides was made chief archon; the public treasury was full, and Athens enjoyed the greatest prosperity she had known since the days of Pisistratus. Then came that sad episode which cast a shade even over the glories of Marathon. How often it has been the fate of great national heroes in a democratic state to be their own undoing! Marathon had scarcely been fought when the hero of that immortal battle was seized with the unworthy ambition of seeking revenge against a personal enemy through public means. Miltiades, for some unknown reason, had cherished a bitter animosity against the island of Paros; and now, while he had the confidence of all Greece, and while the public funds of Athens were at his disposal for organizing defense, he determined to gratify his thirst for revenge. He easily persuaded the Athenians to grant him seventy ships, without telling them what he intended to do with them. With this armament he sailed for Paros, laid siege to the town, and laid waste the fields and vineyards of the island. One day, while consulting a priestess on some superstitious question, he suddenly thought himself about to be betrayed, and, in his haste to

retire, fell, injuring his thigh. His hurt was so serious that he raised the siege and repaired to Athens, where, in default of any good account of his expedition, he was impeached by Xanthippus, father of Pericles, and fined fifty talents—the cost of his outfit. It was a sorry sight to see the foremost hero of the greatest of Greek battles borne upon a couch into court, where his brother Tisagoras pleaded his cause for him, condemned and fined, and saved from execution only on the ground of services to the state! But so republics treat their favorite sons whom they have urged on to folly by flattery and adulation. Miltiades was unable to pay the fine, and, according to Plutarch, was thrown into prison—Thucydides does not mention this—but he died within the year, and the fine was paid by Cimon, his son. It is stated by certain historians that Cimon was thrown into prison on the death of his father (debt descending by heredity, according to Athenian law). But Cimon had a beautiful half-sister, Elpinice, who was loved by Callias, one of the wealthiest men of Athens. His family had been plutocrats since the days of Pisistratus, but Cimon did not favor the proposed alliance. When Cimon was sent to languish in durance vile, Callias seized the opportunity to press his suit, offering to discharge the debt in return for the hand of Elpinice—a situation which has been favored by writers of fiction and drama ever since. Cimon at first refused stoutly to listen to the proposition, but finally relented, in response to the prayers of his sister, who was apparently not loath to become the wife of the nabob of her native city.

The old men, who watched with interest the rising of the new generation, now had their attention fixed upon young Themistocles. One of his teachers had once said to him, "My boy, you will never be anything little in this world; you will certainly be something great, either



good or bad." Had he added "or both," his prophecy would have been, in time, perfectly fulfilled. He first attracted attention by his valor on the field of Marathon, and soon after appeared in the arena of politics as the opponent of the highest in power. The early efforts of his ambition were so well rewarded by popular favor that by 483 he had succeeded in turning the stream of public opinion against Aristides the Just and having him ostracized, leaving himself supreme in Athens.

Scarcely had the new era of prosperity dawned, when war clouds rising again in the east turned all Greece to defensive preparations. King Darius, undaunted by the loss of a few thousand men in two unsuccessful campaigns, was planning tremendous schemes for the subduing of Greece and for the punishment of the little states that had dared to oppose him; but in 485, in the midst of his preparations, the king died, and the campaign was for the time delayed. Xerxes now came to the throne of his father, and proved himself a worthy successor of the conquest-loving monarch. The first years of his reign were employed in reducing to subjection the Egyptians who had revolted from the empire on the death of Darius. This accomplished, he turned his attention to the lifelong desire of his father—the conquest of Europe. In the work of planning his great campaign he was ably assisted by Mardonius, who had failed in Darius's first Grecian campaign, and who was anxious to retrieve his reputation and avenge his disgrace at the hands of the Greeks.

With the vast preparations already made by Darius as a nucleus, Xerxes gathered a mighty armament at Sardis; he commanded a bridge of boats to be built across the Hellespont, and when this was carried away by a storm, ordered two others constructed, side by side. He had a canal dug across the neck of land that connects

Mount Athos with the Thracian shore, that his new fleet might not suffer, as the first one had, in rounding that perilous point. In Athens defenses had been under way for some time, under the direction of Themistocles. Even before there was a rumor of war he had persuaded the Athenians to build two hundred ships with the silver produced from the mines at Laurium, instead of distributing it among the citizens. The old exposed harbor at Phalerum had been abandoned, and the sheltered basin of Piræus had been opened and fortified.

In the spring of 480 the Persians were ready to begin the march. The king resolved to accompany the expedition himself, and not to trust entirely to his generals, as his father had done to his sorrow. With his famous body-guard—the ten thousand “immortals”—Xerxes led his army across the bridge of boats, down the coast of Thrace to the plain of Doriscus, where they joined the fleet and encamped beside the Hebrus. Here the forces, according to Herodotus, numbered 1,700,000 infantry, 80,000 cavalry, and 20,000 charioteers, camel-drivers, and grooms. The navy counted 517,610 men—presumably not including the oarsmen. The galleys numbered 1207, beside 3000 smaller craft. This reckoning amounted to 2,317,610 men, or, counting the allied tribes of northern Greece and attendants, to five millions or more. Making most liberal allowance for the inaccuracy of the Greek historian's figures, this was undoubtedly one of the largest armies ever assembled at one place in the history of the world.

As the invading host prepared to advance, the Greek states were thrown into a panic of terror; a hasty council was called on the Corinthian isthmus, at which the Athenians and Spartans strove to unite the Greeks for common defense. But most of the states north of the isthmus were too much frightened to enter into any such

agreement, preferring to submit at once rather than risk fighting in such an unequal contest. Above Athens only the Phocians, Plataeans, and Thespians were induced to join with the Athenians and the Peloponnesian states. The whole number of fighting men thus mustered was but a poor showing, but the little Greek army resolved to do or die. Athens and Sparta—rivals from time immemorial—were united for the common good of Greece. Leonidas, the Spartan king, was given command of the land forces. The fleet was also commanded by a Spartan—Eurybiades—although Athens had furnished more than two thirds of the whole number of ships. By the time Xerxes's army had crossed the Hellespont, the Greek force of ten thousand, under Euaenetus, a Spartan general, and Themistocles, had prepared to meet the invaders in the narrow vale of Tempe, below Mount Olympus; but when it was considered that the Persians might land below them, and thus cut them off from the defense of Athens, they decided to fall back toward the south. Leonidas, with three hundred loyal Spartans, took up his position at the pass of Thermopylae, while Themistocles withdrew to the ships. At Thermopylae, Leonidas, with his three hundred full-blooded Spartans and four thousand Peloponnesian hoplites, was joined by the contingents of Thespians, Thebans, and Phocians. This force, amounting to about seven thousand men, resolved to hold the pass against the innumerable thousands of a well-armed foe.

On the day before the battle an embassy came from the camp of Xerxes, demanding of the Greeks the surrender of their arms. The messengers carried nothing back but the famous reply of Leonidas, "Come and take them." The following morning the Greeks were in readiness, expecting an immediate attack. They were not disappointed. The fight was opened by a body of Medes, who

advanced with confidence in a solid phalanx. The Greeks stood to meet them until they were scarcely two spear-lengths off, and then rushed forward with spears set. After a brief struggle the Medes were completely routed, to the consternation of Xerxes, who sat on his lofty throne, viewing the battle from the rear. The Persian king at once ordered his body-guard—the ten thousand “immortals”—to advance; and when he saw the pride of his army likewise driven back before the wall of Greek breastplates, he was seen to leap thrice from this throne in impatient rage. The day closed with fortune still smiling upon the Greek arms. The jaded Persians withdrew to camp to devise new plans for operations upon the morrow. Leonidas, fearing a surprise in the rear by a path over the mountains, sent a detachment of Phocians above to guard this secret passage. When the day dawned, the Persians came on more slowly than before, but in greater numbers and in better order. Fighting had hardly begun when a scout, rushing up to the general, told him that his fears had been realized; that a traitor had shown the enemy the hidden path; that the Phocians had retired before them to higher ground; and that the Persians were about to cut off the only means of retreat.

Leonidas quickly called a council; there was still time to escape; some were for taking to flight at once, but the king and his Spartan followers scorned to run away. A large number of the Greek force withdrew, leaving Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans and one thousand Thespians and Thebans to meet what they knew would be certain death.

That night the little band of Greeks remained intrenched within the pass. The following day they marched into the open and fell upon the foremost of the Persian lines. The whole force of Xerxes's army was

focused toward the narrow defile, and driven by the lash at full speed upon the Greeks. Hundreds fell before the desperate band of Spartans. Hundreds were trampled to death by the pressure from behind, and many fell over the precipice as the seething stream of humanity surged through the narrow space between the mountain and the sea. Leonidas fell among the first; the rest, when they saw him fall, withdrew into the defile, where they were immediately surrounded and killed—to a man—defending themselves to the last. The Persians were now in possession of Thermopylae, and no opposition lay between them and Athens.

On the same day with this memorable battle the Greek fleet engaged the Persians off the promontory of Artemisium in Euboea, and won a signal victory. Themistocles was in command of the Athenian portion of the fleet, which had recently been reinforced by the arrival of fifty-three additional ships from Athens. Eurybiades was still the admiral of the fleet. At first, when he had seen the enormous number of the Persian ships, he and others were disposed to avoid a battle, but Themistocles favored an engagement. A fierce discussion ensued, during which Eurybiades shook his baton threateningly in Themistocles's face. "Strike, but listen," said the Athenian, calmly, and won his point; the battle was fought and a victory gained. Other naval battles were fought, with great disaster to the Persians and considerable damage to the Greek fleet. But the Greeks, on learning of the disaster at Thermopylae, determined to sail at once to the aid of Athens. Down the Euboean strait they passed, around the point of Sunium, and into the bay of Salamis. Themistocles hastened up to Athens and advised the people to take to the ships at once and fly to Salamis. This proposition met with great opposition among the populace, who, remembering the miracle

of Marathon and still trusting to the fortune of Greek arms, could not realize their danger. The Persians were pressing rapidly southward, sweeping all before them. Themistocles was in despair; entreaty was of no avail with the stubborn Athenians. A happy idea came to him: he hurried away to Delphi to ask the oracle what the Athenians should do to save themselves. Back he came with the response, "The Athenians must defend themselves with walls of wood." This was just what he desired. What other walls of wood had they than the walls of their ships? "The priestess was bribed," said a number of impious wretches, who thought the august oracle of the Pythian Apollo could be bought. But with the majority of the people Themistocles's word now became law, and the city was soon almost deserted. The few who remained, among whom were a number of obstinate old men and people opposed to Themistocles on principle, repaired to the Acropolis, and there contented themselves with throwing up a wooden barricade to fulfil more literally the admonition of the oracle. Then was made the wonderful discovery that the sacred serpent of the shrine of Athena and Erechtheus had disappeared,—had gone, none knew whither,—and it was soon learned that he had arrived in Salamis. Themistocles and the serpent certainly knew what was best for them.

The Athenians then carefully removed the sacred statue of the Polias from its shrine, and bore it tenderly, in a solemn procession, to one of the ships. This was the last hope of the citadel. Scarcely had the nine gates closed on the hurried procession, or the last boat pushed from the shore, when the Persians swept across the Attic plain and took up their quarters upon the Areopagus and the Hill of the Muses. The resistance of the defenders of the Acropolis was feeble, but the stout walls that had been built by the mythical *Pelasgoi* and had defied many an

assault since the days of Theseus and the Amazons, were impregnable to the war engines of Persia's king. Several days passed; the lower town, with the agora and the clustering homes of the Athenians, the temples and the theater, the Lyceum with its altars and gymnasium, the unfinished temple of Zeus, had all been razed to the ground; the sacred groves, the holy precincts had been desolated, but the Acropolis was still untaken.

One night, while the defenders were keeping watch on the walls, a band of Persians discovered the opening of the secret staircase in the Aglaurium, below the north wall, and crept stealthily up, surprising the watchers on the walls from within. So great was the consternation of the defenders that, before they could rally to defend the staircase, the inclosure was filled with shouting Persians. The Athenians still fought, until one by one the last of them fell victim to the Persian sword. The invaders now forced their way into the temples, and into the goodly house of Erechtheus; but finding no booty, as all the treasures had been taken to sea, they applied the torch to the great dry timbers of the roofs, and the flames, mounting skyward, soon told the Athenians in Salamis, hard by, and on the ships in the bay that they had interpreted the oracle aright, and that the feet of the barbarians were already standing in the holy place.

The Persian fleet presently appeared in the bay of Phalerum. The Greeks soon saw that they must fly at once or face one more battle. As usual, sentiment was again divided on the question of risking battle, and dissension among the commanders threatened to disrupt the fleet, until Themistocles announced that the Athenians, who made up a large part of the flotilla, were about to sail for Italy. This forced Eurybiades to decide on action. Sober second thought, however, prompted the admiral to call a council, and in conclave it was decided

to sail away to the Peloponnesus. Themistocles was again forced to resort to a trick; he despatched a slave to the Persian commander with information that the Greek ships were about to make their escape, and might easily be headed off. During the night the Persian fleet was moved out and set in a long chain from Piræus to Salamis, shutting in the Greeks to choose between victory or death. Xerxes had moved his throne to a commanding position on the western slope of Mount Aegaleos, in order to witness the final blow about to be dealt to Athenian liberty, and all the Persian host, elated at the fall of Athens, was gloating over the spoils still to be recovered in Salamis.

The "just" Aristides, whom Themistocles had banished, with a band of faithful followers, equipped at his own expense, generously overlooking his wrongs, resolved to join the Athenians in their hour of peril, and to fight or die with his own people. He dislodged a band of barbarians from the little island of Psytalea, and reached Themistocles in time to tell him that the Persian ships had occupied even the northwest passage into the bay of Eleusis, thus forming a complete cordon around the fleet.

The following morning, the 20th of September, the Greek galleys pushed from the shore of Salamis, their crews raising a loud paean. The strand and all the hills of the island, on the side toward the bay, were covered with anxious Athenians and islanders striving to find the best point of view. There were three hundred and seventy-eight ships in the Greek fleet, of which one hundred and eighty were provided and manned by the Athenians. Themistocles and Xanthippus were among the Athenian commanders, while Aristides commanded his own little squadron.

Presently the majestic galleys closed, each with its



own antagonist, and one of the fiercest naval battles of ancient history began. The Greeks at once showed superior speed and adroitness in their manoeuvres, while the Persians, who far outnumbered them, moved so heavily that a Greek galley was soon found to be a match for two of Xerxes's ponderous men-of-war. Dexterity was everything in the naval warfare of those days, when ramming was the chief method of offense. But other than Persian vessels were arrayed on the side of the enemy. Artemisia, queen of Halicarnassus, was there with the fleet of Ionians. These were perhaps the only ships on the Persian side that were a match for the Athenians and Spartans. Wind and fortune seemed on the side of the Greeks from the first. The enemy soon found their enormous number of ships an embarrassment. Their great galleys were too high above the water, and the powerful brazen prows of the Greeks crashed into their sides, bringing disaster and death. One after another they were sunk, and panic began to spread among the Persians—

All the shores were strewn,  
And the rough rocks, with dead, till in the end  
Each ship in the barbaric host, that yet  
Had oars, in most disordered flight rowed off.

The Ionian ships, excepting those of Artemisia, were among the first to retire. They could appreciate the wonderful superiority of their kinsmen in naval warfare, and could withdraw from the battle unnoticed in the confusion, while each Persian commander was personally responsible to the king.

Flushed with victory, the Greeks did not tire in the heat of battle, and when they had disabled some two hundred of the Persians' ships and captured many beside, they went in pursuit of the flying Ionians, against

whom they felt a more bitter thirst for revenge than against the defeated monarch. A story was afterward current in Athens that Queen Artemisia, seeing her galley pursued by one of the Greeks, hoisted a Greek banner and began to attack a ship near her, the galley of the King of Calydna, against whom she cherished a private grudge, and sank it. The Greek vessel, seeing her attack a Persian, withdrew and thus allowed her to escape.

Great was the joy in Salamis as the Greek ships turned their victorious prows toward the shore. Great was the consternation of the Persian court assembled about the silver-footed throne of their monarch. Xerxes, wishing to fight another day, took flight through Boeotia and Thrace, with all haste, toward the Hellespont, leaving the throne and much other superfluous furniture behind him. The fleet accompanied him along the coast, and it was well that it did, for on arriving at the straits he found the bridge of boats a wreck, and was conveyed across to his Asiatic home on one of the galleys. Mardonius was left, with a portion of the army, to complete the subjection of Greece early in the spring.

No sooner had the Persian galleys disappeared from the shining bay and the Greek ships been beached upon the shores of Salamis than the Athenian refugees on the island prepared to set up a monument, adorned with trophies of their great victory, and to celebrate a solemn festival of thanksgiving and rejoicing. A day was set apart for the ceremonial, at which the trophy was to be dedicated and the men distinguished for gallantry were to receive honorable rewards. Among these was Amīnias, brother of Aeschylus, who had been the first of the *trierarchs* (captains of triremes) to sink one of the enemy's ships. There were military processions, speeches, and sacrifices; there was singing of triumphal choruses, and dancing by youths chosen for grace and skill. The

leader of these last was a youth named Sophocles, then in his sixteenth year, selected for his unusual beauty and his skill, for he had won several wreaths in the gymnastic contests. He led the rhythmical dances, stripped to display the beauty of his youthful form, and played on the lyre as he danced. This was the first appearance in a prominent part of the greatest master of Greek tragedy. A prize was offered for the best elegy in praise of the heroes who had fallen at Thermopylae, and Aeschylus and Simonides put forth their best efforts. Simonides carried off the prize with these beautiful lines:

In dark Thermopylae they lie.  
O death of glory thus to die!  
Their tomb an altar is, their name  
• A mighty heritage of fame;  
Their dirge is triumph; cankering rust  
And time that turneth all to dust,  
That tomb shall never waste nor hide;  
The tomb of warriors true and tried.  
The full-voiced praise of Greece around  
Lies buried in that sacred mound;  
Where Sparta's King Leonidas  
In death eternal glory has.

When the celebrations were over, the Athenians began to return to their ruined homes at the foot of Athena's rock, but many were loath to carry their treasures back to Athens and to begin the rebuilding of their homes while the barbarians still lingered on this side of the Aegean, and grave fears were felt of the return of Mar-donius. This general had tested the fighting capacity of the Athenians to his complete satisfaction. He now sought to entice them from their support of the cause of Hellas by an extensive scheme of bribery, for which full power and ample means had been left with him. To

bring his proposals before the Athenians, Mardonius chose a suitable ambassador—Alexander, King of Macedonia, an old ally of Athens. Now, Alexander himself had been forced to submit to Persia, and he resolutely believed that Athens's sole hope of salvation lay in following his example. He came to Athens and earnestly pleaded with the people to accept the offers of Mardonius. Athens was to be restored at the king's expense, and made more beautiful than before. This was to tempt the true lovers of the devastated city. Large gifts of gold were held up to catch the eyes of the greedy. Athens was to be made supreme over all Greece. This was the bait for ambition. Self-government and religious liberty were to be granted to the city, and all that was asked in return for this munificence was that Athens should own Persian sway and promise not to help the other states again.

Aristides had been recalled after the battle of Salamis, and had been restored to the leadership. It fell to him to give answer to Mardonius's proposal. Before he had time to reply, a second embassy arrived, one from Sparta, to implore Athens not to desert the common cause of Greece. They condoled with Athens in her present plight, and offered to supply her with corn, to care for her women and children, and to assist her in every way to regain her pristine glory. Aristides made brief but pointed reply to these two suitors. He was not surprised that an embassy of the Persians, who had eyes for nothing but gain, should attempt to purchase the loyalty of a state; but he was grieved that fellow Greeks should imagine that Athenian allegiance could be bought. No; Athens had always been and must ever remain an enemy of Persia.

Mardonius, seeing that the Athenians could not be reasoned with, moved his army at an early date into Attica. With this army outside the very walls, he sent

another envoy with the same generous offers as before. One timorous citizen ventured to express the opinion that they had better consult their safety and yield, whereupon he was promptly stoned to death by his fellow-townsmen, while the women of Athens repaired to his house and put an end to his wife and children, to prevent the propagation of further defection. Athens was obdurate, and sent the envoy respectfully back to his master. Mardonius now prepared to retake the city, and the Athenians moved again to Salamis.

If the Persians left anything in the way of devastation undone on the occasion of their former visit, they completed it now with a liberal hand. Nothing that could remind the Athenians of the former glory of their city was left. Not content with having burned the temple roofs, they now overturned the massive columns and razed the walls. The time-honored house of Erechtheus they stripped of its metal linings, and leveled it with the ground. Not one of the thousands of statues was spared. These they threw from their pedestals, and mutilated beyond recognition. We cannot imagine what engines they employed to dilapidate the gigantic cyclopean walls, but when the Athenians returned they found their old defenses sadly in need of repair.

By declining to become pensioners upon the charity of Sparta, the Athenians had not meant to refuse Spartan aid in ridding Greece of the Eastern peril. The marauding army of Mardonius was still in Greece, and none of the states outside the Peloponnesus could reestablish conditions of peace while the Persians were at large in Europe. The Spartans, on the other hand, felt comparatively secure in their peninsular home, with Corinth guarding the isthmus, and were now apparently resting upon the undying laurels won at Thermopylae, and taking no little satisfaction in the humbled estate of their

greatest rival. The regent, Pausanias, had not the penchant for fighting that had animated his immortal uncle Leonidas, and was content to celebrate the glories of Spartan achievements in the past.

The Athenians grew impatient of waiting, and presently sent an embassy to Sparta to remind the Lacedaemonians of their necessity. The ephors seemed in no haste to respond to the urgent call of Athens. They were in the midst of celebrations and games in honor of their dead heroes. The envoys were treated kindly, but were put off from day to day on every kind of pretext. It was not until the people themselves had noticed their anxious faces at the games and in the streets that the matter was looked into, and the ephors were rebuked for their delay. Then a body of soldiers was hastily despatched, in secret, with succor and supplies for Athens; and when the tired envoys sought another interview they were informed that an army and provisions were already on the way, and were in all probability at that moment in Attica.

Soon after this a conclave of the allies was held, at which a plan was formulated to make one grand effort for the expulsion of the remaining Persians from Greek soil. An army of one hundred and ten thousand Greeks, from the Peloponnesus, Athens, and the allies bordering upon Attica, was mustered on the shore of the bay of Eleusis. Pausanias was to command the forces of the Peloponnesus, and Aristides the Athenians. A fleet of Spartan and Athenian galleys was also in readiness, the former commanded by Leotychides and the latter by Xanthippus. Mardonius, on hearing of these preparations, withdrew from the rugged hills of Attica to the more open country of Boeotia. The Greeks followed, and soon the two armies were within sight of each other. Both sides had consulted an oracle, and had received the

same response—that the side making the attack could not win. Several days passed, with only occasional skirmishes between the Persian cavalry and the Greek foot-soldiers, while all of Greece waited breathless in suspense. Late one afternoon, the Grecian generals gave orders for the camp to move to a post more convenient for water, on the banks of the Asopus, not far from the town of Plataea. This move was made under cover of night, but word soon reached Mardonius that the Greeks had broken camp, and he, taking their action for flight, set out early in the morning to overtake them. The Greeks had not all arrived at the river, and were separated into three divisions. Mardonius, with the main part of his troops, encountered the Peloponnesian division under Pausanias, the Boeotian allies of the Persian army overtook the Athenians, and two separate battles began at the same time, with the third division of the Greeks far ahead and thus out of action. The two divisions, however, resisted the onslaught with great courage, and soon after the battle had begun Pausanias's men were repulsing the Persians with great slaughter. In the heat of battle Mardonius fell; the Persian line instantly faltered, and the Peloponnesians had won the day. The Athenians had held back their antagonists bravely, but had gained little ground against them until it was known that the Persians were routed; then the Boeotian allies turned and fled, Aristides and his Athenians starting in pursuit. The whole Persian force, flying before the Greeks, reached camp and lay intrenched within their earthworks, which Pausanias was vainly endeavoring to take by assault in the face of a storm of Persian arrows, when the Athenian division came up.

With the arrival of the Athenians, whose storming tactics were the most renowned in all Greece, the intrenchments were soon passed, and the Persians fled over one

side of the camp, while the Athenians swarmed over the other.

Then rose the mingled shouts and groans of men  
Slaying and slain; the earth ran red with blood,

while the Greeks hewed their way into the crowded inclosure, and the terrified Persians fought with one another in the mad struggle to escape. The Persians that escaped were pursued by the swift Greeks until they had dropped everything of value to expedite their flight. The Greeks gathered up the spoils and returned to camp. Then came the division of the booty, the richest ever won by Greek arms—money, jewels, precious metals, furniture, arms, and animals. To the Athenians' share fell the coveted sword of Mardonius, which was preserved for centuries, together with the famous silver-footed throne of Xerxes, in the shrine of Athena Polias. As usual, a tithe was set apart for the gods, and a generous allowance was made to each of the generals. In treasure the Greeks were far richer for the visit of the Persians, but money could not at once restore the devastated fields and groves of figs and olives, nor rebuild the shrines and homes of wasted Attica.

On the same day with the battle of Plataea, the Greek fleet won a great victory off Mycale on the coast of Asia Minor. The Persian fleet had retired to the eastern shores of the Aegean after the battle of Salamis, and that portion of Xerxes's army which had escorted him back to Asia was quartered upon the Ionians, near the point of Mycale. The Ionian cities were ready for another revolt, and sent ambassadors to Athens praying the assistance of the fleet. The Persian fleet was now at Samos, and the Ionians urged that the Greeks sail thither at once to destroy it. This they prepared to do, but the Persians, learning of their approach, withdrew to Mycale, to be



under the protection of the army. Here they drew their vessels up on the shore, built a stockade about them, and prepared to resist the Greeks. Xanthippus secretly landed his men, and, with the aid of the Ionians, drove the Persians back from the coast, broke down the stockade, destroyed the fleet, and then sailed away to search out the last remnant of the Persian forces in Greece, still lingering in the Thracian Chersonese.

The victory of Mycale practically won independence for the cities of Ionia; for Xerxes, on learning of these two defeats—Plataea and Mycale—left Sardis, and, with a remnant of his forces, withdrew to Susa and abandoned his ideas of conquest across the Hellespont.

No sooner had Greece delivered herself from foreign invasion, than domestic malice threatened to extinguish the glory of her recent victories, and all on account of petty private jealousies. After the battle of Plataea, the unfortunate question was raised as to which of the Greek states deserved the prize for valor in the recent conflict. Athens and Sparta claimed first place, and after a series of heated discussions were quite ready to fight it out. No one deplored such a situation more than Aristides, though he was quite unable to bridle the passion of the Athenians on this point. Finally, however, it was proposed that the decision of the matter be left to the other states. To this reasonable suggestion both contestants agreed, and the conclave, rather than encourage strife between the two greatest powers in Greece, awarded the prize to the Plataeans. This settled all difficulties, and the states vied with one another to do honor to the winner. A large sum was voted to the Plataeans with which to build a temple to Zeus the Liberator, and a solemn festival and games were decreed to be perpetually celebrated in remembrance of the deliverance of Greece from barbarian tyranny. A golden tripod and

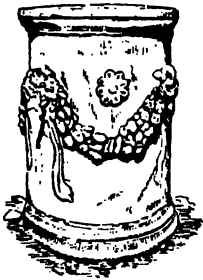
much other spoil was sent to enrich the oracle at Delphi, and from the arms of the enemy a bronze monument was made, formed of three huge serpents entwined in a column, with their three heads extending, like a triangular capital, to support the legs of the tripod. Upon the coils of the serpents were inscribed the names of all the cities that had sent soldiers to the war. This serpentine column was for years preserved at Delphi, but was eventually carried, by Constantine or one of his successors, to the Bosphorus. It is still to be seen at Constantinople, near the center of the open square where the famous circus once stood. The serpent heads have long since been broken off, but one of these was most miraculously discovered and is preserved to-day in the safekeeping of the Imperial Ottoman Museum. A close examination of the monument may still discover the names of the patriotic cities engraved upon the coils of the serpents. Two of them, it will be noticed, have been inserted in their proper positions after the original names were engraved. These are the names of two towns which, after the monument had been completed, proved that they had reinforcements on the way to Plataea, which turned back on hearing of the decisive victory; having made good their claim to be enrolled with the others, their willing spirit was recognized.

## VI

### THE PRECURSORS OF THE GOLDEN AGE

"When the Athenians laid the foundations of freedom."

PINDAR.



Altar, found near the  
Enneacrunus.

THE foregoing excursions into the history of Greece have been taken over paths well beaten, to say the least; they can never become hackneyed. Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea are imbibed with our earliest mental pabulum; we are brought up on lessons of their significance to the welfare of Europe and western civilization generally, but their story never grows old. They are reviewed here only that the reader may have freshly in mind and in the pages before him an account of the fall of Athens and a sketch of the conditions from which she leaped to the very zenith of her glory.

As we have said before, the golden age of a state often follows close upon a period of depression and poverty; but the golden age of military and political achievement, the age of new prosperity, is seldom coincident with that of art and literature, which usually follows a generation or so later. But in Athens the conditions seem to have been ripening for a period of full bloom just at the time when the Persian wars came to cut back the budding shoots; to prune them, so to speak, for stronger and more

luxuriant growth. It would be rash to say that Athens would never have supplanted Sparta as the eye and center of Greece; that Athenian art and literature would never have attained so high a state of development if the Persian invasion had never taken place. But we may safely venture to assume that political and artistic supremacy would not have been reached so soon, nor in so many directions at once, but for the vigorous national life that pulsed in the veins of all lovers of Athens as the direct result of that mighty conflict.

Of the men who were to build the fabric of Athenian greatness upon the ruins wrought by foreign invasion, not all were either statesmen or soldiers. Aristides, Themistocles, Xanthippus, and Cimon were the master-builders, no doubt; but there was also Ageladas, with Critias and Nesiotes, ready to lay the foundations of the great Athenian school of sculpture; there were Polygnotus and Micon, the foremost painters of antiquity; there were Anaxagoras, the philosopher, and Aeschylus, both soldier and dramatist, Simonides, the poet laureate of the Persian wars, and Sophocles, who, as a boy, had led the festive dances in the victorious celebrations at Salamis. Not all these men were Athenians, but all drifted to Athens to help make her great, and most of them were adopted sons of Athena.

The above is about as famous a list of names as could be chosen from a classical dictionary to represent politics, polemics, literature, and art; and yet all these men lived in one city on the same day. Most of these men saw the Persian fleets swept from the bay of Salamis, and joined in the paeans after Plataea; but there were in their cradles during the stirring events from Marathon to Mycale a galaxy of prodigies whose names add even greater luster to the shining roll. One night during these eventful years Agariste, the wife of the admiral Xanthip-

pus, dreamed that she had brought forth a lion, and soon afterward Pericles came into the world. On the day of the battle of Salamis, Euripides was born, and about the same time the brothers Phidias and Panaenus first saw the light of Attica. Athens might be laid in the dust, but men—not monuments of stone—make a city small or great; and with men like these to rebuild her, it would have been strange if Athens had not become the first city in the world.

In the mighty undertaking of rebuilding the city, the task of renewing the Acropolis, with its walls and temples, fell to Cimon, who was now looked upon by old Aristides as the hope of the conservative party; while to Themistocles, the radical, were given the construction of the lower town and the completion of the harbor and fortifications at Piræus. History does not tell us which of these works was begun first; they may have been undertaken at the same time, immediately after the return of the citizens to Athens, and continued, side by side, to completion. But history does recount a series of political and military operations in which these two leaders were engaged which, one would imagine, must have claimed a great part of their attention for a number of years after Plataea.

For two years, however, nothing of great importance seems to have happened to draw the attention of the Athenians from the restoration of their homes, the agora, their temples, and their altars.

The plans which Cimon laid out for the rehabilitation of Athena's rock-built citadel were on a scheme so vast that it is almost impossible for us, who know the form of the hill only as Cimon left it, to realize how completely it transformed that mighty mass. The sharp crest of the towering rock, girt about with a ring of massive fortifications built so long before and in such a manner as to

have the appearance of being a part of nature's work, was to be leveled up by a stupendous retaining wall made of well-dressed stones evenly laid, towering above the town equally on all sides, and filled in behind so as to form a broad and comparatively flat plateau whose entire surface should be but a few feet lower than the summit of the ancient altar site. To accomplish this it was necessary to destroy great portions of the jagged, uneven cyclopean wall, and to conceal other parts of it behind the right-lined face of the new construction. For this work, Cimon did not choose to employ the crude materials of the old walls, whose sacredness had been forgotten when once desecrated by the barbarians, but brought a fine-grained limestone from quarries near Piræus, which served far better for the smooth and elegant face which he proposed to have for the basement of the costly temple which he had in mind as the new shrine for the divine protectress of Athens.

On the northern side, above the agora, the rock itself was high and precipitous; here, above the grottoes of Pan and Apollo, the new wall, probably following the line of the original, did not require great height to bring it up to the desired level, but it was strengthened by a number of square redouts. Toward its eastern end it becomes more lofty, and the eastern side itself was made very high, bearing away at an obtuse angle toward the southeast far beyond the circuit of the ancient wall. At the southeast corner it turns an acute angle that rises high above the solid rock like the prow of a mighty vessel upon the crest of a wave.

The long south wall is almost straight from end to end, towering above the theater and the sanctuary of Asclepius, where the natural rock had been scarped away to form a precipitous defense. This was perhaps the most imposing section of all when the majestic wall of

Cimon could be seen, built of massive blocks of soft, yellow limestone, four-squared and perfectly jointed, in striking contrast to its base of rugged rock, violet-hued, streaked with purple and brown; but Cimon's construction is no longer visible, although we are told that it is still in place, for this whole side was reinforced by a facing wall, built of rough, uneven fragments, some time during the middle ages, by Frankish or Genoese dukes. Toward the west end of the Acropolis, the two great walls, the northern and the southern, converge, leaving but a narrow space which was occupied by the main entrance and its fortifications. A portion of these is preserved in the bastion of the Nike temple, which embraces an old cyclopean tower, and which doubtless formed part of the defense which Cimon built to connect his wall with the great prehistoric outworks. For there can be little doubt that the ancient Pelargikon, which had proved too strong for the Persians to demolish, was not destroyed in Cimon's general reconstruction: an ancient writer, later than Cimon, declares that "all the walls [of his time] not built by Cimon were built by the Pelasgians," which means that considerable portions of the Pelargikon remained after Cimon's time. The nine-gated approach thus must have remained about as before, and was joined to the new work where the wall of the Acropolis proper began.

All the western side of the Acropolis has been subjected to so many rebuildings that it is well nigh impossible to speak, with any degree of certainty, of constructions prior to the time of Pericles; but the removal, a number of years ago, of a great Venetian tower that stood above the Nike bastion disclosed a number of important remains. At the foot of this bastion, which is among the best preserved of the visible portions of Cimon's wall, the ancient road turned in one of its many

windings up the steep ascent. At this point there is a break in the modern steps, and we may see the deep transverse grooves that were cut in the smooth rock to provide a foothold for the horses and the sacrificial animals. Across the entrance, below the north wing of the propylaea, is another bastion, partly the work of Cimon and partly later. This carries us around the circuit of the walls.

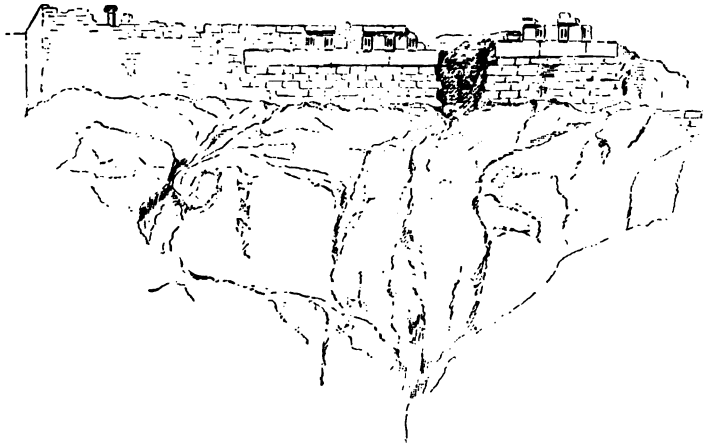
The gate which was built at this time was merely a part of the fortifications—a narrow opening in the massive walls; a small fragment of it is still in position, for the later portal of Mnesicles was not set exactly on the site of the original portal, and this fragment was thus spared. Adjoining the bit of cyclopean wall still to be seen on the south side of the propylaea are a small section of quadrated construction, which formed the southeast wall of a vestibule, and a massive anta of white marble. Below this a comparatively new-looking marble threshold is visible. This is undoubtedly the site of Cimon's gate, and the small fragment can be nothing else than one side of the first portal built after the invasion. It seems to have been a double portal, with a square vestibule between the outer and inner entrances. The side walls were of quadrated limestone, adjoining the cyclopean wall, but they appear to have been revetted with white marble. The thresholds, as we have seen, were also of marble, and the inner and outer openings may have consisted of marble colonnades resting upon them. The wall of the present propylaea is built upon the very sill of the old gate, and almost in contact with the face of the anta, all but concealing it. This can be seen only by entering the gateway to the Acropolis, turning to the right, and following the wall of the propylaea down toward the angle and climbing up on some remnants of the cyclopean wall; it is one of the few hidden nooks on the Acropolis.



Cimon preserved the staircase which led down to the Agraulium on the north side of the Acropolis, constructing steps in the new wall to connect with the ancient rock-cut steps. But the other pelasgic descent, that leading to the gardens, was obliterated in the new construction.

It is not often that the building of a simple wall of defense offers an opportunity to point a moral; but in this respect the wall of the Acropolis was an exception to the rule. The sacred inclosure was at this time filled with a mass of architectural fragments, the remnants of once gorgeous temples, drums and capitals of columns, ponderous architraves, triglyph-blocks and metopes, broken moldings heaped in confusion with gleaming bits of painted pediment sculpture, charred beams, and fragments of highly colored tiles. The disorder was hopeless; the glorious buildings of Pisistratus and his predecessors, the stately lines of bright-hued statues that had graced the avenues of the Acropolis, were now reduced to worthless rubbish. All this must be cleared away before Athena's shrine could be rebuilt or the inclosure made fit for a place of worship. In the midst of the inarticulate mass lay the wreck of the pride of Athens—the ancient temple of Athena, dismembered and scattered on all sides of its mighty basement: the stately colonnades, like ranks of fallen giants, lay stretched far beyond their length, each drum separated from the other, their smooth stucco casing cracked and defaced. From this heap of ruins Cimon selected the least broken members—long architrave pieces, and triglyph-blocks all of limestone, a number of marble metopes and sections of the limestone cornice with mutules still intact. These he set up in the wall, at the northwest side, above the agora. Each member was set in its proper position with reference to the other, so that a complete section of the entablature of Athena's temple overhung the market-place, enriching the

plain, monotonous face of the solid wall, but serving a purpose more noble than that of adornment. These venerable stones, hallowed by the most sacred associations of the Athenians, were to be a lasting monument, ever before the eyes of the citizens, a constant reminder of their eternal hatred of the nation that had desecrated their holiest shrines, had devastated their most loved possessions.



Cimon's Wall, upon the Acropolis, Showing Entablature of Old Temple.

To-day we see them, standing where Cimon put them, against the clear sky, high above the dusty streets of modern Athens, still telling to the world the immortal story of Europe's deliverance from the chain of Asia, told more forcibly by them, perhaps, than by any others of the stones of Athens, because their history is longer, they have seen so much more, and they were set up in their place for the express purpose of telling a tale of history to succeeding generations of Athenians. Not all of the venerable entablature remains in place. A portion of the middle section either fell down or was destroyed in after

ages, and the breach was built up like an ordinary wall, but enough of it remains for it to be recognized at once. The white metopes, shining out against the dark-toned limestone, are conspicuous so long as their side of the Acropolis is visible.

The other fragments of the temples were gathered together, and fitted firmly behind the wall to form a solid bottom for the filling in of the angle between the new wall and the uneven natural rock that was to raise the surface of the inclosure to a flat plateau. Rows of fluted column drums have been found by the excavators; capitals and other details have been discovered that had not been roughly thrown in as filling, but set firmly one upon another. Here were found the fragments, bearing features of different phases of the Doric style, which have told us of several temples, varying in dimensions and belonging to different periods, that existed upon the Acropolis before the Persian wars. Here were brought to light the brilliant bits of sculpture that graced these temples and have created a new chapter in the history of plastic art.

A portion at least of the cella of the old temple of Athena must have been left in such a condition as to make repairs upon it possible, for years elapsed before a new temple was completed and another place provided for the statue and sacred furniture of the goddess. In fact, the burning of the "old temple" is mentioned almost a hundred years after this time, but there can be no doubt that the colonnades were taken away and used in building the walls. Whether they were renewed or not, no one can absolutely affirm; but from the position of buildings erected during the century, it would seem that they were not. This point we shall discuss later. In any event, Cimon and the Athenians were not satisfied with whatever makeshift had been made, and a grand

project was soon on foot for the building of a new and worthy shrine.

The old site could not be employed, and a spot was chosen immediately to the south, on the very top of the rock. This site was originally not large enough for the foundations of a structure of great size, but the new plan for enlarging the upper city by building up the southern side made it the most desirable spot on the Acropolis. One half of the new edifice was to rest upon the solid crest of the rock; the other must be built over the space between the rock and the new south wall. It would not do to rest the crepidoma of the new temple upon the ordinary filling, so a great substructure was built, with its foundations laid upon the rock far below and its summit almost level with the top of the new wall, leaving a considerable space to be filled up in the ordinary manner. In this space between the substructure and the outer wall a portion of the ancient wall was buried.

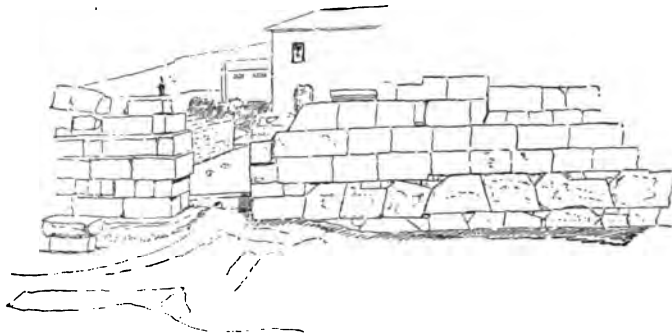
For the present, let us leave Cimon and his great plans for making a new Acropolis, and descend to the lower city, where Themistocles is busily engaged in restoring the domestic and forensic portions of Athens.

Themistocles, too, had great projects on hand, but had encountered opposition from an unexpected quarter. The old soldier did not think it worth while to build a costly monumental city, unless it were to be protected from the assaults of enemies. Athens now promised to become a wealthy and populous city, and it seemed a primitive sort of defense to withdraw to the citadel in case of a surprise, leaving the town to the mercy of the invaders. He proposed to surround the entire city with a wall of defense, and began preparations to carry out his scheme.

But Sparta, ever watchful and jealous of the power of her ancient rival, sent a deputation to reason with the Athenians for the building of a stronghold which might

in after years be employed by the Persians in operations against Greece; for since Athens had once fallen, she might fall again, and, if defensible, might be held as a point of vantage for the storing of arms. Themistocles listened to their arguments, and replied that he would come to Sparta with an embassy to discuss the matter with the ephors themselves.

After a little delay, he set out for the Peloponnesus,



Themistocles's Wall, near the Dipylum, and the Postern  
of the Wine Merchants.

leaving instructions that his companions should be sent out later and one by one. Themistocles was warmly received by the Spartan populace. He was now the most renowned man in all Greece. The Spartans themselves had conferred upon him the crown of wisdom when they crowned their own Pausanias for valor. At the recent great Olympic games he had been received with unprecedented acclamations by the vast concourse of Greeks, who rose to their feet with enthusiastic shouts as he entered the stadium. In Sparta he now amused himself at feasts and entertainments, and whenever the ephors pressed him to confer with them on the subject at issue, he replied that he must await the arrival of his colleagues

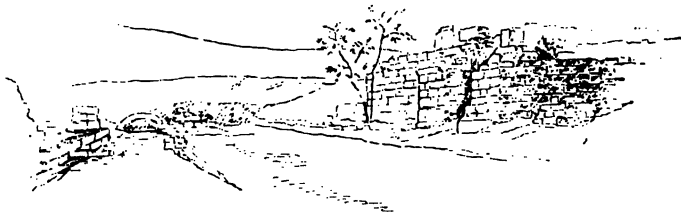
before he could negotiate. Meanwhile, at home the circuit wall was being pushed with all haste toward completion. Every citizen set heartily to the work. Women and children aided as best they could; not a soul in Athens was idle. From dawn until dark, and often into the night, the indefatigable laborers toiled on; for they knew well the motives that had prompted Spartan interference—that jealousy was masquerading under the rôle of the “greatest good.”

One by one, the embassy began to appear in Sparta. Themistocles still delayed; the policy of the great Fabius was anticipated; the Spartans came to him with reports that the obnoxious walls were well under way; he assured them that this could not be true, and advised them to send a trustworthy commission to report upon the case, sending word at the same time to his people to detain the deputies in case he and his colleagues should be held.

At length the last member of the embassy arrived; Themistocles declared that he was ready to open negotiations, and when the representatives of the two cities met he quietly announced that their fears had not been groundless; that the Athenians, in his absence, had carried on the work instituted by him, and that the last of the envoys had brought news of the practical completion of the fortifications. He then went on to explain that, according to his conception, the Spartans did not wish to become great through the inferiority of their allies, but through their strength. His hearers could take this as they liked; most of them were very angry, but what was done was done, and they decided to make the best of it. But the Spartans did not like to be outwitted even by one upon whom they had conferred the crown of superior wisdom, and they cherished a grudge against the Athenians for this piece of duplicity, though many years passed ere they had an opportunity for revenge.

Themistocles returned to find the walls, in truth, almost finished, describing a mighty circle about the citadel, embracing the agora, the Pnyx, the Olympieum, the Pythium, and all the shrines that were dearest to the Athenian heart, so strong that no enemy ever passed them until Sulla with his Roman eagles, more than four hundred years later, thundered at the sacred gate.

Little is left now of Themistocles's wall. The redoubts that for centuries kept the enemy at bay could not withstand the stone-mason's attacks in times of peace—in



Breach in the Wall for the Eridanus, formerly known  
as the Sacred Gate.

later centuries the walls served as a quarry, and only a few remnants have escaped this gradual but sure destruction. The portions best preserved are in the lowest part of the town, down by the Ceramīcus, where the ancient quarter of the pot-makers gave its name to the whole precinct, including the great cemetery which stretched far away toward the west.

Here was the most frequented gate of the city, called the Thriasian gate, built where the wall crossed the road to Piræus and the Academy, the busiest thoroughfare of Athens, on which merchants and tradesmen from the port jostled with poets and philosophers on the way to the inspired groves; where somber processions of citizens passed out each day to the necropolis, always return-

ing one less in number; and where, once a year, passed the festal throng on its way to Eleusis. Not far from this, not more than a hundred yards to the west, is the opening in the walls through which the little Eridanus flowed, which for years was mistaken for the "Sacred Gate" of the ancient writers. A few steps further toward the west is the little postern of the wine merchants. From this point, where a spur of rock rises abruptly on the south, a distinct line of the wall may be traced in a northeasterly direction to the great gate mentioned above. The ancient work can be distinguished from the later additions of Pericles by its material and the method in which it is built. Themistocles's wall is of the Acropolis rock, laid in polygonal fashion; the later constructions are of quadrated Piræic limestone. In fact, this fragment of the early ring wall is one of the best specimens of polygonal masonry in all Athens. Why it was built in a style different from the contemporary Acropolis wall we cannot say, unless the material discarded by Cimon upon the Acropolis was used by the people without cutting. The lower portions are laid with great care, the joints being perfectly fitted; but the higher portions, if they belong to the original construction, show signs of haste, fragments of every description being employed. In this wall, between the gates, may be seen a stone about three feet high, bearing the inscription, *ὄρος Χεραικεῖου* (precinct of the Ceramîcus). This doubtless marked the western boundary of the ancient district.

Beyond the rocky spur on the other side of the postern gate the line of the wall has been traced by scant fragments of foundations, turning suddenly to the south for a short distance and then bending slightly eastward as it mounts the Hill of the Nymphs. From this point it ran along the crest of the Pnyx hill, inclosing the ancient Bema, near which a ponderous remnant is still *in situ*.



It then crossed the narrow valley, and mounted the Hill of the Muses, passing just beyond the site of the present monument of Philopappus, and descending to the plain of the Ilissus and crossing the road to Phalerum by a gate called the Itonian. From this, its extreme southern point, it followed the right bank of the river, with many angles and towers, embracing the site of the temple of Zeus and describing a broad curve toward the northeast, including the present royal gardens, near which the gate called Diochaes was located, and returning by the site of the present Boulē and near that of the National Bank to the principal gate again. Themistocles's wall described a broad circuit—one which Athens never outgrew, even at the very height of her power. The city, within the walls, was roughly divided into quarters with separate names. The quarter in which the agora was situated was now called the Inner Ceramicus, the slopes of the Nymphs' hill and the Pnyx were known as Melite, and the gate here was the Melitian gate; the quarter including the Hill of the Muses and extending eastward was called Cydathenaeum; the most easterly quarter was Diomea, and the gate below Lycabettus was called the Diomean; the broad, level space north of the Acropolis was Collytus; it extended to the northernmost gate—the Acharnian—and was bounded on the west by the Inner Ceramicus.

But what a field of ruins the new wall inclosed! The unfinished temple of Zeus, which Pisistratus had begun, was a heap of ruins; the theater, what there was of it to destroy, had doubtless suffered; and the little temple of Dionysus had been made a wreck.

The Pnyx, with the Bema, was one monument which only time could pull down; this undoubtedly remained in its massive strength, like the Pelargikon; but below it the clustering houses had been sacked and demolished. In

the midst lay the ruins of the agora and the buildings that stood about it. All the statues had been destroyed or carried away. Among those taken as spoil was the group of the Tyrannicides, the pride of the democratic Athenians, and probably the famous statue of Hermes of the Market. The Altar of the Twelve Gods was a wreck; the Prytaneum had been burned. All the shrines and sanctuaries which had been accumulating about the foot of Athena's rock ever since Deucalion had built that earliest of temples to Zeus, had been devastated. Outside the walls, the spacious Lyceum, with its shaded walks, its sanctuary of Apollo, its gymnasium and many altars and statues, had been laid waste. Practically nothing remained of the city of the tyrants, and Themistocles was compelled to begin a new city. We cannot tell from the excavated remains or from history how much of the enormous task was undertaken at once, but it is quite certain that the theater was promptly rebuilt; for within eight years Aeschylus brought out his famous trilogy, the "Persians," which, for its timely theme, was most popular with the Athenians. The agora, too, must soon have been restored, for we have record that Cimon had it laid out with plane-trees. It is not incredible that advantage of the general destruction was taken to extend the agora from the cramped position in the valley between the Acropolis and the Pnyx, which it is conjectured to have occupied in more ancient times, to the broader plain north of the Areopagus, where it would seem to have been located at a later period.

In memory of the victories over the Persians, Themistocles set up, near the agora, a sanctuary and a temple dedicated to Artemis Aristobule (good counsel), which, as Plutarch says, "gave offense to the people because they thought that the title given to Artemis in reality referred to himself because he had given the best counsel to the

city." The temple, we read, was not far from his house, and in the direction of the place "where the public executioners cast out the bodies of those who had been put to death," which must refer to the gloomy Barathron, the site of which has been recognized in a ravine just outside the line of the ancient wall, below the Pnyx. The temple is identified with that of Artemis Euclaea of other ancient references. In later times it contained a statue of Themistocles.

The most famous sculptors of this period were Critias and Nesiotes, who are believed to have been pupils of Antenor, who was a prominent artist, as we remember, in the days of Hippias, and who made the statues of the slayers of that tyrant, under Clisthenes's direction of the state. These two sculptors seem to have worked almost always together; their names have been found side by side on statue-bases, and they are often mentioned as the artists who designed a new group of the Tyrannicides which the Athenians now ordered to take the place of Antenor's bronzes, which the Persians had carried away. As both had probably studied under the last of the pre-Persian sculptors, and were familiar with that most popular of all works of art in their time, it is not at all improbable that the new group was, as nearly as possible, a replica of the old one, a photograph of a copy of which, in marble, has been shown on page 119. The new group was set up on the site of the first, at the end of the agora, beside the road which led up to the Acropolis. We know also of other works of these partners: one was a bronze statue of a runner in full armor which stood upon the Acropolis. The runner's name was Epicharmus, and the bronze was long supposed, from mention of it in the texts, to be the work of Critias, until the base was found giving the names of both artists. Two statues of Athena are also known to have been executed by them, and there

were undoubtedly many other products of their skill in Athens and at the different shrines of Hellas. Another sculptor of the time was Hegesius, who was believed at one time to have made the statues of the Dioscuri which now adorn the steps of the Capitol at Rome. It may be that marble figures somewhat similar to these were made for the sanctuary of the Anaces at Athens, for no others are mentioned in ancient literature. This artist was famous also for his figures of boys on race-horses, a subject suggestive of the early horses, with their fragments of riders, which have been described among the pre-Persian sculptures. Who made the new statue of Hermes Agoraios we do not know, but we may be sure that the old bronze was speedily replaced, for Hermes was indispensable to any well-ordered market-place.

The gymnasiums were doubtless soon put in repair with other buildings for constant public use, but necessarily everything could not be done at the same time. Themistocles was more interested in plans for defense than in rebuilding public monuments. He urged the immediate completion of extensive defenses at Piræus, using the argument with the Athenians that even though they should again be driven out of their city, they could, with their ships, hold out indefinitely in a strongly fortified harbor town. He further projected connecting Athens and the Piræus by a long wall, which would prevent their being cut off from the port, and he is believed to have laid the foundations of such a wall.

Themistocles and Cimon were seldom in sympathy with each other; they represented two widely different factions, but the common good of Athens at this time kept them working side by side without apparent friction. On one point they were agreed: that the maritime power of Athens should be increased by every possible means.

Pursuant to this end, Themistocles persuaded the Athenians to appropriate a considerable sum each year for the increase of the navy by twenty new triremes. Plutarch tells a story in this connection which would indicate that Themistocles was not contented with so easy and peaceable a means of naval aggrandizement. He proposed to Aristides, so Plutarch says, that the Athenians make an expedition to burn or capture all the navies of the other Greek states and rule the waves alone. Neither Aristides nor Cimon would hear of such a scheme, and it never came before the Athenians for consideration. After the completion of the walls the influence of Themistocles seems to have declined rapidly, and those who were nearest him began to have serious doubts of his patriotism. He was accused of appropriating the public funds, and several other charges were preferred against him; finally, through the influence of Cimon, he was ostracized, and retired to Argos.

Aristides meanwhile was engaged in instituting political reforms at home and establishing a new foreign policy. In 477 he brought about the negotiations with a number of the islands and the Ionian cities which resulted in the formation of the so-called Delian Naval League, the terms of which stipulated that the confederated parties should contribute stated sums toward the maintenance of a fleet for common protection. The appropriations were to be deposited upon the sacred island of Delos, and the amount to be levied upon each member of the league was, by common consent, to be fixed by Aristides, whose reputation for justice extended beyond the limits of Attica.

The compact was made with great ceremony. A vast fleet lay under the lee of the rugged shores of Delos, while the representatives of the various states swore solemn oaths of common allegiance. Huge lumps of iron

were cast into the sea, in token that the agreements should not be broken until the iron floated. Allegiance was, of course, sworn among themselves and to a common cause, not to Athens or any other single state; but the naval supremacy of Athens, under the influence of Aristides, made her by common consent the head of the league, and it was understood that her navy, increased and augmented by a fair apportionment of the funds of the league, would be the chief defense for all. The formation of this league made Athens the virtual leader of the maritime states of Greece, and the political troubles of Sparta left her in undisputed sway.

Pausanias, the Spartan regent, since his series of successful operations against the barbarians, had assumed a position unworthy of a Spartan. By a number of open affronts, and by conducting himself in the manner of an Oriental potentate, he had won the cordial hatred of his fellow-citizens, and had aroused the suspicions of the ephors, who finally succeeded in bringing him to trial. He was soon found to be implicated in a conspiracy with the Persian king, and was condemned for treason. Taking refuge in the temple of Athena at Sparta, he was starved to death.

The trial and condemnation of Pausanias brought a shock to Athens. In the course of the investigations, letters were found which implicated Themistocles in the treasonable designs of Pausanias, and the Spartans demanded that he be brought to trial. Here was positive proof of Themistocles's disloyalty, and his many friends in Athens, and those who had sympathized with him on account of his great services to Athens, were obliged to admit his guilt, and all were in favor of bringing him back to Athens for trial. Deputies were sent to Argos to take him, but he had been warned by a trusty friend and had fled to Corcyra. From there he subsequently fled to the

protection of the King of the Molossians, with whom he remained until the death of Xerxes, when he repaired to Susa, and, like Hippias before him, openly allied himself with the Persian king, Artaxerxes, in plotting new schemes against Athens. The king loaded him with gifts and honors, and he lived like a prince at the Persian court, but died before he had been of any great service to his patron. Thus ended the career of another hero of democracy. If they had known about degenerates in those days, Themistocles would doubtless have been classed in that great category, and his faults would have been condoned; but, as it was, he died a plain traitor, and the memory of his wisdom and his deeds of bravery went all for naught.

How much better for him and for Miltiades if they could have died, like Leonidas, in the high glory of their achievements; how much sweeter would their memory have lived in Athens, had they been laid to rest wrapped in a shroud of untarnished fame.

With the banishment of Themistocles, Cimon became the virtual head of the Athenian state, old Aristides, his master, holding the nominal supremacy as chief archon. So great was the popularity of the two Athenian leaders with the confederate states that the hegemony of maritime Greece passed to Athens without a dissenting voice, and so successful was their administration of affairs at home that the conservative party was at the height of its power.

Cimon had long since regained his patrimony, and had increased his wealth in other ways, so that he was now one of the well-to-do men of Athens. The old Academy of the tyrant Hippias was a portion of his vast estate. To it he added new beauty, laying out walks and planting many varieties of trees. The populace still congregated there to enjoy the lavish entertainment which the

free-handed proprietor prepared for them. His private grounds were also thrown open to the public, who were permitted to gather fruit from his extensive orchards. By those and other means, Cimon endeared himself to the populace. He was tall and handsome, so the poet Ion tells us, with long hair, black and curly. He was generous to a fault, and ostentatious in a manner which evoked the admiration of those whose minds were not noble enough to reverence his loftier qualities. Still greater prestige had been won for Athens by Cimon in his successful expedition against the Dolopian pirates, whom he had driven from the island of Scyros, and by his conquests of Carystus and the island of Naxos. Continuing his warlike operations against the Persians, he destroyed the Persian garrison at Eion and captured the city of Amphipolis, on the Thracian coast. After these victories, he was permitted to dedicate three "stone images" of Hermes in the colonnade bearing the name of that god. The Athenians allowed these to be inscribed with metrical inscriptions, but forbade Cimon to insert his own name, showing that modesty was still a virtue in Athens. One of the inscriptions, quoted by Plutarch, read as follows:

The Athenians to their leaders this reward  
For great and useful service did accord;  
Others hereafter shall, from their applause,  
Learn to be valiant in their country's cause.


The colonnade of the Hermae was undoubtedly situated in the agora, somewhere near the statue of Hermes Agoraios and the rows of Hermae that extended from one side of the agora to the other, as we shall see later. The space about it must have been large and open, for we read of companies of cavalry recruits taking rid-



ing-lessons in the immediate vicinity. Near by were numerous shops of various kinds, at one of which, a barber's, the country people of Decalea were wont to gather to gossip and to hear all the latest news of the town.

In 469 death relaxed the iron hand of noble old Aristides from the helm of the Athenian state, and Cimon was left alone to guide the destiny of the city into the sea of golden glory. The justice and honesty of that grand old man of Athens shone out as clearly in his death as they had in his long and upright life, for not even a small percentage of the enormous sums that had passed through his hands in the administration of the funds of the Delian League and those of the city of Athens had stuck to his clean palms. He died a poor man, and the state that he had served so well had the honor of defraying the expenses of his funeral and of settling an annuity upon his daughters. A few months after the death of Aristides, Socrates was born.

Soon after the conclusion of the great war with Persia, in the archonship of Phaedo, the Delphic oracle had bidden the Athenians to transport the bones of their great hero Theseus, who had appeared in armor upon the field of Marathon, to Athens, and enshrine them with proper dignities. Theseus, we remember, had been treacherously killed in Scyros by Lycomedes, king of the Dolopians. Cimon, after the conquest of Scyros, proposed to bring the relics of the kingly hero to his own again, and began elaborate preparations for the translation. Forthwith he laid the foundations of a splendid edifice, to be called the Heroum, at the east side of the agora in the ancient sanctuary of Theseus, and then set out in person to conduct the august remains to their resting-place. For years the piratical inhabitants of Scyros had refused to permit any one to search for the remains of Theseus, and even upon the arrival of Cimon there was no one who would



tell where they were buried; but, after a most diligent search, a gigantic skeleton was found which was at once pronounced to be that of the Athenian hero. With great pomp, Cimon had the bones transported to his own galley, and set sail for the Piræus.

Great excitement and genuine enthusiasm prevailed in Athens upon the arrival of the bones of the hero who had appeared in spirit, within the memory of living men, at Marathon, and about whom every Athenian boy had heard in story and in song, and of whom every youth had read in the treasured lines of Homer. The whole population turned out to do honor to the festive occasion, and to join in the great pageant which Cimon had prepared to grace the auspicious day.

There was a great procession, followed by games of unusual character, embracing a torch-race and other new events. Interest was added by the fact that the names of the winners were to be set up in the new temple.

It is by no means certain that the torch-race was instituted at this time. It had its origin in the bringing of holy fire from distant shrines to rekindle defiled altars; but it is not at all improbable that it was now listed as an athletic event for the first time in Athens, where the feat was to carry a lighted torch from the Academy to the city. It was performed in two ways: one was to have a number of men kindle their torches at the altar of Prometheus and run with them to the Temple of Theseus or some other shrine. The man who arrived first with his torch burning won. The other way was to choose a larger number of men and station them in several lines of relays, each line representing a tribe or a commune, between the Academy and the city; the torches were then lighted and passed along as rapidly as possible, each man running only a short distance. Thus we hear of fourteen men winning the same race.

Hard upon these celebrations followed the festival of the Dionysia, which was to be celebrated with unusual splendor. The contestants for the prize of tragedy were many, and it was rumored that a young man of only twenty-seven years—Sophocles, the chorus-boy of ten years before—was to bring out one of his own productions, a tragedy which was very likely to win, because its subject was timely, being of patriotic turn and sure to please both audience and judges at this particular time, when a wave of patriotism was sweeping over Athens as the result of the revived veneration of the hero Theseus. The excitement of the crowds at the festival was intense, and party feeling in the matter of the prize-winner reached a pitch seldom known in the theater of Athens. It was almost time for the contests to begin; the actors of the first tragedy were ready to come upon the stage; and dense crowds were swarming into the theater, until every seat was occupied. A compact mass of humanity was heaped, tier above tier, high up toward the new wall of the Acropolis, at the summit of which a close line of faces could be seen peering down upon the surging mass below. The dignitaries of Athens, the priests of all the temples, representing the divine circle of Olympus, the chiefs of the state, the foreign representatives, and distinguished visitors had taken their places, and still Apsephion, the archon eponymos, had not sworn in the judges for the contest, so troubled was he over the unwonted excitement and partizanship. Aeschylus was there, deporting himself with the air of an old stager, confidently displaying the laurels of a long series of consecutive victories; and Sophocles, nervous and high-strung, vainly striving to look composed. There were other tragedians, to many of whom repeated failure was no discouragement, and doubtless some disgruntled ones whose expression showed that they had lost patience with judges and popular opinion; but

the number of actual contestants was probably not more than three.

Suddenly a hush fell upon the boisterous multitude, and the pressing crowd opened a passage through the space between the stage buildings and the tiers of seats as the majestic form of Cimon, with the ten generals, entered the first circle about the orchestra and proceeded toward their appointed seats. The vast throng rose to their feet to greet the hero of new victories for Athens, and Cimon paused to acknowledge the compliment of his fellow-citizens. He was about to move to his place when Apsephion stepped to his side, and, after a few hurried words of explanation, administered to him and the other generals the customary solemn oath for judges in the Dionysiac contests, and without further delay they passed on to their seats, amid general expressions of popular satisfaction. It was indeed a brilliant occasion, with Aeschylus and Sophocles among the contestants and Cimon as one of the judges, and with great men from all parts of Greece, present in Athens for the recent Theseus festival, in the audience. Euripides, who had already begun to write plays, was undoubtedly in the throng, with Anaxagoras, his teacher in physics, and young Pericles, son of the distinguished general Xanthippus; Thucydides, the coming historian, Phidias, the rising sculptor, and Panaenus, his brother the painter, may have been present, with a host of artists and poets who were famous then in Athens and whose fame has survived the passing of twenty centuries and more. The history of the world has not afforded a possible meeting of men of so great genius, similar to that which might have been of daily occurrence in Athens at the dawn of the Golden Age.

The dramatic contest began and proceeded to its end. Aeschylus's production was perhaps his famous Orestian tetralogy, ending with the dark and terrible "Eumenides,"

as we shall see in the light of later developments. Sophocles's tragedy is believed to have been his "Triptolemus," in which he represents the Eleusinian hero as a beneficent civilizer. Intense interest and keen rivalry added to the excitement of the day. At last the judges gave their decision, and many were greatly surprised when the tripod was awarded to the youthful Sophocles, who modestly received the plaudits of the multitude. With regard to the sequel, the traditions of the ancients are not in accord; one says that Aeschylus lost the prize because of the nature of the "Eumenides" portion of his tetralogy, which was not only so terrifying as to have brought several women in the audience to premature childbirth, but was a partial divulgence of the sacred mysteries of Eleusis. For this reason, the tradition adds, Aeschylus was tried on the charge of impiety and ostracized, being saved from the fury of the populace, who would have stoned him, by the timely arrival of his brother Cynaegirus, who thrust forward the stump of the arm the hand of which had been hacked off at Marathon by a Persian battle-ax while holding one of the boats to prevent its escape. The other story is that the poet, angered at the loss of his laurels, left Athens of his own accord and sailed for Sicily, where he was welcomed at the court of Hieron, tyrant of Syracuse.

There may be a foundation of truth for both accounts; if the "Eumenides" was presented at this time, certain it is that Aeschylus retired to Sicily at this juncture, either voluntarily or as the result of banishment. The tale of ostracism is generally discredited, but it may be that the tragedy failed to please at its first presentation, and owing to this the prize was awarded to another. We have record, however, that this same tetralogy won first place ten years later, when produced in his absence or on the occasion of a visit to his native land.

But it is altogether probable that there were other reasons for Aeschylus's downfall in the constantly recurring contests. Sophocles, the younger poet, had struck a new chord which appealed to a new set of auditors. Aeschylus had played to a more heroic race, the men who were at their prime in the days of Marathon; he represented the highest development of pre-Persian culture in Athens, and had done more for Attic tragedy than any other man. He was a perfect master of his art, and for a whole generation had stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries in tragic composition. His lyre was noble and exalted; its majestic strains breathed with immortal airs, and sounded forth the sentiments of gods who were divine and of men who were heroes. Its notes were always solemn, sometimes terrible and awe-inspiring, but always elevated, approaching the sublime.

It was natural that a fresh sensation, still noble and exalted, but somewhat more human and sympathetic, should arouse the admiration of the younger generation of Athenians, who were less mystical, religiously speaking, less imaginative perhaps, than their heroic fathers. It was something more than an appeal to patriotism or a tendency to sympathize with the younger man that gave Sophocles precedence on the occasion narrated above; it was the humanity, the sympathetic force which the young poet had put into his work that found an answering chord in the hearts of both judges and audience. This was the beginning of a great career for Sophocles, whose golden notes vibrated through all the Age of Gold in Athens.

Cimon would seem never to have been content to remain peaceably at home while there were Persians to be whipped abroad, and in 466 he again set sail for Asia Minor, and encountered the ships of Artaxerxes at the mouth of the river Eurymedon. The Persian fleet num-

bered three hundred and fifty vessels; Cimon captured two hundred of these, and was about to set out for home when a reinforcement of eighty Phenician ships was seen coming to the relief of the Persians. These he met, and, after a brief battle, succeeded in capturing or sinking the entire squadron. Soon after this successful venture, Cimon was again called to take up his arms. Thasos, one of the island members of the league of which Athens was the head, revolted, and Athens sent a large army and a fleet to reduce the island to subjection. The Thasians were very strong, and held out well against the Athenians; the war was prolonged, and two years elapsed before Cimon could safely withdraw his army.

It was during the campaign in Thasos that Cimon met the painter Polygnotus, and was charmed by the personality of the artist, as well as by his masterpieces. When the commander returned to Athens he brought the painter with him, introduced him to his own household, and commissioned him to decorate the walls of the new Heroum and the porch of the Anaceum, the sanctuary of the Dioscuri. For the former work Polygnotus chose two subjects: the battle between the Athenians and the Amazons, in which the hero Theseus and Queen Antiope were the prominent figures; and a fight between Lapiths and Centaurs, in which another great hero, Pirithous, the friend of Theseus, was the principal subject. He adorned the porch of the Dioscuri with scenes from the life of the famous brothers, the chief subject being the rape of Phoebe and Hilaira, the daughters of Leucippus, who were betrothed to the sons of Aphareus. All of these pictures remained intact for more than five centuries, and were the admiration of the cultivated world. Polygnotus was the first great painter of Greek antiquity. He is said to have been the first to put expression into the faces of his figures, and to have shown the lines of the form be-

neath the drapery folds. He also worked hard to develop a broader color scheme, and invented a new pigment of yellow from a deposit found in the silver-mines of Laurium, and one of black from the dried refuse of the wine-press.

Improvements were rapidly carried on within the city, and new adornment was added to the inclosure of the Acropolis. Among other works in this line, Cimon renewed the sanctuary of Cybele, the venerable mother of the gods, which was known as the Metroum, where the state archives were kept, and among them, in later years, the treasured laws of Solon. It was situated on the slope at the southern end of the agora, beside the road that led up to the Acropolis. No remains of it have as yet been discovered, but it is known to have



Altar, found in an Ancient Dwelling below the Acropolis.

contained a shrine at which the *epheboi* (lads) annually dedicated cups when about to enter the army. Within its sacred inclosure was the council-house of the Five Hundred, with its pulpit and benches and the hearth where official oaths were taken. It had its own priest, and contained two altars—one to Counselor Zeus and one to Counselor Athena, at which the members sacrificed upon entering. The walls bore a picture of the lawgivers, as we know from an ancient description. Outside, copies of the public documents were posted on tablets of stone or bronze, and lists of the *epheboi* with the honor-roll. The tradition in Athens regarding the foundation of the Metroum was that a begging priest came to the town and had



initiated some of the women in the cult of the Mother of the Gods; but the men, learning what had happened, slew the priest and flung his body into a pit, whereupon a pestilence fell upon the city. An oracle was consulted, which responded that the trouble was caused by the murder of the begging priest, and commanded, as a propitiation, that a shrine be dedicated to the Mother of the Gods. The Athenians complied with the command, and built also the council-house, providing it with its own altars and priest. The priest of the council-house sacrificed to the Mother of the Gods. Some curious but excellent regulations were made for those who would enter the sanctuary. One was that no one could be admitted who had recently spiced his fare with the odoriferous garlic.

Cimon commissioned Phidias, a rising young sculptor, to make a statue of Athena from the bronze arms taken at Marathon. This, so far as we know, was the first important work of the great sculptor of the Golden Age. The statue was the first of the colossal figures made for Athens. When completed it stood over thirty feet high. The sculptor represented the goddess in her rôle as leader of battles, the "Promachos" or champion Athena, arrayed in the panoply of war, advancing with firm step, brandishing her mighty spear and bearing her shield upon her arm. The colossal bronze was set upon a high pedestal, in the midst of the sacred inclosure, directly in front of the entrance, looking out over the Attic plain toward Salamis, with the bold outline of Acrocorinthus, the snow-clad crest of Cyllene, and the other mountains of Morea in the far distance. Of this famous statue it was related that the gleaming spear-point could be seen by mariners far out at sea, even before the roofs of the temples came in view. The statue remained *in situ* for many centuries, but was finally taken to Constantinople to grace the new capital of the world, and remained there, intact,

during all the vicissitudes of the Eastern Empire, until 1203, when it was destroyed by a mob.

The base of the pedestal is still to be seen, one of the most prominent of the smaller ruins upon the Acropolis; it consists of a few large blocks of Pentelic marble, which were joined together by heavy clamps of bronze.

About this time Pisianax, a wealthy citizen, enriched the agora by the addition of a great *stoa*, or colonnade, extending along the southern half of the eastern side. The market-place was divided by a row of *Hermæ* into two sections, the southern half being devoted to forensic life, the northern to commercial activity. The new colonnade occupied one side of the academic part of the agora, the portion which still lies deep under the accumulated debris of centuries, upon which stands a closely crowded collection of houses of the poorer class, miserable hovels with narrow, winding streets between them.

The stoæ, or colonnades, of the ancient Greeks were pretty generally of one plan and design, consisting of a long, double row of columns, raised slightly above the ground, upon two or three steps. Behind the rows of columns were often small chambers divided from one another and opening upon the colonnade by narrow doorways. The chambers were frequently used as shops. In many cases the colonnades were of two stories connected by staircases at either end. The *stoa* built by Pisianax was doubtless of this well-known plan, and in massive Doric style; but it must have been lofty and open, for in later years we know of its having been used as a law court. There were probably no chambers at the rear, for shops were not wanted in that part of the agora, but an unbroken wall inclosed the back and ends. This blank wall was of itself not a thing of beauty, but it offered a fine space for painted decoration, and the lavish Pisianax employed all the famous painters then working in Athens to

depict historical scenes in their best style from one end of the wall to the other. Micon, Polygnotus, and Panaenus were soon all hard at work upon their great paintings.

The wall-paintings of this colonnade became famous throughout the Greek and Roman world, and the colonnade was known in antiquity as the *stoa poikile*, or painted stoa. Pausanias, the Roman traveler, saw them, and gives us a very satisfactory description of them in his famous "Itinerary of Greece." Other of the ancients mention them, but there is some confusion among them regarding the painters of the various pictures. There seems to be little doubt that Micon painted two great battle scenes, one on either end wall of the stoa—the battle of the Athenians with the Amazons and that between the Athenians and the Spartans at Oinoë. It is also admitted that the renowned Thasian took for *his* theme the Greeks after the capture of Troy, representing at least two scenes: the capture of Troy and the Council of Princes sitting in judgment upon Ajax for the violation of Cassandra. But the most famous scene of all was the battle of Marathon, which has been assigned diversely to Panaenus, Micon, and Polygnotus. It is possible that more than one artist worked at the same picture. Panaenus was famous for his horses, and may have helped one of the other painters, but it is not probable that all three were engaged upon the same piece. Micon was poor and ambitious; he worked very hard, and, by assiduous application, may have painted more than the others. Polygnotus was well off; he painted for love of the art and for glory. We can, of course, have but a very vague notion of his style, but may glean from the description of Pausanias, who deals with little but subject matter, from the casual remarks of Cicero and Pliny, and from the praises of Aristotle, Lucian, and Aelian, that his drawing was broad and careful, his treat-

ment idealistic and imaginative. The Thasian painter was made an Athenian citizen in recognition of his masterly work upon the Anaceum and the stoa poikile. When Polygnotus began his study for one of his scenes before Troy he wanted a beautiful and stately model for his figure of Laodice, the captive daughter of old Priam and Queen Hecuba. He asked the fair Elpinice, sister of Cimon, to sit for this study, and she consented. The Athenian gossips said that the fame-loving painter was the lover of this handsome matron, but there was certainly no impropriety in Cimon's sister sitting for a picture to her brother's artist friend. The story was doubtless invented by some of the ladies of Athens who were not sufficiently good-looking to win so delicate a compliment from the distinguished artist.

At this time an unfortunate set of circumstances co-operated to lower the position of Cimon in popular esteem. The Macedonians and Thracians had fallen upon some of the Athenian colonies in the Chersonese and destroyed them; the Athenians at home, enraged because Cimon had not avenged these outrages, after the subjection of Thasos, accused him of having taken bribes from Alexander, king of Macedonia. He was tried and acquitted, but had no sooner cleared himself of this difficulty than fresh trouble assailed his popularity. A revolt of helots had broken out in Sparta. Cimon persuaded the Athenians to send assistance to their old rival, but the Athenian force, after an unsuccessful effort to reduce the insurgents who were intrenched within the fortress of Ithome, was insultingly sent home. The Athenians, smarting under this rebuff, turned against Cimon as the author of the offer. The democratic party at this unfortunate juncture proposed certain measures for curtailing the powers of the court of the Areopagus, and Cimon, as the leader of the conservatives, was obliged to oppose them. This was the last

straw, and caused the complete downfall of the noble leader. He was promptly brought to trial and ostracized. But as a matter of fact, Cimon was in no way responsible for his sudden removal from power. A series of campaigns, of longer or shorter duration, had kept him much of the time away from Athens, and his familiar figure, his acts of generosity and magnanimity, were not so well remembered by the people. His opponents in the party, which his former popularity had almost completely crushed, had taken advantage of his enforced absence to build up anew a sentiment antagonistic to the conservatism of Aristides.

Pericles, a young politician, grandnephew of Clis-thenes, and thus heir to democratic leadership, had for some time engaged himself in building up the popular party and in rousing popular animosity against Cimon, whose fall and final banishment were due almost entirely to the efforts of this youthful antagonist. It is said that when Cimon was first impeached for taking bribes of King Alexander, Pericles was one of his chief accusers, and that Elpinice, knowing of Pericles's influence, came to him to entreat for her brother. The young politician turned her off, saying, "You are too old, Elpinice, much too old to solicit in so weighty a matter"; but later, out of consideration for her, he intervened in Cimon's behalf. Upon the disappearance of Cimon from the stage of politics in Athens, Pericles became supreme as the leader of the revived democratic party. Within five years after the departure of Cimon, Athens found herself involved in a war with Sparta, and a Spartan army lay intrenched at Tanagra ready to invade Attica. Cimon, learning of the situation, begged to be allowed to return and fight for Athens at the head of his tribe, but was refused by the hard-hearted Pericles on the ground of fear of defection. The exiled son of Miltiades then sent

word to his family and retainers, if they valued his reputation, to do their best for their country. His immediate dependents carried his armor into battle, and fell about it, fighting to the last breath.

But Athens soon found that without Cimon it was useless to attempt negotiations with Sparta, and in 453 he was recalled to make a treaty for five years' peace with the old antagonist. Pericles, on the other hand, found that his position was not secure with Cimon in Athens, and forthwith sent him, with a fleet of two hundred ships, in a final expedition against the Persians. The veteran commander undoubtedly enjoyed the prospect of more victories over the enemy he had been whipping for thirty years, and set sail for Cyprus, where he expected to engage the Persian fleet. He laid siege to Citium, a town on the south coast of the island, and in an engagement received a wound which proved so serious that he died in a few days. His disconsolate generals started at once to carry his body back to Athens, and on the way encountered and defeated a fleet of Cilicians and Phenicians, following a plan of battle outlined by Cimon just before his death; so that Cimon, even dead, proved a terror to the allies and friends of Persia.

Cimon was buried, with great pomp, in a tomb, which was seen by Plutarch nearly five hundred years later, just outside the sacred gate on the road to Eleusis. By his will he bequeathed the Academy, the ancient home of literature and the future haunt of philosophy, to the Athenians.

Cimon's death was a serious loss to Athens; his influence had been the strongest bond that held the allies in allegiance. Now that the advanced party was in power, the rule of Athens was found burdensome, and rupture threatened on every side. In 447 the Boeotians, chafing under the new régime, suddenly revolted against the

democratic government that had been forced upon them, and openly declared against Athens.

The Athenians were taken quite unawares, with a very small force ready for action. Tolmides, a man of impetuous nature, happened to be general at the time; he was anxious to set out at once for the north. Pericles urged more deliberate action and a short delay, until better preparations could be made and a stronger force sent into the field. But in the assembly Tolmides won his point, and hastened with the forces at his disposal to quell the revolt. The Athenians reached the borders of Boeotia, and were surprised by the rebels at Coronea, where they were completely routed, Tolmides and many others being slain, and a large number taken prisoners. Athens was in a great state of agitation, for every town in Boeotia was in revolt, and the flower of the army were prisoners of war. The situation must have been grave indeed, for, without further effort to prosecute the war, Athens consented to abandon Boeotia on condition of the return of the prisoners. The Boeotian oligarchs were at once returned to power and the old government restored, with its center at Thebes. Megara was already gone, and this latest loss deprived Athens of her last ally on the mainland.

But, aside from the humiliation, the loss of her land empire was not a serious one for Athens. The sea was her real domain, and with the islands in allegiance she could be mistress of as much of the Mediterranean as she chose, could control the commerce of a hundred distant ports, and, what was still more important, could effectually check the expansion of any other power. The Dorian peoples of the mainland were much harder for her to control than those of Ionian stock, who now made up the Confederacy; and the allies which still remained to her were sufficient to keep her rich, powerful, and respected.

## VII

### THE GOLDEN AGE

"Come, blessed Jove, the high and mighty head,  
The friend of hospitality."

CRATINUS.



Bust of Pericles.

THE sun had set upon the Marathonian age, to rise upon the Golden Age of Athenian greatness. A mighty constellation of stars of the first magnitude—Themistocles, Cimon, Aeschylus, and Pindar—had sunk behind the horizon as the golden orb of Pericles ascended to its zenith, and a second constellation that counted such names as Thucydides, Socrates, Sophocles, Euripides, and Phidias, rose in the east.

With the dawn of the new era a day of transformation broke over the city of Athens: the old conservatism of the Athens of Aristides had passed away, and a new ideal—an ideal of progress, of expansion, and material welfare—was set before the minds of the Athenians.

A complete change had come over the political aspect of the city during the last few years, and popular sentiment, which had placed its faith and confidence in what might be called aristocratic institutions during the period while the influence of Aristides and Cimon was felt in Athens, had now gradually swung to the other extreme under the persuasive eloquence of Pericles.

The new leader could hardly be called a born devotee



of democracy: although his mother was a niece of Clis-thenes, his father was related to the family of Pisistratus, and the chief fear of the young politician in his early career was that this relationship would be an offense to his democratic followers. He is also said to have had the features and voice of that great family of tyrants. But Pericles's phenomenal gifts of tact and eloquence, his persuasive manner, and his power of personal magnetism, though remarkably like those of Pisistratus, overcame all obstacles, and it was entirely through his influence with the popular party, as in the case of the great tyrant before him, that he ascended to the position of supremacy in Athens. Pericles had been fittingly trained for the high position he was to hold so long as pilot of the Athenian state. Anaxagoras, the great philosopher and physicist of Clazomenae, had been his guide and friend. Zeno the Elean had taught him to debate; he had been schooled by the best teachers of rhetoric and eloquence, and had studied music with Damon. He was tall and handsome, and of fine and dignified presence; we have portraits of him, that are doubtless true, showing a strong, intelligent face, with keen, though kindly eyes, a refined and sensitive mouth, though firm withal, and a straight nose of the type considered typically Grecian. The ancient writers who describe his appearance, and the comic poets who looked for some point at which they could direct their shafts of wit, say that his head was of an abnormal shape, and the satirists called him the "onion-headed." For this reason, it is said, his portraits were always provided with a helmet, and in the busts that have come down to us through the hands of ancient Roman antiquity collectors, the supposed defect is concealed in this manner. But all this is of little importance: looking at the face, I think we all may feel that we are in the presence of a man of high mind and noble

character, a man of taste and refinement. Whether some might read further than that, and, not knowing the bust, could guess that this was one of the foremost men of all the world, may be left to individual powers of imagination. The face is represented, as in all Greek portraits of its day, in calm repose; imagine it, if you will, kindled with fire when the famous thunderings of his eloquence burst forth, or glowing with genial warmth when persuasion sat upon those placid lips, as Eupolis said.

It was plain from the first that Pericles had a political model before him after which he molded his own views and actions. His ambition for Athenian supremacy over all Greece was the same as that which Themistocles had treasured; not that Pericles admired or countenanced the moral side of Themistocles's life, for he was himself an example of uprightness and honor, but his highest aspiration was to make the Greek world tributary to Athens. Themistocles would have accomplished this at any cost, by fair means or foul. Pericles set out to attain the same object by honorable means. The material for laying the foundations of Athenian empire Pericles found at hand in the allied states and islands of the Delian League. The task before him was to work this material into a solid and homogeneous structure. The various steps that were taken to accomplish this end are not to be traced in history, and the dates of the various *coups d'état*, by which the confederated states of the Aegean became the empire of Athens, are not known; but we do know that within twenty years after the death of Aristides a great transformation had taken place, by which Athens was changed from president of a league into mistress of an empire. Pericles was undoubtedly largely responsible for this transformation, for during those years his hand had guided the policy of the Athenian state. Many were the charges of tyranny brought against him for this policy

by his opponents in his own day, and many have been the criticisms of it by historians ever since; but Pericles was ever ready to defend his policy, and his answers to more recent judgments may be read between the lines of the criticisms written by his contemporary historians. The allies of the league were bound together by the most solemn vows that religious superstition could invent. Those vows had been taken for all time. They had recognized that the league must have a head, and had acknowledged that Athens was, for every reason, the only member of the league capable of taking and maintaining the leadership. The league had been formed with a definite purpose,—the common defense against the encroachments of Persia,—and now that that purpose was growing more and more unnecessary with the decline of Persian aggression, the question was raised again and again: “What bond shall hold the allies together and in subordination to Athens?” The inefficacy of the solemn vow as a bond had already been shown by the revolt of two members of the league—Naxos and Thasos. These states had said, and others were beginning to say: “Why should we continue to pay large revenues for defense from a danger which no longer exists?” “Must we render tribute to Athens with which she may enrich herself, now that it is no longer needed to fit out large fleets and armies?” Pericles had answered these questionings with the reply that the danger had decreased only because of the naval strength of the league, and might threaten again the moment that power was diminished; that the allies paid stipulated sums for the protection of their homes and their commerce, and were being protected as much in time of nominal peace as in time of war; that peace existed solely because these revenues kept the head of the league in opulence and ready at a moment’s notice to check hostilities from foreign foes; that,

under the conditions, it was not to be asked of Athens what she did with the revenues, so long as she held the world in awe. But behind all this the historians see the desire for power which they believe to have been the real motive force of Pericles's policy, and in the details of his treatment of the allies one may see the workings of this force. The condition of the islands, whose aspirations to freedom had been crushed, afforded a basis for the proposed tributary empire. Originally each of the allies had held the right to a vote at the Delian conclave. Those who had revolted from the league and had been brought to a state of obedience by force were deprived of that privilege, and were represented by Athens. Not only had their fortifications been razed and Athenian garrisons quartered upon them, but they had been forced to pay large indemnities—the cost of the campaign that had reduced them to subjection—besides their annual tribute. In both cases Athenian citizens had been sent to settle in the subdued islands. These were not colonists, for Athenian colonies were quite independent of the mother state; they rented those lands which had been forcibly taken from the subjected states, and thus increased the revenues of Athens. Loud protests were raised by the unfortunate tributaries and the conservative party in Athens against the cruelty and injustice of this policy, but Cimon, the idol of the anti-imperialist party, and not Pericles, had been responsible for the conquest of these states and for the humiliating condition that had been imposed upon them.

As a matter of fact, so far as we may judge, the allies had small reason to complain. In the first place, the revolted allies were not the only ones who had had Athenian garrisons quartered upon them; for the garrisoning of a place depended entirely upon its strategic importance, and many of the most loyal of the allies had submitted to

this burden without complaint. Besides this, the condition of peace under the league was such as the allies had never before known, for not only were they safe from Persian aggression, from which they had suffered for generations, but they were prevented from fighting among themselves. Their commerce, protected from foreign interference and from the pirates by the flying squadrons of Athens, reached a degree of prosperity that long outlasted the Delian League. In every way they appear to have been more prosperous than they had ever been, or ever were to be again; but they longed for independence.

If each of the allies had broken its vows and had been forced to submission, like Naxos and Thasos, the tributary condition might have extended over all of them with some show of justice; but there were states that had not revolted, and the task of bringing them all, refractory and obedient, into a more nearly equal tributary condition, without injustice to some, was a very difficult one for Pericles. An important step had been taken in the removal of the league's treasury from the ancient and revered custody of the temple at Delos to Athens, where it was deposited in the treasury chamber of the old temple of Athena. This had been done, it is averred, on the motion of Samos, on the ground of greater security. By a gradual but effective process, the government of each of the old allied states was reorganized, and then, as a later move, the more important legal procedure was transferred from the local courts to the tribunals of Athens. No doubt these cases received more equable adjudication at the hands of the professional juries of Athens than they would have had in the insular courts; but the former allies felt that they were gradually being deprived of their liberty, to say nothing of their independence, and all could see that the old Delian League was already a thing of the past, and that an empire had taken its place.

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The Athenians, on the other hand, showed no disposition to adopt the members of their new empire, whether refractory or not, into the Athenian state, nor to anticipate the policy of Rome by extending to worthy subjects the privileges of citizenship. On the contrary, the lines of the full franchise were drawn in, at Athens itself, during the supremacy of Pericles, and various laws were passed by which the "Tyrant Demos" partook more and more of the nature of an oligarchy—that is, of course, if the empire be regarded as the state, an idea which was furthest from the minds of the Athenians. Just how far the essential policy of Pericles was carried out in the attitude of Athens toward her tributaries we are unable to judge precisely. We know that the general assembly was supreme in matters of that kind; we know, also, that Pericles was supreme in the assembly, but to what extent he felt obliged to give that body a free rein and how far he was able to guide it by the force of his eloquence in the path that his own will dictated, will never be known. It is evident that his influence was thrown on the side of moderation in the treatment of the subject states, for after his death the Athenians imposed a far heavier yoke upon them.

The prospectus of Pericles for the extension of the Athenian empire was bounded by the limits of the old Delian League; there were in the state ambitious spirits who were for making conquest of Sicily and southern Italy and other western countries, but the leader dissuaded the popular mind from such chimerical schemes. He was for establishing a homogeneous Ionian nation, of which Athens, with her boasted Ionian descent, should be the head. The lines of the Delian League coincided very nearly with those of the Ionian nationality, if such it could be considered.

The attitude of Athens toward the rest of Greece, and

toward Sparta in particular, was another question. Upon this point there were two widely different opinions in Athens. The old political party of Cimon was in favor of friendly relations with the Lacedaemonian kingdom, believing in the theory of their late leader that Greece depended upon both Athens and Sparta as the body upon two legs,—if both were not maintained in equal strength she must go lame,—and depending upon Spartan conservatism for support of its particular political principles. The head of this party—the old conservative régime—was Thucydides, son of Melesias,—not the historian,—who, ever since the death of Cimon, had led the opposition in the assembly against Pericles and his party, who favored hostility as the normal attitude toward Sparta. Pericles was well aware of the divergence of aim between Athens and Sparta; he had seen the impossibility of their coöperation in a common cause clearly demonstrated; he believed war between the two powers to be inevitable; but it is difficult to harmonize his theory of perpetual hostility with his attitude on the subject of an Ionian empire. He could hardly have anticipated a constant state of warfare with any degree of hopefulness for Athens; in those days hostility was bound to end at last in supremacy for one party or the other, and if that were to be the lot of Athens, she must extend her empire into the Peloponnese. But Pericles, while he believed war with Sparta to be inevitable, seems to have conceived of a war in which Athens might maintain an exclusively defensive position, so that Sparta, remaining supreme upon the mainland, might be convinced of the futility of assailing the maritime empire of Athens—a war, in other words, which might adjust the balance of power without precipitating the downfall of either side. But whatever was foreseen or unforeseen by Pericles in his anti-Spartan policy, he manifested the most wonderful ability

in the way in which he prepared Athens for the approaching struggle.

Pericles's domestic policy was, first, that of Athens for Athenians: to cut down, as far as possible, the number of citizens with full privileges, and to make it almost impossible for other Greeks or for foreigners to gain civic rights; secondly, to extend the principles of democracy, for that limited number of free citizens, to their ultimate possibilities of execution. To this end the mighty Court of the Areopagus, the oldest judicial and administrative body in Athens, which, with the *boulé*, was regarded by Solon as one of the anchors of the state, was shorn of its powers, and the general assembly became henceforth the real source of power, administrative and executive, political, military, and judicial. The first steps in stripping the ancient Court of the Eumenides of its functions were taken by Ephialtes, a prominent democratic leader, even before Pericles had become the great power in the assembly. Ephialtes was a vigorous politician of unimpeachable character and a partizan of Pericles; he was assassinated in the midst of his war against that most revered and feared institution, but after his death his policy was carried out by the new leader, and the Council of the Areopagus ceased to be the "overseer of all things and the guardian of the laws," and remained only a shell so long as the democracy lasted, existing solely as a tribunal for murder cases; for homicide, being an offense against religion, could not easily be tried by the people in general. To signify that the laws were now to be in the custody of the citizens themselves, and no longer held aloft in the keeping of the priestesses, the laws of Solon were brought down from the treasury of Athena and deposited in the Prytaneum. The Council of Five Hundred—the *boulé*—was also made to bow to the "Tyrant Demos," and, like the Areopagus, became a



passive instrument in the hands of the people assembled in the ecclesia.

The ecclesia of this time was an assembly of the people in its truest sense; it represented the will of the citizens to a man, and its will was indisputable. But the Athenian populace, like every other, could be guided by a man of sufficient force and popularity. The opinion and wishes of a great throng of voters are in a state of chaos until given shape by some master mind or minds; thus majorities are made. Oratory had ever held a magic influence over the Greek mind, as we may see even in Homer. A great orator could do what he pleased with a Greek audience. In democratic Athens the will of the people was the sole source of power, but he who could direct that will was the real governing force. Pericles was the mightiest orator of his day, and he chose to use his powers on the assembly. The people, under the sway of his words, were as clay in the hands of the potter, and thus the son of old Xanthippus became the "first man in the state"—the real ruler of Athens.

With the thinning out of the roll of citizens, Pericles directed the administration of public affairs in such a way as to make almost every citizen a servant of the state in one capacity or another, and all in the pay of the government. There were, in addition to the large number on the pay-rolls of the army and the navy, the Council of Five Hundred and a host of major and minor administrative officers, a body of six thousand jurymen; for, under the new régime, the juries received payment for their services like other official bodies.

But the most characteristic point about the Athenian democracy was the election of all these officials by lot. The custom was an old one in Athens, and had prevailed even in old tyranny days, when the power of the Areopagus was a check upon haphazard legislation; but now

that the check had been removed, the system seemed to further the idea of universal equality among the citizens, and that was the chief aim of the democracy. The ballot was used, it is true, in certain cases, when the appointment was fraught with great concern for the state. The ten generals were chosen by popular vote, for in this choice the importance of personal qualifications was recognized: a series of unfortunate elections by lot to those offices might easily be the ruin of Athens; but election by acclamation of the people in so weighty a matter seems to us democratic enough.

But there were in Athens at this time many thousands outside the pale of citizenship who were not provided for by the generous administration of the public funds, and who must be taken care of. The great non-citizen population, which far outnumbered the electorate, comprised two general classes—the metics and the slaves. The former were, generally speaking, the tradesfolk. It was largely from the taxes levied upon these people that the army was kept in the field, that the fleet was maintained on the sea, and that the magistrates and other officials were kept in pay. What was to be done to keep them contented and well enough supplied with the world's goods to pay their rates without oppression? The fertile mind of Pericles devised various answers for this question; his keen eye had been ready to see that brisk trade and extensive commerce were of the highest importance to the Athenian state, and Athens was rapidly becoming the commercial center of the world.

The Athenian citizens of the time of Pericles, as a rule, considered themselves a little above mercantile pursuits, though a century and a half before trade had not been beneath their distinguished consideration. Solon himself was a trader; but in those days the state had not provided soft places for all the citizens at public expense.

"Poverty," Pericles said, "is no disgrace, but that idleness which makes no effort to better its condition." And Pericles would have no one idle if he could avoid it. Employment was provided for all classes and grades of the population. The extensive commerce which centered at Piræus under the administration of Pericles soon made the port of Athens the chief commercial city of the Mediterranean, and afforded occupation for a host of ship-owners, ship-builders, and sailors, besides the merchants and venders whose wares were brought from foreign lands, and a variety of new mercantile pursuits sprang up with the introduction of imported materials. Mines of various metals, precious and base, were owned and worked by Athenians in different parts of the Greek world, and the handling of these metals through all the stages between the mining of the raw material and the sale of objects made from it gave employment to a great number of miners, shippers, smelters, molders, artists, and merchants. Every trade was encouraged by Pericles, for we find in Plutarch: "The use of different materials . . . afforded employment to carpenters, masons, braziers, goldsmiths, painters, and other artificers; the conveyance of them by sea employed merchants and sailors, and by land wheelwrights, wagoners, carriers, rope-makers, leather-workers, pavers, and iron-founders; and every art had a number of lower people, ranged in proper subordination, to execute it, like soldiers under the command of an officer. Thus, by the exercise of different trades, plenty was diffused among persons of every rank and condition." But in addition to these manifold trades and occupations, which were the natural outgrowth of a rapidly growing commercial life, and which provided labor for a large portion of the population, Pericles instituted a scheme of public works upon a gigantic scale, which would provide labor for all classes

of artists, artisans, and laborers, from the highest designers to the lowest carriers and drivers, leaving no one an excuse for idleness. Under Pericles, as we know, the great architectural works were undertaken which, ere he died, clothed Athens with a splendor that outshone all the other cities of his time, and has scarcely been attained by any other city in the history of the world.

The greater number of those employed in commerce, in the trades, and upon the public works of Athens were undoubtedly of the non-citizen classes,—the metics and the slaves,—though we may be sure that there were many merchants and business proprietors who were citizens, and we know that the great architects and sculptors of the Golden Age were citizens, either by birth or adoption, and held highly honored positions in the state, however disparagingly Plutarch, imbued with practical Roman ideas, may speak of their calling.

But we must not think of the great class of citizens with full rights in that aristocratic democracy as idling away their time in luxury while the lower classes labored to make their city the queen of Greece. Luxury and idleness found little room in Athens at this period. Besides the numerous important offices, military and political, which the state conferred by lot upon her citizens, and the host of minor commissions and magistracies which only citizens could hold, to say nothing of the rank and file of the army and navy, which were recruited from the body of free-born Athenians, there were many occupations in which the citizens busied themselves. The law business of the city was entirely in their hands. Some of them, as we have seen, were architects and sculptors; others indulged in literary pursuits; but the ancient and honorable occupation of the upper class, even during the Golden Age, continued to be farming. True, the development of the democratic spirit and the growth of po-

litical and forensic life had drawn large numbers of the younger generation to the city; every citizen was bound to serve his country under arms for a longer or shorter period; and every one was quite likely to be drawn on state duty one or more times in his life: but there still prevailed, especially among the old conservative families, a deeply rooted affection for rural pursuits. This love of country life had been the salvation of the Athenians: trained and nurtured in the simplicity of outdoor exercise, strong of body and healthy of mind, they were far better fitted for military and forensic service, and the decline in national life in Athens which followed hard upon the age of Pericles is coincident with the withdrawal of the citizens from their farms, their spreading fields and vineyards, and their noble olive groves to the narrow limits of the agora.

The most remarkable and the most durable of the products of Pericles and his age are unquestionably the mighty works in stone with which he adorned the city. Historians have said that the Athenian democracy had no important effect upon the history of the world, but no one will deny that the monuments of the Golden Age in Athens, both of architecture and sculpture, set a mark of flood tide in the history of art which all succeeding waves of art development have striven in vain to surpass. It is not to be wondered at that these arts attained a point so near perfection at this particular stage of Greek history, nor that the acme of their development was reached in this particular part of Greece. The conditions, the times, were exactly favorable for such attainment in Athens, and in Athens alone. There was, first, a great free population in which was born, as in all Greeks, a love and appreciation of beauty and symmetry. To their innate love of beauty was added the gift of extraordinary dexterity, and to this every opportunity of education and

training that a free constitution could offer. The latent creative ability in the people as a whole had full scope to express itself, and the outcome of such conditions was, logically, a free and natural art. A rich, vigorous, and unbroken development in art had been in process in Greece for more than a century. Its growth had been fostered in Athens not only by an appreciative and art-loving people, but by the occasional concentration of power in single men who, as it happened, represented these qualities of the people in a refined degree, and had drawn to Athens all that was best in art from all Greece. Then had come the great burst of national enthusiasm, in consequence of success in arms, the narrow escape from despotism, and the sudden increase in wealth and power. The inborn ability, free and unhampered, taught by long and careful training, was given unlimited means to express itself, and the result was what one might expect.

The early part of the century had seen the laying of the foundations for many of the great public works which Pericles undertook when once he found himself master of Athens. Cimon had rebuilt the citadel, and had transformed it from a fortress into a mighty pedestal for a temple which he had only begun when the tide of unpopularity had borne him away from his beloved city. This massive basement stood ready now to receive a crown far more splendid than Cimon had dreamed of. Not only was there to be a new temple for the Parthenos, but a second shrine—a triple edifice—was to restore the time-honored “goodly house” of Erechtheus. The old gate of entrance to the Acropolis was to be replaced by a gorgeous portal with spacious vestibules and porticos. Far out over the winding loops of the Pelargikon, upon one of the mighty bastions of the old wall, was to stand a special shrine for the Victorious Athena. Thus every

hallowed spot upon the sacred hill was to have a glory of its own.

In the plain below, the walls built by Themistocles were to be strengthened wherever it seemed necessary. The city gates were to be rebuilt with greater dignity, and the long walls, stretching away to the sea, which had been projected and perhaps begun in Cimon's time, were to be completed. Within the city and at various places in the suburbs, even so far away as Eleusis, every shrine was to receive new adornment. Public colonnades, gymnasiums, and libraries were planned, and a new theater, reserved especially for musical performances, was to be erected.

All this and more the sumptuous taste of Pericles had planned to grace his City of the Violet Crown, but Pericles the general, the political leader, could not turn from his duties on the field of war and upon the bema to devote his time to the externalization of these vast schemes. There lived in Athens at this time a man of about Pericles's age, a loyal citizen, well known at home and abroad, an enthusiastic supporter of the popular party and a warm friend of Pericles. This man was an artist, and his name was Phidias. He had first been brought to public notice by Cimon, for whom he had made the famous statue of Athena Promachos and a remarkable group which he had set up at Delphi in memory of Marathon. Later, he is believed to have designed the new temple of Theseus. In every way he had shown great ability as a sculptor and some skill as an architect, and Pericles saw in him the mind to execute his own monumental projects. Phidias thus became a sort of minister of public works, and under his guidance the old Athens of wood and stone became the new Athens of marble, of gold and ivory.

But the great artist who is reckoned by common consent the foremost sculptor of history was far more than

a subordinate officer of the man of power, far more even than his expert adviser. The art-loving statesman and the patriot artist worked hand in hand for the glory of Athens; together they builded her beauty and her fame, and in the end the artist died for the friendship of the statesman. Phidias secured the services of the best architects of his day, and surrounded himself with a school of young sculptors whom he trained to carry out his great designs. So great already was the fame of Phidias in the Greek world that the first artists of the land did not hesitate to place themselves under his direction in the great work of building Athens, and yet he would not or could not arrogate to himself all the glory of the works done under his superintendence. The names of other artists shine out with only slightly less splendor.

The first and greatest work to be undertaken was the building of the new temple of Athena Parthenos. For this work Cimon had laid a magnificent foundation, and had begun the superstructure, and a considerable amount of material had been quarried and cut for use, but work had apparently been suspended for some time when Pericles and Phidias took up the task of completion. The architects chosen for the work were Ictinus and Callicrates. The former must have been the real designer of the temple, for his name is often mentioned alone in connection with the work, and he is known to have designed other important edifices in Greece. Callicrates was perhaps the engineer or the master-builder.

What training for their work architects of the fifth century may have had, it is difficult to know. They seem in many cases to have been instructed in the art of sculpture as well as that of architectural design; and indeed the character of the architecture of the Greeks, which depended in its dignified simplicity upon effects of line and of light and shade rather than upon varied composi-



tion or superficial decorations, demanded a thorough understanding of all plastic art to fit the architect for his subtle craft. Ictinus was undoubtedly a great artist; however much his work may have been under the supervision of Phidias, we may be sure that it is to his eye and to his taste that we owe the perfect form of the foremost of Greek temples. The architect undoubtedly consulted often with Phidias and Pericles before the work was actually begun, and we may believe he was not satisfied with the plans of Cimon's architect, for a new scheme was adopted which differed in certain important details from the original plan. Forthwith the crepidoma, or base, of Cimon's structure and whatever of the superstructure was in process of construction were removed, only the great sub-basement being retained; and such portions of the material as could not be recut to the new requirements were thrown into the filling. In this way we may account for the presence of unfinished column drums and capitals among the older debris of the pre-Persian temples. Cimon had chosen the marble of Pentelicus as the material of his temple, and Ictinus, knowing that no finer medium was to be had, resolved to employ the product of those famous quarries. The Parthenon was not long in building; it was begun in 447, and was complete as a building within ten years: but, aside from the time consumed in the actual execution of the work—the manual part—it would seem as if the study of such a problem, the visualizing of such a subtle composition, must have taken much longer. For it is impossible to suppose that the edifice was the result of miraculous inspiration, or that such a production could have been fortuitous: either Ictinus had a plan at hand on which he had spent years of patient study, or he was given longer time to work out his design than we are led to suppose by the ancient writers. He was complete master of the mental picture

which he wished to externalize in marble. The minutest points of detail must have been thoroughly wrought out on paper before a stone was cut. How thrilling it would be for the architects of to-day if they could see his preliminary sketches, each sentient curve drawn again and again until his marvelous eye was satisfied. For from the time of the pyramids until now there has been but one



The Parthenon, West Façade.

way for the architect to think, and that is with the simple aid of paper and pencil. The sculptor may mold his forms and change them by slight touches to suit his fancy, but the architect cannot build successfully and compose as he builds. All must first be expressed in two dimensions; the effect of the third may be only hinted at. But something more than an inventive mind, a plastic touch, and a sensitive eye were required to create the highest type of the Greek temple. Ictinus must have had a broad experience, and have understood well the historical development of the Doric style, to have given it the final touch of perfection; he was, of course, familiar with the monuments existing in his day, and these illustrated a

wonderful growth in which a single ideal had sprung, sprouted, budded, and expanded, and was to burst into full bloom in his hands. He was doubtless familiar with the ancient temple at Corinth, and, with all the Greek world, must have visited the temples of Hera and Zeus at Olympia and that of Apollo at Delphi; and he undoubtedly had studied the edifice which the Athenians had built on the island of Aegina, that shone out among the pines across the Saronic Gulf. In these edifices, whose dates of building covered the whole development of the Doric style, was his history of art; he needed nothing better. Proportion and beauty of form had been the essential qualities of Greek style from its inception. The Greeks were masters of the theory of optics before the simple mechanical proposition of the arch had dawned upon their ideal minds. Beauty of proportion and of form had reached a high stage of development in a number of monuments. Ictinus was to bring these qualities to a culmination.

And it was not only the edifice, as a creation by itself, that was considered by this great architect. No one, I think, who has ever studied the Parthenon from a distance and from different points of view will hesitate to say that the building was proportioned with the most careful regard to its ancient setting. Let the reader imagine for a moment a long, low temple, like that which this same architect designed for the Phigalaeans at Bassae, set upon the foundations of the Parthenon, or a more lofty, attenuated structure of Roman design in its place, and he will recognize at once how admirably Ictinus's Parthenon, which is so readily restored in a distant view, was adapted to its pedestal.

Ictinus's plan was for a peripteral temple, in which he wished to produce a large and imposing effect without giving it an exaggerated scale. It was therefore designed

with eight columns of moderate dimensions at either end, instead of six gigantic ones, which would have been required for the same space. Seventeen was chosen as the number of columns for each side to secure the desired proportion, the columns at the ends being ranged in a closer file than those in the flanks. The intercolumniations at the four angles were narrower than those adjoining



The Parthenon, from the Northeast.

ing them on the ends and sides, and were spaced with special design to give greater solidity to the corners. The pteroma—the space between the columns and the cella—was unusually narrow. The octostyle porches made it possible to depart from the usual design for pronaos and epinaos—the open vestibules at either end of the cella—and, instead of the common form (distyle in antis), to provide broad, open, hexastyle porticos within the octostyle façades. The cella had but two divisions within—a spacious naos and a rather small chamber. The former, the cultus chamber at the eastern end, was of course divided, by two rows of small columns, into a broad central and two narrower side aisles. These columns, which were carried across the western end of the chamber, in front of the division wall, bore a second colonnade, which probably formed a gallery on three sides of the

naos. The rear chamber seems to have been divided into aisles by two pairs of columns.

The design of the superstructure—the peristyle of columns, the architrave, with its frieze of triglyphs and metopes, the pediments at either end, and the low-lying roof—was a consummation of the lofty ideals and highly refined tendencies of the Doric style. There are no words in any language to describe the indefinable charm of its faultless completeness. There is a finality about its perfect proportions which cannot be explained, but which leaves no doubt in the mind that this is of all buildings of man's hands the most flawless. The architect secured this degree of perfection by a variety of means. Not only were the proportions of height to breadth and length, and of part to part, the subject of devoted study, but the subtle theory of optics, the delicate art of making things look as they should by making them what they should not look, was applied in a hundred different ways to impart suppleness and vigor to a style which would be flat and dead without it. In the application of this theory to the Parthenon, Ictinus went further than any other architect had gone before him, or has attempted to go since his time. It is said that there is not a straight line in the whole structure. The long, horizontal lines of the stylobate and the corona of the pediment are curved gently upward to prevent the appearance of sagging. The visibly perpendicular lines slant inward. The swelling entasis of the columns is the most delicate curve known. This is best appreciated at the southeast angle of the temple, where one can take such a position that the two end columns of the east façade inclose an expanse of sky; then, by looking not at the lines of the columns, but at the section of blue, he realizes at once that the sides of the figures are far from straight. The line of the echinos is perhaps the most insinuating in the whole

design. It gives the key-note to the entire composition; being drawn out from the neck of the column with a bold upward stroke, almost straight, with four delicate annulets at its base, until it comes almost under the edge of the abacus, and is then turned sharply up, hooking back under the edge of the rectangular member.

To marvelous perfection of proportion and extraordinary refinement of design were added the most wonderful precision and delicacy of mechanical execution. Never had such perfection of finish been lavished upon a building. The profiles of the moldings, the arrises of the column flutings, the most minute edges, within and without, were cut with almost microscopic precision; the drums of the columns were doweled together by blocks of wood and then revolved one upon another, with fine sand between, until their joints were scarcely perceptible; the lower drums were similarly adjusted to the stylobate.

The Parthenon of Pericles, when completed, exhibited no features that were new to the Doric style, and yet it stood a monument by itself, and presented a new phase of that style which has been designated as Attic-Doric. Every one of its essential details, one might say, was to be found in the simple Doric structures of earlier date; but it had a distinctive quality, which set it above the other Doric temples, and which finds a parallel in the superiority of Attic drama over the dramatic productions of the rest of Greece. This distinction may be due partly to the super-refinement of the Attic temperament and partly to the admixture of Ionic blood with the Doric stock of Attica, which produced a delicacy of feeling in a broad and lofty mind.

Ictinus did not fail to appreciate the importance of his marvelous creation, and wrote a monograph upon it which is mentioned by Vitruvius, the great Roman architect, although it is, unfortunately, not quoted by him.

The Parthenon had not long been under way before Phidias began to devise a wondrous scheme of sculptured adornment for it. Sculpture was the art nearest his heart, and he resolved that the temple of Athena, built under his supervision, should be the richest temple in



Panathenaic Frieze of the Parthenon.  
Poseidon, Apollo, and Demeter, in the Eastern Portico.

the world in works of this particular branch of art. There were ordinarily but two portions of the Greek temple where sculpture was used—the pediments at either end and the metopes of the frieze, and very few temples were so rich as to have all of the metopes sculptured. Phidias intended to fill all of these spaces, and then, in place of the triglyphal frieze that was employed around the cella wall of certain archaic temples, he designed a continuous frieze of figures which, though it could not be fully appreciated from below, would be a sumptuous enrichment worthy of so splendid a shrine.

But what should be the subjects of so vast a scheme

of decoration in figure-sculpture? Each design must suggest Athena, and Athena could suggest a variety of themes. The original idea of the Greek sculptures of Pisistratus's temple group—the battle of the gods and giants—did not seem dignified enough; and, after all, Athena had not been the most prominent figure in that conflict. Phidias chose for the eastern gable the scene of the birth of Athena; for the western pediment, the famous contest between Athena and Poseidon for the possession of Attica; these were to be executed in the round. For the metopes was chosen a variety of subjects with which Athena had more or less connection; those at the eastern end represented the battles of the giants; those of the two long sides portrayed the combats between the Lapiths and the Centaurs; while on the western end men contended on the little squares, but whether these be Persians and Greeks or Amazons and Athenians, the badly weathered condition of the reliefs forbids to know. Around the magnificent frieze the sculptor pictured in relief the festal procession of the goddess—the Panathenaea—representing, as an objective point, the opening sacrifice, with the principal gods in passive attendance: above the eastern entrance of the temple and sweeping toward that point along both sides, the festive train of priests and priestesses, matrons and virgins, bearers of utensils, sacrificial animals, musicians, athletic victors, citizens, horses and chariots, with their riders and drivers, the movement of the procession increasing from the meeting-place at the east backward through the majestic cortège on both sides to the western end, where horses are being bridled and youths are preparing themselves to fall into line. The whole design, a majestic theme from beginning to end, full of dignified repose, yet breathing with graceful movement, depended for effect not upon gorgeous accessories nor brilliant accoutre-





Panathenaic Frieze of the Parthenon, a Section in Situ in the Western Portico.

- ments, but upon ease, grace, and simple physical beauty, which was the chief inspiration of the Greek sculptor. The designing of so vast a scheme of sculptured decoration was sufficient to claim the entire attention of one man for a long time, to say nothing of its execution in marble; but Phidias had by this time a great school of workers of greater or less skill, and to them was intrusted the greater part of the manual labor of crystallizing the marvelous conceptions of their master. The work manifested the varying degrees of skill represented in Phidias's great atelier, the strongest contrast appearing in a comparison of the execution of the gable sculptures with that of the metope reliefs, which the hand of the master sculptor could scarcely have touched nor his eye have minutely criticized.

These sculptures, especially those of the gables, were unique in the history of temple decoration, and have remained for all time the most glorious ornaments that man has ever fashioned to grace the temples of his religious faith or the shrines of his patriotic devotion. But the most important work remained still to be done. It seems never to have been the intention of Pericles or Phidias to place the ancient statue of Athena—the heaven-given xoanon—in the new temple. Where it was kept at this time—between the destruction of the archaic shrine and the building of the new Erechtheum, at the end of the century—it is impossible to say; but either



Panathenaic Frieze of the Parthenon, a Section in Situ in the Western Portico.

Pericles or the priests had another plan in mind for the enshrining of that most sacred symbol, which represented the goddess to the Athenians in her character as protectress of the city—the Polias—while the new temple was to be dedicated to the Parthenos—the virgin goddess. Pericles therefore commissioned the great sculptor to make a statue of the goddess which should embody the expression of her highest attributes, adding that no pains and no expense should be spared to make it the largest, the most gorgeous, and the most precious representation of her in the world. Phidias was one of the few really great men in this world who had boundless enthusiasm for his work and unlimited means at his disposal to express his stupendous conceptions. He turned to the crowning work of his glorious labors for his native city, so bright and famous, with admirable love and zeal; he conceived a design of sublime majesty, and executed it with consummate skill in materials the most precious that he knew. The gold-and-ivory Athena! What an image of majestic divinity it represented to the Greek mind; what a symbol it was of the puissance, the worth, the purity of the virgin goddess! It is almost beyond our modern powers of imagination to visualize so vast a display of material wealth without some taint of vulgarity or tawdriness; yet Phidias's Athena Parthenos could have suggested nothing but imposing dignity and loveliness. (See Frontispiece.)

All that we know of this noble statue is derived from a few lines in the ancient texts and from two late miniature copies of the famous work of art, now preserved in the National Museum at Athens—the Varvakion statue, a modest work without great artistic merit, and a miserable statuette, a crude and careless parody. But with these as suggestions, and the actual work of Phīdias still to be seen in the British Museum, one may in some measure restore the form of the most famous statue of antiquity. The colossal figure stood about forty feet high, wearing the accustomed helmet and aegis, bearing in the right hand a winged Victory, and resting the other upon her doughty shield; the famous spear leaned against her left shoulder, while behind the shield coiled the serpent of Erichthonius. The arms and the vesture were of purest gold; the flesh portions were of gleaming ivory, which Phīdias knew how to mold in such a fashion that no joints were visible in its smooth surface.

Athena's head was nobly poised, and the close-fitting casque that she wore bore a sphinx between two winged steeds, the three beasts serving to support the triple crest of her helmet. Her attitude was one of repose, and created a new type of Athena statue, in strong contrast to the old warrior Athena of Pisistratus's gable sculptures to the archaic seated Athena, to the common representations of the goddess leaping at her birth, with a mighty war-shout, from the head of Zeus, and even to Phīdias's earlier conception, set forth in the bronze Promachos, which still hailed the processions as they entered the gates of the Acropolis and signaled sailors far out at sea. The Victory which she held in her extended hand turned toward her with a wreath of golden leaves. The shield and the base of the statue were marvels of sculpture in relief, the former executed in gold, the latter in marble. The sculptures of the shield were famous for

more than one reason, as we shall see later. On the inside Phidias represented a gigantomachia, and on the front, around the Gorgon's head, a battle with Amazons, in which he cleverly introduced his own portrait and perhaps that of Pericles, the one represented as an old man wielding a mighty hammer, the other as a helmeted soldier whose upraised arm concealed the lower part of his face. Our knowledge of the design of the shield we have from a fragment in marble, found in Athens and now in the British Museum, which corresponds to the descriptions of ancient writers.



Phidias's Portrait  
of Himself.

This superb statue was set upon a low pedestal in the rear part of the naos of the new temple, facing the east, in the manner of all Greek cultus statues; and arrangements were pushed rapidly toward the formal dedication to Athena of the great combined works of Pericles, Phidias, and Ictinus, three of the greatest men of the Golden Age of Athens. Meanwhile the temple was in the hands of painters and gilders, who, under the direction of Phidias, were accentuating the grace and beauty of the architect's delicate lines and the sculptor's noble figures with brilliant touches of pigment and gold. It is difficult for us, whose eyes are accustomed to nothing more brilliant in architecture than the somber grays and soft browns of granite, limestone, or sandstone, or at most the dazzling white of marble that is presently toned by the smoke of a thousand chimneys, to regard the polychromy of the Greeks with the admiration which we accord to every other branch of Greek art. To be sure, our northern clime, with its subdued light and, in many places, its wealth of greenery, is not the place for the display of striking color contrasts in architecture; whereas the radiant atmosphere of Greece, glowing with brilliant hues, would neutralize, in a measure, the most

violent contrasts. After all, it was not the whole temple that was treated in strong colors; the columns and wall surfaces even in marble buildings were tinted, it is true, but with a soft, rich ivory which must certainly have relieved the glaring white of the new marble and given an effect not unlike the superb golden hue which time has imparted to the ruins. It was only the minor details and the sculptures that were emphasized with positive tones. The triglyphs, with their *regulas* and *mutules*, were colored blue, and the *trunnels* were gilded. The flat surfaces of the *metopes* and the *pediment*, which formed a background for sculpture, were red. The continuous moldings were decorated with patterns in these same vivid colors, the flat bands usually with the meander in various intricate forms, the curved moldings with leaves so conventionally treated as to resemble the egg and dart of carved decorations; the gutter was adorned with *anthemions*. The *abacus* usually received a meander ornament, like other narrow, flat surfaces; the curved *echinos* bore the egg and dart. Color was usually applied to the figure-sculptures to enhance the beauty of the drapery. The flesh parts of *Phidias's* sculptures, like those of the archaic priestesses of *Antenor's* time, were tinted a soft, golden ivory. The hair of the men and women was generally colored to nature's hues, but that of the gods was gilded. Their garments doubtless shone with rich primary colors. In the flat reliefs draperies were often suggested only by color. All the enrichment was softened by light and shadow, and toned by the full light of the sun into manifold shades and tints. We have but to look at the famous sarcophagus, called that of *Alexander*, in the Imperial Museum of Constantinople, to see the real beauty of Greek polychromy when applied to architecture and sculpture. This wonderful monument was made only a little over a hundred years after the

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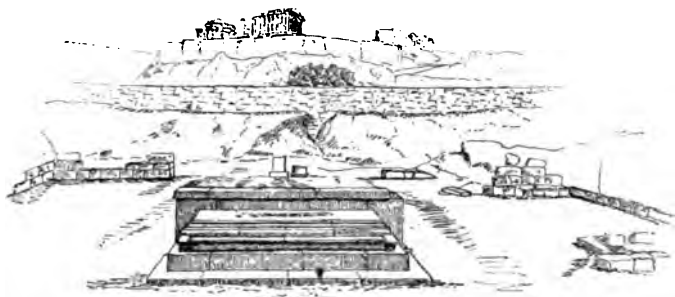
completion of the Parthenon, and it must present almost the same color scheme that was used in the great temples of the country. Time has, of course, lent a certain tenderness to the colors, but the effect would be no less beautiful should we imagine them many times more brilliant; the light and shade wrought by the relief, with the brilliance of the sun, seem to melt them into a diffused, opalescent harmony.

When the Parthenon had been begun, Pericles turned his attention to the embellishment of the lower city. The long walls to Piraeus and Phalerum had been completed by Callicrates, the architect, in pursuance of the old policy of Themistocles, that Athens might be connected with the seaport in such a way that access could never be cut off. Socrates said that he heard Pericles propose the measure in the ecclesia. And now Pericles added a third wall, joining the city with the little harbor of Munychia. The circuit wall of the city was reinforced, as may be seen at the northwest, where, adjoining the south side of the so-called sacred gate, a huge bastion of quadrated limestone still stands. And to the north of it, outside of Themistocles's wall, the foundations of a wall fourteen feet thick, faced with quadrated blocks of conglomerate, may be traced.

The ancient Thriasian gate was remodeled upon a more modern plan of defense. It was now made a double gate, and became the historic Dipylum of Athens, one gate being in the wall, the other one hundred feet or so within, with walls on either side connecting the two and inclosing a small courtyard between them. Both gates consisted of two openings, separated by a pier, and both were flanked by massive towers. Though built of limestone, they seem to have been originally revetted with marble.

Very few remains of the Dipylum were found when the

site was excavated in 1872-74. Only a sufficient portion of the foundations remains to determine its plan, and this seems to belong to the age of Pericles. Standing against the inside face of the pier of the inner gate was found an altar of Zeus, where strangers sacrificed on entering this the most important portal of the city. Opening upon the same gateway was a small building



Ruins of the Dipylum.

inclosing a fountain fed by an aqueduct; this is paved with well-worn blocks of Hymettus marble. Between the Dipylum and the smaller opening to the west stood a large building, called the Pompeium, where preparations for the Panathenaic procession were made, and where the sacred ship of Athena was kept.

Colonnades lined the road that connected the great gate with the agora. Whether these were built by Pericles or were later than his time we do not know; but, in view of the improvements which he carried out in this quarter of the city, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they were a part of his plan.

It would be interesting to know if Herodotus, who is believed to have come to Athens in 446, passed through this gate on his way to the Prytaneum, where so distin-

guished a stranger would be most likely to have been entertained.

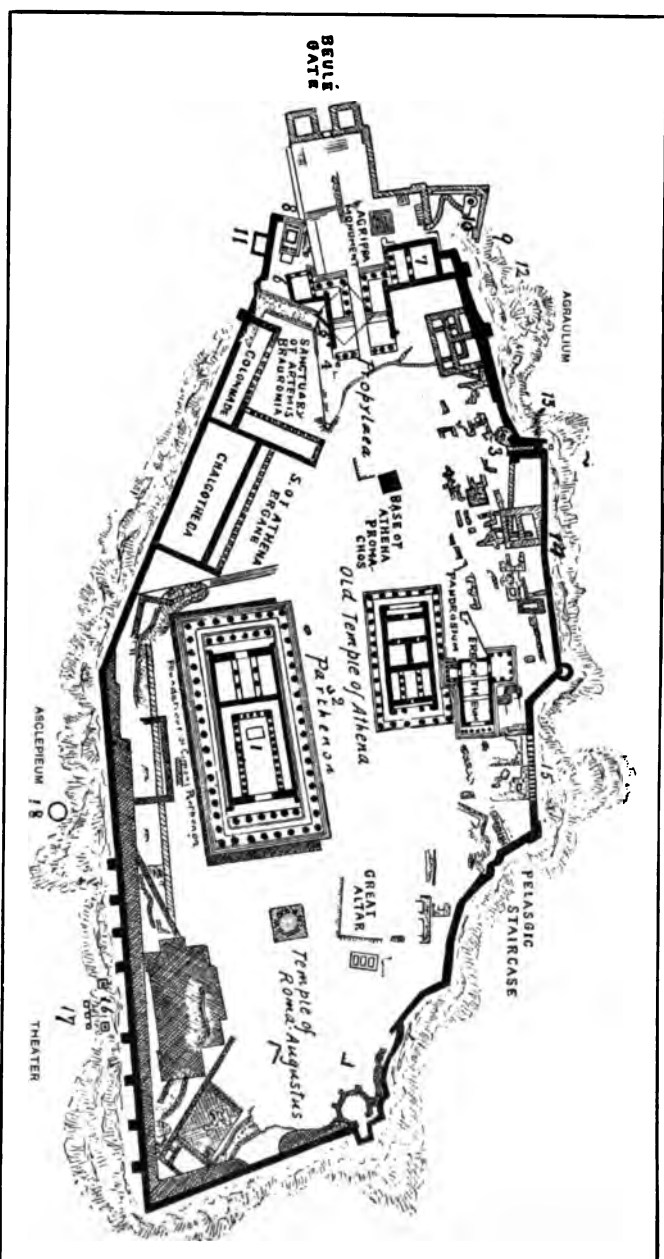
In the midst of these domestic undertakings, Pericles's attention was forcibly withdrawn from the embellishment of the city to the more urgent needs of the empire. The successful revolt of Boeotia had set a bad example to the allies, who were not altogether happy under Athenian supremacy, and other members of the old league were ready to emulate her success. Euboea, one of the original members of the league and a very important ally of Athens, suddenly broke loose and declared herself in revolt. Pericles, unwilling to intrust the interests of the state to another general, as he had in the case of Tolmides, went himself with an army to suppress the defection. But scarcely had he begun the campaign when a more grave danger threatened the empire from the south. The five years' truce with Sparta had elapsed; Megara had made overtures to the arch enemy, had succeeded in securing the aid of the Lacedaemonians and Corinthians, and with their assistance had taken advantage of the absence of Pericles and the army to drive the Athenian garrison out of the city and declare herself on the side of Sparta. But the trouble did not end there: the Spartans, led by their king, Plistoanax, had entered Attica and were marching directly upon Athens. Pericles, upon being informed of all this, began a hasty return march, and in short order arrived for the defense of the city. And now happened a mysterious thing which has never been fully cleared up in history: Plistoanax, with his strong force almost in view of Athens, halted and returned quietly to the Peloponnesus. The universal impression at the time seems to have been that Pericles had thrown a barrier of gold between the king and the object of conquest; in other words, had bribed him to abandon the attack. At all events, Plistoanax was suspected by his



subjects, brought to trial, and sentenced to pay a fine of fifteen talents. Being unwilling to part with his ill-gotten gains, he fled to Arcadia and lived there, an exile, for twenty years. On the other side, Pericles, in accounting for certain expenditures for the state, set down a large sum for "a necessary purpose." The Athenian general now returned to Euboea, and after a brief but vigorous campaign brought the island to complete subjection, and compelled it to accept the same humiliating terms that had been forced upon Thasos and Naxos after their attempts at rebellion. All rights were denied the Euboeans as members of the fast waning league. Democracy was made their form of government, tribute was exacted, and lands were wrested from the inhabitants of the northern part of the island and given over to Athenian citizens. An old inscription is still in existence which gives the terms of an oath which the people of Chalcis were obliged to swear if they would avoid deportation; and more humiliating conditions could hardly be conceived than those which bound these subjects to their mistress.

At the close of these wars both Athens and Sparta seemed willing to cease hostilities for a time: the former reduced in military strength from her recent struggles to retain her continental empire, the latter disturbed by domestic troubles. In 445, much to the surprise of all Greece, a treaty of peace was concluded between the old rivals, by the terms of which Athens relinquished all control of her tributaries on the mainland outside of Attica.

Pericles could now devote his entire time to his cherished scheme for making Athens the artistic center of Greece, and at this time the great activity in art and letters began at Athens which made her the school of the world for art, literature, and philosophy.



### Plan of the Acropolis.

## VIII

### THE GOLDEN AGE (*Continued*)

" Mistress of all, revered city of the Athenians.  
How beautiful are thy docks!  
How fair the Parthenon and the Piræus."  
ANON. FRAG.



Capital of the Parthenon.

ALTHOUGH despoiled of her tributaries on the mainland, Athens was still the richest state in Greece, and, at sea, the strongest power in the world. The subject islands poured in their revenues, and the colonies, which she controlled from the coast of Pontus to the western shore of Italy, increased her resources to an extent that no Greek state had ever known before. Athens was now on the crest of the golden wave and, for a few short years, poised in undiminished splendor "on a sea of glory." Let us pause at this point to review the characters who made up the passengers and crew of the great ship at this supreme moment. Her helmsman we have already briefly discussed; we know something of his appearance, we have had glimpses of his character in public affairs, but nothing has been said of his private life, or of his associations with the men of his day, except in his official relations with Phidias, his helper and friend. Those who stood nearest Pericles at the height of his career were this great artist, the most famous sculptor of his own or any other age, and Aspasia, the

most famous woman of the Greek world: the one, his minister, through whom he was able to carry out his magnificent ideas for the adornment of Athens, the other his counselor and guide, the inspiration of his ambitions, the encouragement of his darker hours. Next to these, in their intimacy with Pericles, had stood his teachers: Anaxagoras, who had trained him in the lofty philosophy of the Ionian school, and Damon, who, in the guise of a music teacher, had instructed Pericles, in his younger days, in forensic and political arts. His chief opponents were Thucydides, a politician, leader of the old conservative and aristocratical party, a man of force and eloquence, and Cleon, a demagogue of the deepest dye. In the world of art and letters of the time there were many of the most brilliant lights of history residing in Athens, with whom the chief figure in the state was doubtless more or less familiar. Besides Phidias and his brother Panaenus, there were Cresilas, Myron, and Lycius among the sculptors, and the renowned painters Polygnotus and Aglaophon, all working for the glory of Athens, and spreading their masterpieces throughout the length and breadth of Greece. Among the poets, old Simonides had still tuned his lyre while Pericles was a youth. His muse was still so fresh and beautiful that in his eightieth year he had won his fifty-sixth prize, carrying off the victory with a dithyrambic chorus, and had only recently died in Sicily. In the semi-annual dramatic contests, Sophocles, now in the glory of his prime, contended with Euripides and the jovial Ion. Among the comic writers were Cratinus and a man named Plato. The writers of prose were Thucydides and, during a few short years, Herodotus, who came to Athens on one of his long journeys. The schools of philosophy were presided over mainly by foreigners—Parmenides and Zeno, who came from Italy, Protagoras of Thrace, and Anaxagoras the

Ionian—until Socrates abandoned his artistic life as a sculptor to become the most renowned exponent of philosophy that Greece had yet seen. In this bright constellation the genius of Pericles shone out in undiminished splendor. Pericles was the marvel of the men of his day, who, for the dignity of his life, the elevation of his sentiments, the gravity of his countenance, called him the "Olympian." In loftiness and purity of style he surpassed all the orators of the bema and was hailed as Zeus by the poets of his day; for although he ordinarily expressed his sublime sentiments, tinged with "the rich colors of philosophy" and brightened by a lofty imagination, in a firm and even tone of voice, yet, when the occasion moved him, "he thundered and lightened, and turned Greece upside down," as Aristophanes afterward put it. His stately calm, his dignified reserve were doubtless the direct result of the philosophical spirit that had been inculcated in him by Anaxagoras. He represented the new and healthy school of thought that had freed itself from religious superstition and materialism before it had been lost in the vague doctrines of the Sophists; for although he was emancipated from the terrors of belief in portents and omens in natural phenomena, and from all fear of cruel or avenging deities, he, nevertheless, used always to pray to the gods before mounting the bema, "that not a word might escape him, unawares, unsuitable to the occasion."

Anaxagoras, in harmony, at one point at least, with the philosophers of his time, attempted to understand the world without reference to supernatural causes, and taught that matter could not be explained in terms of matter, but that the basis of all was intelligence, or "nous" as he called it; and, relieving his followers from the "frightful extravagances of superstition," implanted in them "a sober piety, supplemented by a rational hope"

(to quote from Plutarch again). He led Pericles along the heights of sublime speculation and gave him that broad view of life which raised him above all petty broils and vulgar disputes, and imparted to him that serenity of spirit which brooked all slander and every scurrilous attack.

The influence of Zeno, the Elean, upon Pericles seems to have been less pervasive. From the lectures of that famous natural philosopher he gained a knowledge of the universe which he is known to have used frequently in his oratory. Pericles admired him also for his dialectical skill and may be believed to have learned much from hearing him speak, for, as Timon the Phliasian asks,

Have you not heard of Zeno's mighty powers,  
Who could change sides, yet changing triumphed still?

Zeno, on his part, was charmed with the personality and powers of his pupil, and "desired," as Plutarch says, "those who called the gravity of Pericles pride and arrogance, to be proud in the same way, telling them the very acting of an excellent part might insensibly produce a love and real imitation of it." Damon, although he posed as Pericles's music teacher, was generally believed to have instructed him in political philosophy. Plutarch says that "he trained Pericles for his political contests as a trainer prepares an athlete for the games"; and this suspicion called forth the lines of the poet Plato:

Inform me, Damon, first, does fame say true  
And wast thou really Pericles's Chiron?

The "musician" was not a favorite with the people, who suspected him of urging his pupil to adopt despotic measures, and was eventually ostracized "as a busybody and a friend of despotism."

Pericles mingled little with the citizens, great or small. He lived in comparative seclusion. He appeared seldom in the agora, and only occasionally in the assembly. He was present but once at social festivities, and that at the marriage of his sister's son, when Athenian etiquette demanded his presence. But even then his stay was brief, and he soon left the scene of merriment for the seclusion of his study. For this some people judged him haughty and proud, but, with the populace, his rare appearance in public lent impressiveness to his person and he was always hailed with enthusiasm in the assembly. His chief and constant resort was the house of Aspasia, even during his married life, for in his youth he had married a relation, the divorced wife of Hipponicus, son of Callias, who had fought at Marathon. This marriage had not been a happy one, though his wife had borne him two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus. After a time he "handed her over" to a third husband, and for the rest of his life lived in real conjugal happiness with Aspasia.

As is often the case with men of austere character, Pericles prided himself upon his frugality. He had managed his paternal estate with such economy that it had greatly increased in value. His estates were administered by a steward named Evangelus, whom Pericles had trained with great care, under whose scrupulous exactness the income was applied to expenses in such a way that Pericles's family chafed bitterly at his parsimonious economy. The chief complainer was Xanthippus, his elder son, who was the very opposite of his father, wasteful and prodigal; and then, too, he had married a very extravagant wife. Xanthippus frequently quarreled with his father about the pittance that was regularly doled out to him, but without effect. He gradually became involved in debts, and finally borrowed money in his father's name to discharge them. When his creditor came to Pericles

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for settlement, he was not only refused payment, but was prosecuted for demanding it. This was the final break between father and son. From that time Xanthippus seemed to hate his father, and spread the most disgraceful calumnies about him. We know little about his other son, Paralus, of whom he seems to have been very fond. All his hopes were centered about this younger boy. Another member of the household was a young relative and ward of Pericles, an orphan boy named Alcibiades, a fine, handsome lad of the greatest promise. He had a considerable fortune, which Pericles administered.

The position of Aspasia in the social life of Athens finds no parallel in modern history unless, perhaps, in the story of Agnes Sorel and her relations with Charles VII. She belonged to a class that had assumed large proportions in Greece at the time of Pericles, and that counted in its ranks all sorts of women, of all grades of character, from the highest to the most degraded. This class, which was known as the *hetairai*, was in great measure, the product of the status of gentlewomen in all parts of Greece and especially in Athens, where customs half Oriental, in regard to the position of women, had supplanted the true Greek ideals of a hundred years before. The free-born Athenian woman was now little more than a chattel in the house of her father; she was kept in the closest seclusion, in a separate part of the house, with others of her sex; she was denied education, and seldom could either read or write. She was rarely permitted to appear in public, except on the occasion of a great festival like the Panathenaea, when all the women of rank joined in the procession. When she had arrived at the marriageable age she was practically sold, without being consulted, to a man, usually twice her age, whom she had never seen.

Anything like romance in the life of the Athenian maid was rare indeed; though a story is told as a great excep-



tion. Cydippe was the beautiful daughter of a rich Athenian noble. On the occasion of one of the great festivals at Delos she went with her family to the holy isle to offer sacrifices and vows. It was the festival of Artemis, and Cydippe went with her nurse to sacrifice at the altar of the maiden goddess. On the way to the temple she was seen by Acontius, a handsome youth of Chios, who fell madly in love with her; but the strict etiquette of the time forbade his speaking to her. Fearing that she would soon be taken back to Athens and that he might never see her again, he resolved upon the following trick: He took an apple and cut upon it a solemn vow. Then when he next saw the object of his love, out walking with her nurse, he threw the apple in her path. The nurse picked it up and gave it to her mistress, who read in solemn tones: "I swear by the sanctuary of Artemis to marry Acontius." She did not know who Acontius was; perhaps she had never noticed him; but she had pronounced an oath under the very shadow of Artemis's temple. Cydippe went back to Athens and the love-sick youth returned to his island home in despair. Ere long Cydippe's father arranged a splendid marriage for her; but when the day for the wedding came the bride-to-be was taken suddenly ill. Three times this experience was repeated. The father became alarmed and went to Delphi to consult the oracle. The priestess responded that the divine Artemis was directing her arrows at the maid on account of her perfidy. When he returned, amazed at what he had heard, his daughter told him about the incident at Delos. Acontius had by this time arrived in Athens in pursuit of his unknown lady-love. He soon found out where she was and came to claim the promise. The father was enraged, as we should expect, but, after the inevitable parental storm, there was the usual reconciliation, and Acontius took the fair Cydippe away to Chios.



When a woman had become a wife, her position was little better. Her husband had married her, not because he cared anything for her personally, but rather as a duty to his name and to the state. She was regarded as a useful person to have about, to keep the house and rear the children to an age when they could be taken from her, as one of the poets of Athens frankly admits. The wife, although completely subject to her husband, remained under the guardianship of her father or his representative. Her new lord could put her away at will; yet she was powerless to separate herself from him. In Euripides's play, the wretched Medea exclaims: "For divorce is a shame for a woman, nor may she renounce her husband." The most important provision in Athenian law, in cases of divorcement, seems to have been that the dowry should revert to the father.

This Oriental seclusion, this complete subordination and inferior training, of course rendered the Athenian wife utterly unsuitable to become the intellectual companion of her husband, and a general contempt for the intelligence of women was the natural result. Plato's statement, that the most intelligent of women is the equal of only a second-rate man, was not the expression of the sentiments of a woman-hater, but the honest opinion of a man who, like others of his time in Athens, knew the woman citizen only as a veiled, unlettered, uninteresting being, fitted, by her training, only to keep house and nurse children. It was impossible for an Athenian gentleman, statesman, poet, or artist, to find, in a wife of this type, that sympathy and inspiration which every cultivated man seeks in companionship with the opposite sex. The men deprecated this situation of affairs, as we may know from the writings of the time. Sophocles, Euripides, Plato, all protest against it; and the women, if they thought about it at all, doubtless deprecated it too.

It was in supplying this lack of agreeable female society that the class of hetairai played so important a rôle in the Athenian society of the Periclean age. The same class, known as meretrices in Rome, and as the demi-monde in our day, has existed in every age and society, but nowhere has it assumed so important a part as in Periclean Athens, where its existence was not only condoned but accepted, and, in some cases, all but respected by the convention of the time. The hetairai were usually free-born women of foreign birth, who could not become citizens, and therefore could not be lawfully wedded to Athenians. Their number, of course, embraced then, as now, a large proportion of degraded creatures who traded their honor for a livelihood; but it counted also a group of brilliant, educated, and high-souled women, who were the only cultured ladies of their day, and in whom the great men of Athens found their sole feminine friendships. To this group belonged Aspasia.

She was a Miletian by birth, the daughter of Axiochus. She was of surpassing beauty and unusual mental accomplishments. Coming to Athens in the prime of her life, she at once attracted the attention of Pericles, who, unhappy in his home life and lonely in his natural reserve, found in her both lofty inspiration and sympathetic companionship. There can be no doubt that he soon fell deeply in love with this beautiful woman, who presented to him a new type of intellectuality, a feminine type clothed with a grace and tenderness he had never known before, and she was undoubtedly of the greatest service to him politically, in his oratory. Anaxagoras had trained his philosophical side—his head; Zeno had taught him adroitness of speech: but from Aspasia he learned those sympathetic arts which a man learns only by association with the feminine mind, through which he reached the hearts of his hearers—Aspasia had trained his heart.

It has been hinted above that the status of Aspasia was all but respected. This could, perhaps, not be inferred alone from the encomiums of some of the greatest men of her day; but when we consider that some of these men are known to have taken their citizen wives to her salon, that they might profit by her discourse, the statement seems more plausible. But Aspasia's position was a delicate one, however considered. She could not penetrate beneath the crust of society by any means whatever. Athenian law debarred her from all rights, social or other, and when the enemies of Pericles chose her as a means through which to attack him, she had no opportunity of appeal for the redress of her wrongs. The satirists called her "Omphale," the woman who bewitched Heracles, and the opponents of Pericles often assailed her in a most shameful manner, finding this the surest way to annoy him; but to the great mass of the people she was Hera, the Olympian consort. After Pericles had put away his wife he formed a union with Aspasia which was as near lawful wedlock as was possible under the Athenian law, and which was far nearer the ideal marriage relation than most legal marriages of the time. In her he found that sympathy which most great men crave; and so devoted to her was he, during the long years of their life together, that, as Plutarch relates, he never left his house without kissing her.

Pericles's chief political rival, as we have seen, was Thucydides—not the famous historian of the same name, who was a somewhat younger man, but the conservative successor of Cimon. Thucydides, though bitterly opposed to Pericles's political tenets, was a man of sufficiently generous spirit to appreciate the extraordinary gifts of the democratic leader. On one occasion, when asked by the Spartan king Archidamus, who was the better wrestler, Pericles or he, he replied, "When I

throw him, he insists he was never down, and persuades the very spectators to believe so." The fight between these two leaders was long and bitterly contested. Thucydides's chief criticism of his rival was that he wasted the public funds to bedeck the city. No man ever ventured to say that he had enriched himself by so much as a drachma. In the assembly one day Thucydides had made his usual complaint, and Pericles, turning to the people, asked them if he had spent too much upon the city, and when the Pnyx had rung with "yeas" he replied: "Very well, then, charge it all to my account; but see to it that the buildings are inscribed with the name of Pericles and not that of Athenians." At this the throng, which he ever wielded as the wind bends the rushes, cried out: "Spend as much of the treasure as you will and spare nothing!" This tale is from Plutarch, but doubtless is founded on fact. As time passed and the enmity between the two parties waxed intolerable, it became evident that a crisis was at hand, and that one leader or the other must submit to the ostracism. When the test came Thucydides was the loser and, in 443, he retired from Athens, leaving Pericles master of the situation. From this moment, for fifteen years Athens was governed by one man, who, by sheer force of character and eloquence, ruled as a monarch, and indeed his power exceeded that of many kings and tyrants, as Thucydides, the historian, observes: "The revenue, the army, the navy, the islands, and the sea, a most extensive territory, peopled by barbarians as well as Greeks, fortified with the obedience of subject nations, the friendship of kings and the alliance of princes, were all at his command," and all this was delegated to him by the will of the people, whose confidence he held perhaps not so much by his convincing eloquence as by the conviction of an upright political life. The archonships and various magistracies

were filled each year by lot as usual. There was no attempt on Pericles's part to unite any of these offices in himself, but by singular tact he managed to have supervision of all. He held the high office of general fifteen times, and during these years acquitted himself with distinction in the field. The people of Athens seemed happy and contented under their supreme ruler, with plenty of work provided for them by the generous hand of Pericles. But it was of first importance that they should be kept in good humor. To this end the drama was greatly encouraged and musical productions were raised in importance. At the suggestion of Pericles a decree was passed adding a prize in music to the list of Panathenaic awards, and a musical theater, called the Odeum, was built beneath the southeastern angle of the Acropolis, not far from the old theater, where these contests were held. This building was quite famous in antiquity, but no trace of it has ever been found. It contained many pillars and rows of seats, says an ancient description, but the roof attracted the widest fame. This was of conical shape, as the roof of any building of Greek theater plan would naturally be. The Athenians called it "Xerxes's tent," perhaps because it resembled the "pavilion" of that monarch, or, more likely, because the timbers were supposed to have been originally the masts of the Persian ships captured at Salamis.

The theater, however, remained the chief source of amusement in Athens. The leading exponents of the drama were, of course, Sophocles and Euripides. The former, since the death of Aeschylus (456) had held almost unrivaled preëminence in the art of tragedy. His pure and elevated style had won for him the title of the Attic Homer. Since his first memorable victory over Aeschylus he had continued in the same lofty yet sympathetic style that had given him first place in his early

years. His improvements over the older style, in method of presentation, were limited to the introduction of three and even four actors (Aeschylus had employed three in but one play), and the further suppression of the choral parts. His principal rival in the dramatic field was Euripides, who had made his first appearance in the year after Aeschylus's death, when he had brought out a tragedy called "Peliades." Euripides was a very young man at that time, having been born, as we remember, on the day of the battle of Salamis. He had been very carefully educated by his father, who, while his son was yet a child, dreamed he should see him crowned with myrtle. He had placed him under the instruction of Anaxagoras, the philosopher, and of Protagoras, a teacher so much in demand in his time that, to the disgust of his fellow wise men, he received as much as one hundred minas for his services. The boy had at first shown considerable artistic skill, and his paintings were favorably commented upon; but he soon took up the lyre, and, after a few years, became a tragic writer of merited popularity. His career was somewhat overshadowed by the gigantic form of Sophocles, who encouraged and helped him, we may believe. At last, in 441, after fifteen years of hard work, with repeated failures to win, he received the first prize and took rank with the great poets of the greatest age of the drama, when Aeschylus had just left the world and Aristophanes had just come into it. Stimulated perhaps by the success of his young rival, Sophocles brought out, in the following year, his "Antigone," one of the greatest and most successful of his tragedies, which took Athens by storm and, by its high patriotic sentiments, so roused the enthusiasm of the people that he was elected one of the ten generals for the year.

Euripides's productions differed from those of his great contemporaries in both form and style; he had not the

exalted grandeur of Aeschylus, nor the finished elegance of Sophocles; but in the portrayal of human passions he surpassed them both. Aeschylus's *dramatis personae* had been only gods and heroes of the most sublime type. Sophocles had retained the same lofty plane for characters of this kind, but had introduced men and women who were human. Euripides dared to bring down the gods to a level quite human and introduced men of more than brutal passions. This was, no doubt, the result of the growing spirit of the time to sneer at the gods whom earlier generations had revered. Euripides had been carried much further than Sophocles by the wave of new-born skepticism, and his deeper drafts of philosophy are evident on every page of his works. Sophocles represented a happy combination of piety and enlightenment; while Euripides shocked the more devout people of his time by his contempt of sacred things.

Almost totally eclipsed by these two great luminaries, completely outshone by their effulgence, was Ion, the poet of Chios, who had come to Athens when Cimon was in power and had been a friend of Aeschylus. Ion was one of the bohemians of Athens in his day. He had once taken the dithyrambic and tragic prize, and on that auspicious occasion his jovial soul had prompted him to treat every citizen of Athens to a pitcher of Chian wine, and we may believe a night of good cheer followed in Athens. The poet was sometimes ridiculed by his satirical companions for too deep attachment to the bowl that flows, and indeed did not hesitate to confess, in his own poems, a weakness of that kind.

In the year 440, while Sophocles was one of the Athenian generals, the wealthy and prosperous island of Samos, which was second only to Athens as a naval power, and which had been a tributary of Athens ever since the battle of Mycale, took occasion to strike for in-



dependence. The exact cause of the revolt is not apparent, for the historians of the time do not agree with regard to it, and the friends and the enemies of Pericles gave very different reasons for it. From the comic writers, who were the journalists of the day, we glean the same divergent and unsatisfactory opinions. Some laid it at the door of Aspasia, saying that she had prompted Pericles to such despotic measures with the islanders that rebellion was the natural result. Aristophanes blames Cleon, the demagogue. But it is probably fairer to charge it to the Athenians *en masse* and their drastic treatment of the allies in general. Pericles was, as usual, the chief of the ten generals, and he and Sophocles set out for Samos. It was a costly war, though it took but nine months to reduce the island, and a great number of noble young Athenians left home with high hopes of fame never to return again. The outcome was inevitable, and the Samians were treated with the same sweeping policy that had been administered to Thasos and Naxos, and the victorious army returned to Athens for nine years of undisturbed peace.

On his return to Athens, Pericles prepared to celebrate the funeral games, for those who had fallen in Samos, with more than customary pomp, and delivered a splendid oration in honor of the dead. It was one of Pericles's most brilliant efforts; a good portion of it has come down to us through Thucydides. The speech was a panegyric of Athenian greatness. He extolled the glory of the democracy and the splendor of the empire; and when he descended from the bema the citizens thronged to congratulate him. Women brought garlands and chaplets to crown him "like a champion returning victorious from the lists." But Elpinice, remembering her brother's fate, brought no flowers and, as he passed her, said: "Are these things worthy of crowns and garlands that

have robbed us of so many brave citizens—not in a war against Phenicians or Medes, such as my brother Cimon waged, but against a people of the same blood as ourselves?” Pericles only smiled and passed on with the soft rejoinder, quoted from Archilochus:

“Why lavish ointments on a head that ’s gray?”

The years following the subjugation of Samos were the most prolific in works of art and literature of the Golden Age. In 438 the coronation of imperial Athens—the dedication of the Parthenon—took place. The temple was finished but for some minor details of sculpture and painting; the great statue of Athena in gold and ivory now filled the naos with splendor; the trophies of many battles had been hung upon the walls, within and without, to delight the renowned goddess of war. It remained only for the Athenians formally to consecrate the shrine and the statue—the most magnificent offering ever dedicated to a pagan divinity—to their great protectress.

The solemn ceremony was performed, with sacrifices of bulls, as the crowning feature of the great Panathenaic festival, amid the acclamations of joy and thanksgiving of the people. But even the new temple could not conveniently hold the vast spoils of Athenian prowess in war, so to the west of the temple, on lower ground, a large simple building of limestone was built to hold the trophies of bronze and other base materials. This building, one of the largest (in superficial area) on the Acropolis, was called the *chalkotheka*.

The following year Pericles and Phidias undertook to provide a more fitting entrance to the Acropolis; the old gate of Cimon was cramped and insufficient to the needs of the great festival procession, which was growing year by year in size and magnificence. The dignity of the new temple and the beauty of its surroundings demanded a more impressive entrance, and the problem was

given to the architect Mnesicles to design a portal and vestibule that should be in keeping with the grandeur of the temple to which it was to be an introduction. Mnesicles's plan was for a stupendous structure involving considerable alteration in the old fortification walls which still remained at the west end of the Acropolis. The



The Temple of Athena Nike.

old gate of Cimon's time was quite ignored, and it was proposed to throw the new entrance farther to the north and carry it entirely across this narrower end of the inclosure. The plan left outside the portal, on the southern side above one of Cimon's bastions, the ancient shrine of Athena Nike, with its venerable wooden statue, and the shrine of Hecate. It was now proposed to build a fitting shrine for the old image of Athena in her character of Victory,—a small structure, just large enough to hold the sacred statue,—and to place it directly upon the Cimonian tower, on a level with the new Propylaea. Who the

architect of this building was we do not know, but he designed one of the most charming monuments that the Golden Age produced, a little gem, perfection in itself, and perfectly adjusted to its imposing surroundings. The Ionic style had come rapidly into vogue during the latter half of the century, and the artist chose that soft and graceful order for his delicate task. A miniature temple he made, a tiny cella with four-columned porch at either end and a dainty frieze encircling its entablature. The cella opened, without doors, to the east, and within it was placed the sacred statue of Athena represented with the attributes of Victory, but without wings. The story is told that a stranger once asked why the Athenians represented their victorious goddess as wingless, and received the answer that they wished Victory to abide continually with them, and therefore did not provide her with the means of flight. It was, of course, necessary for the statue to be properly oriented, but it has always seemed to me a pity that an exception could not have been made in this case, and the temple made opening to the west, that the Victory, who could not fly away, might at least feast her eyes upon one of the most glorious views in the world, with the bay of Salamis, the scene of the Persian defeat, and the Corinthian gulf, the theater of equally remarkable victories for Athens, spread out before her. The Ionic style provided for a narrow frieze above the architrave, and this little shrine complied with every detail of the fashion. The frieze is still in position, though four sections of it are plaster casts taken from the originals, which Lord Elgin took to London. The scenes depicted in delicate relief are a council of the gods, which was placed over the eastern porch, and two stirring battle scenes in which Athenians fight Persians on one side and other Greeks on the opposite side. The themes are all highly suitable for the adornment of a temple built



One of the Slabs from the Balustrade of the Temple  
of Athena Nike.

in commemoration of the recent victories of Athens over the Persians and the traitorous Boeotians, as this temple was undoubtedly intended to be. About the edge of the bastion, on which this little jewel stood, was placed a high marble parapet, adorned, on the outside, with relief sculptures representing Victories in various attitudes—erecting trophies, bearing Persian spoils, leading bulls to sacrifice in honor of Athena. The greater portion of this balustrade is lost, but four slabs remain, which are among the chief treasures of the Acropolis Museum. We do not know what the name of the sculptor was, but his art was matchless. These little figures are perhaps the most delicate and lovely examples of golden era sculpture in Greece. Their grace, their sweeping motion, their vigorous poses, are the creation of a Phidias, their soft, sensitive forms are the work of a Praxiteles, while their wavy, diaphanous, wrinkled drapery stands alone for the artist who made it.

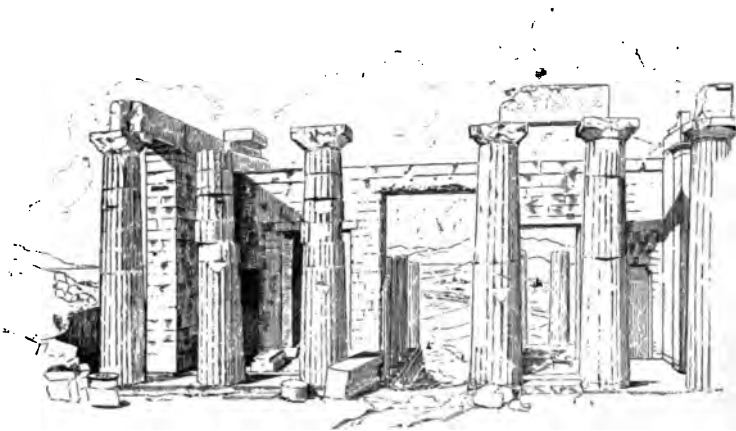
Within five years after the laying of its foundation, Mnesicles had brought the Propylaea to completion. It was indeed a vestibule worthy of Ictinus's masterpiece, and only second to it in grace and beauty. Though not nearly so large as the Parthenon, it was far more intricate in plan and far more complicated in structure; yet it was executed with equal exactness and exquisiteness of detail and combined the Doric and Ionic orders. The main, central division of the building was a temple-like structure, Doric without and Ionic within, with hexastyle Doric porticos at either end, connected by the side walls, and divided by two rows of graceful Ionic columns which flanked the roadway. The columns of the two porches were widely spaced, at the center, for the passage of this road. Just within the eastern portico a wall was thrown across the entire building in which were the five gates of the Acropolis—a broad central

opening with two smaller doorways on either hand, those nearer the central portal being somewhat larger than the side doors, and all four approached by a low flight of steps, for the eastern portico stood on a level several feet higher than that toward the west. The road sloped rapidly down from the inner portal so that the two rows of Ionic columns stood, as they do now, on either side of a deep defile. Over the roadway, from one row of columns to the other, were laid those enormous beams of marble that are one of the wonders of the Acropolis. Adjoining the front porch were two wings projecting toward the west, connected with the porch at either of its ends and consisting of two smaller Doric porches facing each other. Both porches were inclosed at the sides, but here the symmetry ceased; for while the northern wing by itself was like a little temple in antis, with a chamber opening upon a pronaos by means of a door and two windows, the southern wing consisted only of a deep portico. The reasons assigned for this asymmetry are various. This south wing jutted into a fragment of the old Pelasgic wall which formed the western boundary of the sanctuary of Artemis Brauronia. Somewhere below the wall, to the west, in the little angle between it and the Nike temple, was the sanctuary of Hecate. It is not improbable that even after operations had been begun, the priests of the one cult or the other had objected to the encroachments of the new structure, and symmetry had to give way before veneration. For the east side of the northern wing an open colonnade was projected, but this was never carried beyond the foundations. How this stately entrance was approached we cannot tell; the steps, the remains of which we see to-day, are additions of a very much later date. The whole slope of the rock and the line of the old road have been completely altered, but the rough limestone foundations

below the greater and the lesser colonnades were unquestionably concealed either by steps or by filling, and the little temple of Nike was connected with the main approach by a flight of steps of its own, portions of which are still in situ.

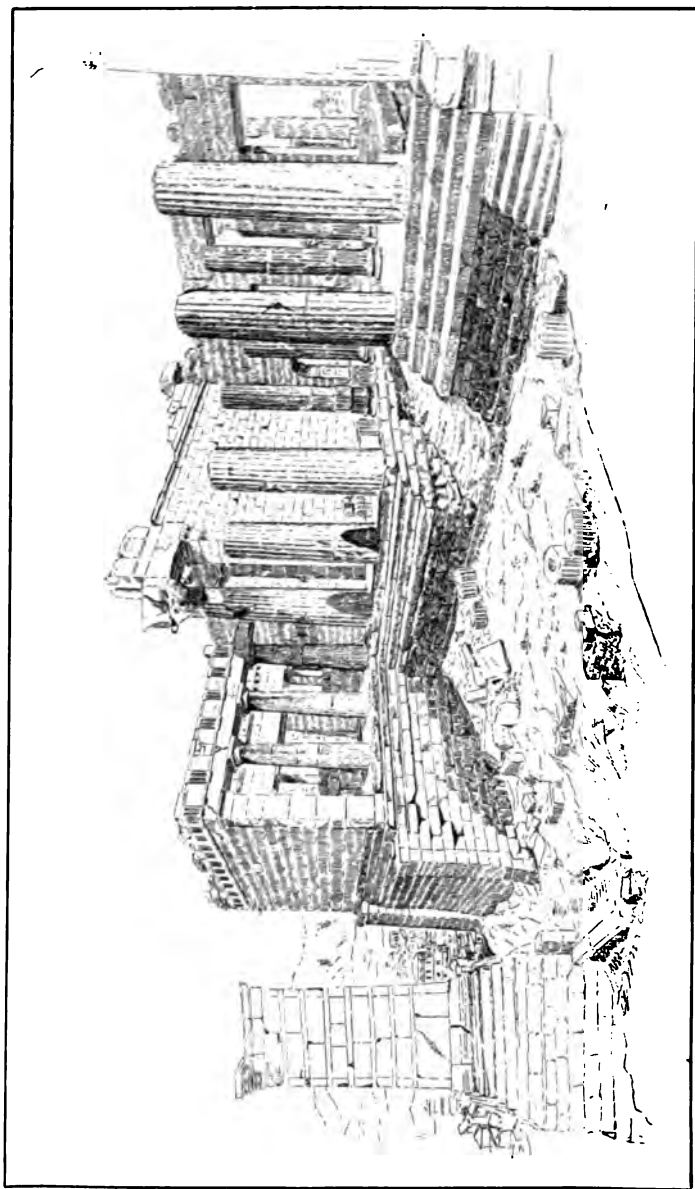
Outside of this glorious display of marble colonnades the ancient and revered Pelargikon, massive, crude, and brown, still connected the Acropolis with the distant past. It could not have been destroyed; for Aristophanes speaks of it in "The Birds" some years after the completion of the Propylaea, and Polemon, a traveler, saw it with its nine gates over two hundred years later. A curse had been pronounced upon any man who should erect a building within its sacred precinct; but it was full of sacred shrines and holy places.

The Propylaea is one of the earliest buildings which show us that the Greek architects were as clever at designing highly articulated structures and adapting their plans to requirements and surroundings, as they were at



The Inner Portico of the Propylaea.





The Propylaea, from the Temple of Athena Nike.

the more conventional type of building which is illustrated in their temples. When completed, the monumental gateway of Mnesicles was the most magnificent building of its kind in the world. It was destitute of figure sculptures and depended for effect solely upon its perfect proportions and simple dignity. The whole was roofed with a marble roof which was the marvel of the ancients; fragments of its coffered ceiling, which are still to be seen within the Acropolis, show faded remains of painted designs—each coffer embracing a star originally of gold. The northern wing of the Propylaea was decorated, a few years after its completion, by some of the most famous artists of the time and received the name of Pinakotheka. Of these paintings we shall speak later.

If there was any question as to whether the divine Athena felt any pangs of jealousy at the erection of a secular building of so great beauty so near her shrine, it was fully answered during the construction of the Propylaea. The story goes that, when the great gateway was nearing completion, one of the chief artisans fell from the roof and lay dying where he fell. Pericles, in great consternation, for fear the mishap would be taken as a sign of Athena's displeasure, besought the aid of the goddess, who appeared to him and showed him a tiny plant which she had caused to spring up on the Acropolis and bade him apply it to the wounds of the dying artificer. This he did without delay and the man was at once restored. The plant—called the parthenia—still grows in abundance on the sacred hill, its delicate white blossoms covering the Acropolis with a galaxy of minute stars when the spring sun warms the rock. In memory of this cure Pericles set up a bronze statue of Athena Hygiea (the Health Athena) beside her ancient altar just within the portals, where many pious offerings were placed, before the eyes of all who entered the sacred precinct.

The mighty genius of Phidias overshadowed, to a certain extent, the talents of other sculptors of his day; and the fact that so many of his productions have been preserved, while all the works of the other sculptors of the Attic school have perished, makes him seem to us the only sculptor of the Periclean age. But there were a host of sculptors plying their art in Athens, whose works were as highly prized as those of Pericles's favorite, some older and some younger than Phidias; but their productions disappeared hundreds of years ago, and we know of them only through the descriptions of ancient classic writers. There was Myron, the Boeotian, who belonged to the old Doric school of sculpture rather than to the new Attic school, a combination of Dorian and Ionian elements, which Phidias represented. Myron devoted himself principally to bronze work and was especially successful with athletic statues and animals. His "Ladas," the expiring runner or "breather," as the ancients called him, was one of the most remarkable pieces of physiological realism that had ever been attempted; while his celebrated bronze cow, so natural that she seemed to breathe, was the famous subject of no less than forty classic epigrams and was long remembered by all who visited Athens during many centuries. Another great sculptor of the time, whom we know only by name, was Calamis, who studied religious themes and made most beautiful statues of the gods. He had been employed by Pindar to make a statue of Zeus Ammon, which the poet dedicated at Olympia, and made an Aphrodite for the Acropolis, which went by the name of "Sosandra" and was the subject of the poet Lucian's most unqualified praise. He also made several Apollos, the most famous of which was the Apollo Alexikakos which he made for Athens. This statue, which represented the god as the averter of evil, is believed to have held a bow in one hand and a branch of

laurel in the other, as we find the treatment of the same subject upon ancient coins; a replica of it has been recognized in the marble statue, now in the National Museum, which was long erroneously called the "Apollo of the Omphalos." The statue is well preserved and is of great beauty; only the arms and feet are missing, and the nose has been badly broken. M. Collignon, the distinguished authority upon Greek sculpture, does not hesitate to call the replica a work of the Attic school, nor to make it contemporaneous with the original master, dating it between 460 and 450 B.C.



Marble Statue in the National Museum. Probably a Replica of the Apollo Alexikakos, by Calamis.

The older school was still represented by Cresilas, who was a portrait sculptor of such merit that his marble

statue of Pericles became one of the most famous portraits of antiquity. He also made votive statues, and was represented on the Acropolis by a statue of Diitrephes, the classic Sebastian, pierced with arrows.

Among these great artists Socrates began his early career. His work was not without merit, for his handicraft found representation on the Acropolis in a group of Hermes and the Graces which stood behind the pedestal of the Athena Promachos. A small relief answering to the above title has been found upon the Acropolis—a sort of stele—and is still to be seen in the museum; but this can hardly be conjectured to have been the work of the embryo philosopher unless we wish to believe that the sage, who rather favored the old school of Athenian politics, was striving to perpetuate the art of Pisistratus's palmy days. Prominent among the younger men was Lycius, the son and pupil of Myron, who made two equestrian statues which were dedicated by the victorious cavalrymen with the spoils taken from the Euboeans in Pericles's late campaign, and set up, one on either side of the west façade of the new Propylaea. The base of one of these statues, with its inscription, is still in situ on the south side, in front of the Nike temple. Among other of his works were two bronze boys that stood at the entrance of the sanctuary of Artemis, to the right after one entered the Propylaea. The boys were connected with the sacred rites; one of them held up a large basin of holy water and seemed to struggle under its weight; the other held a censer in which he strove to blow the dying embers into living fire. The physical action of enforced breath which this figure represented Lycius had learned to depict from his father, who had represented the expiring Ladas in very much the same way. Others of the younger generation of sculptors were Pyrrhus, of whose work we hear later, and Alcamenes, who was considered one of Phidias's most accomplished pupils.

Phīdias himself did not, by any means, confine his work to the sculptures of the Parthenon. Since his earlier works upon the Acropolis—the famous Athena Promachos and the Athena Lemnia, which he made for the Athenian colonists in Lemnos and which was considered by the ancients the most beautiful of all his works—he had made a statue of the mother of the gods for the Metröum. Although Pausanias and Arrian both assign this work to Phīdias, Pliny ascribes it to Agoracritus, a pupil of his; but we know that the great master often allowed his own works to bear his pupils' names. This famous statue, which doubtless followed a canon for figures of this kind, was seated, cymbals in hand, upon a throne resting upon two lions. Phīdias, according to Pausanias, also made a statue of the Heavenly Aphrodite for her sanctuary, and one of Apollo Parnopios, the destroyer of locusts.

The activity of the sculptors in Athens was amazing. The Acropolis and the agora were rapidly becoming crowded with statues, the most beautiful that the world has seen. It is well-nigh impossible for us to picture such a forest of beautiful works of art as the public places of Athens became during the Golden Age, or to reconstruct a society in which there would be a demand for such a display. But this seems to have been the only means the Athenians of the Periclean age had of displaying their piety or advertising their wealth, for it was before the days of hospitals, colleges, and foundling asylums. Modern art owes a great deal to this fad of the Greeks of the fifth century; for this wealth of artistic productions was transmitted to our civilization through the agency of Rome, and upon it was based all the best sculpture of the Renaissance.

The first paintings that were taken to adorn the walls of the north wing of the Propylaea were two of Polygnotus's most famous works. They could not have been executed

upon the wall itself, for the artist died before the building was begun; and in any event the walls were never prepared to receive paintings. They were easel pictures then, or done on boards, for they must have been portable. In one picture Neoptolemus was represented in the act of sacrificing the unfortunate Polyxena to the shade of his father Achilles, who had been her lover; in the other the youthful Achilles was depicted among the maidens at Scyros. Both paintings were greatly admired throughout antiquity.

WHEN the sun has reached his zenith he may not tarry there on high—noontide is passed in blazing splendor, and then the gradual descent must begin, and it is afternoon. It would be difficult to fix the hour, the day, or the year of the high noon of the Golden Age. It fell somewhere between the dedication of the Parthenon and the completion of the Propylaea.

The morning had been bright and clear; but the golden afternoon was not old before clouds appeared upon the calm horizon which told of a brewing storm. These clouds arose from different quarters: one vapory mass from the southwest, where the vapors of Spartan jealousy had been drawn up by Pericles's bright sun, another from Attica itself—from the pools of religious fanaticism and party strife; both were borne along by a power resistless as the wind, and it was evident that they would break over the violet-crowned city. The man at the helm was not surprised at the sudden darkening of the sky. From his high place he had long foreseen signs of a tempest; he had foretold it to the Athenians long before; and had made no more effort to prevent its coming than a good mariner would attempt to hold back a storm, but silently and watchfully made preparations to meet it.

This is not the place to discuss the origins of the Pelo-

ponnesian War or to enter into a discussion of the intricate process by which Athens was drawn, willingly or unwillingly, into that most disastrous struggle. It will suffice to say that the thirty years' peace had proved wearisome to Sparta and her allies, who could not sit calmly by and watch Athens grow richer and more powerful every day without feeling the bitterest jealousy and hatred for her. Sparta and Corinth, who were now bosom friends, were only waiting for an opportunity to break the truce, and when that opportunity came they did all they could to lay the blame for the rupture upon Athens and to pose as the injured parties. I do not say that Athens was or was not to blame, but Pericles's course would seem to have been the only one open to him if he would maintain his own policy and defend the honor of Athens. The fire was kindled by the minor states in two different quarters. The island of Corcyra, which had hitherto remained free from any alliances, had been assaulted by Corinth and had called upon Athens for assistance; this Athens had rendered and had thereby aroused still fiercer animosity in Corinth. In the north the Thebans had laid hold of Plataea, the little town on the Boeotian frontier that had long been a bone of contention between Thebes and Athens; this latter step had cut the bonds of the truce, and the dogs of war were loose. Sparta had then offered terms which she knew Athens would not and could not accept: one of them was that they "drive out the curse of the gods"—a shaft hurled at Pericles, whom the Spartans, for their own reasons, wished to connect with the Alcmaeonids and the traditional curse. Athens had responded with demands equally impossible, and the war was inevitable.

War was not welcome to the Athenians; they had no particular grudge against Sparta and were well contented with things as they were. It took all the eloquence of



Pericles, in a wonderful speech in the ecclesia, to persuade the Athenians that they could not honorably comply with the demands of Sparta; that to yield now would be only to confess weakness, and compliance would be followed by more demands; that Sparta meant to humble Athens or to have war, and the sooner Athens resolved to face the latter alternative the greater would be her chances of success. Thus the "foremost man in the state" seemed to take upon his own shoulders the responsibility for the coming conflict. This he was prepared to do, and he faced the issue, awaiting the result with his usual calm.

Though ready to face the war and abide by its consequences, Pericles was not prepared to meet the storm of opposition that assailed him from his own countrymen. There had always been the old conservative party which, since the banishment of Thucydides, had been without a leader and had raised but little opposition; but there was now defection in his own party, which had been stirred up by Cleon, the demagogue, who would have the democracy more democratic, and a more serious opposition on the part of the priestly class, who felt that their importance in the state was being diminished by Pericles. The religious spirit of the times was waning, it is true, and skepticism was rife. Pericles was always guarded in matters of this kind, and had never expressed a word that could give offense to the most devout supporters of the old religion; but it was enough for the fanatics that he was a friend of Anaxagoras, the speculative thinker, and others of his kind. There was also a considerable number who were jealous of Pericles's friendship for Phidias and of the prominent place he had given the artist in the department of public works. No one dared to attack Pericles openly, for all knew too well that he could acquit himself by a word in the assembly; so the

malcontents joined forces and began to assail those nearest and dearest to the real object of their spleen. Anaxagoras was the first. He was accused of impiety, the impeachment being made by Cleon and a priest named Diopithes, who had prevailed upon the assembly to pass a law making traitors of all who refused to indorse the religion of the state. Anaxagoras, some time before this, had caused a clash between science and religion by giving a scientific explanation of a curious phenomenon which the priests had treated as supernatural. The story is told by Plutarch: There had been brought to Pericles from one of his farms a ram's head, a freak of nature, with a single horn growing out from the middle of its forehead. Lampo, a diviner, had seen it and had interpreted the prodigy as an omen that the two parties in the state, that of Pericles and that of Thucydides, would unite and confer the power upon the man in whose possession the ram had been found; but Anaxagoras had taken the skull and opened it to find that the brain did not fill its cavity, but was over-developed on one side, preventing the growth of one horn and causing the other to become unusually large. The spectators at the time—who were perhaps skeptically inclined—admired the sagacity of the scientist; but afterward, when the prophecy of Lampo had come true, when Thucydides had been banished and Pericles had become supreme, the priests did not fail to use the situation to their own advantage. This is, no doubt, an example of the sort of thing that was going on in Athens every day. We do not doubt that the philosopher came into collision with fanaticism whenever he attempted to show natural causes for the various phenomena which the priests had long employed as means of keeping the ignorant in awe. The priests feared lest they should lose both influence and occupation if men like Anaxagoras were listened to, and at last a

grand effort was made by them to rid Athens of irreligion, and themselves, incidentally, of a dangerous rival. Pericles was greatly surprised when the attack was made upon his teacher. Keeping aloof from the people as he did, he could not realize how great animosity the priests had raised against his friend until the trial came on. Then he found that all his eloquence, all his influence, would hardly suffice to save the philosopher's life. As it turned out, Anaxagoras was forced to quit Athens and to pay a fine of five talents. He retired to Lampsacus, where he died a few years later. Pericles possibly did not appreciate the fact that this first blow had been directed at him; the second struck nearer home. Phidias was singled out as the next object of attack by the disaffected party. A plot was hatched by which the sculptor was brought to trial for embezzlement in the matter of the gold appropriated for the great statue of the Parthenos; but the scheme failed absolutely, for Phidias had constructed the statue in such a manner that the masses of gold could be easily removed in case of danger, and Pericles now ordered the plates to be removed and weighed. The balances proved a most valuable witness for the defense, showing that the amount of gold tallied with the appropriation to an ounce. But trouble did not end there. Within a few months a new accusation was brought against the friend of Pericles—a more dangerous accusation, that of impiety. The sculptor, we remember, had introduced his own portrait and that of Pericles upon Athena's famous shield. An old law had forbidden the setting up of representations of living men in sacred places. The enemies of the two men now revived the ancient statute, and poor Phidias again faced his accusers, this time to his own undoing. The eloquence of Pericles went all for naught; the defendant was condemned to pay a heavy fine and was thrown into prison. His ene-

mies would not banish him to create new glories for some rival state, but confined him within a cell in the city he had crowned with the matchless splendor of his genius. How long he remained in durance vile we do not know; but soon, disgraced and broken-hearted, he sickened and died, another victim of democratic caprice. That the charge was a mere pretext was shown by the fact that the offensive portraits were not effaced from Athena's golden shield, for they were left to be seen by generations of Athenians and described by Roman travelers hundreds of years after the sculptor's tragic end. There is no record that the Athenians ever raised a monument to the first and most perfect flower of Attic genius, but he had made one for himself, the most splendid that any man has ever had, which devoted pilgrims, in countless thousands, have venerated for a score and more of centuries.

Pericles felt keenly this terrible blow to art, to Athens, and to himself; but the bitter thirst of his enemies for vengeance had not yet been quenched. Another thrust was made, and this at the woman he loved. Aspasia was a woman of too great force of character to be popular with the demagogues and fanatics of Athens. She represented a new departure in Greek womanhood, a type which, if emulated by the Athenian women, would carry great weight in the state. She believed in a broader, higher life for her sex, and cultivated the society of philosophers and scientists. She is believed to have had the greatest influence over Pericles, not only politically but in matters of thought. She had long had enemies, or, rather, the enemies of Pericles had often assailed her in various ways. The comic poets of the party opposed to Pericles had often held her up to ridicule and had charged her with responsibility for many of his unpopular acts. The Samian war had been laid at her door, and for this reason she had urged Pericles to make his great funeral speech,

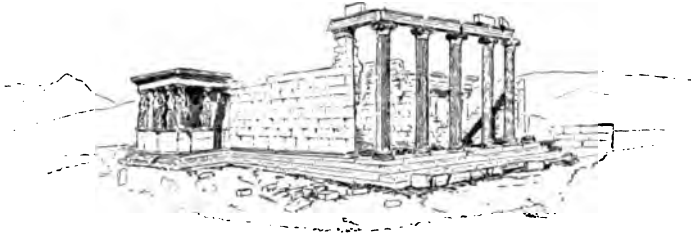
and, it is believed, even helped him to prepare it. Now a more serious and more direct attack was made upon her. Like Phidias, she was brought before the assembly to answer a charge of impiety—contempt of the gods and corruption of the Athenian women being the specific accusation. Demagogues and fanatics again were the accusers. It was a terrible day for Pericles when the central object of his affections was brought into court. A widespread and bitter animosity against Aspasia had been sown among the populace by her accusers, and when the trial opened Pericles was in despair of saving her from the fury of the Athenians. Death was the only sentence likely to be pronounced in case of a verdict of guilty, and everything seemed to point to a fatal verdict. The speeches of the prosecution were full of fierce invective, and wrought the mighty assembly into a frenzy of hatred toward the woman who was represented as a contemner of the most sacred things in their religion, as the inspirer of the war which had deprived them of their sons, as a corrupter of the morals of their wives and daughters. When Pericles arose to speak in her defense, he was powerless to stem the flood of bitterness which the inventions of the opposition had aroused. His denials were met with scoffing; his protests, with scorn. The cause seemed hopeless; for the first time in his life his calm reserve forsook him and he wept. The crowd was struck dumb. The vast assemblage had been inflexible until it beheld the Olympian ice dissolved in hot tears. Had the heavens fallen, the crowd could not have been more astonished. The pitiful spectacle of their "blessed Jove," whose icy calm they had wondered at all these years, bowed down with grief and weeping, touched their hearts, and expressions of compassion could be heard on every side. None of the great orations with which he had swayed the assembly in times gone by had ever touched his hearers

as had these simple tears. Few words were needed now to change the tide, and Aspasia was acquitted. Pericles had triumphed once more, but not by his usual means.

Cleon and his followers were enraged. They resolved to waste no more energy in making indirect attacks, and within a short time after the acquittal of Aspasia they had summoned up courage to bait the lion himself. They charged him before the assembly with embezzlement of the public funds, and compelled him to stand trial; but the attack proved futile. Whatever his opponents thought of Pericles as a political tyrant, they all knew him to be a man of honor, and the charges fell flat. Although Pericles suffered nothing from this attempt upon his supremacy, it being understood that the whole affair was the result of political intrigue, he nevertheless had been made to feel the strength and audacity of his opponents, and it was something of a humiliation to have been impeached.

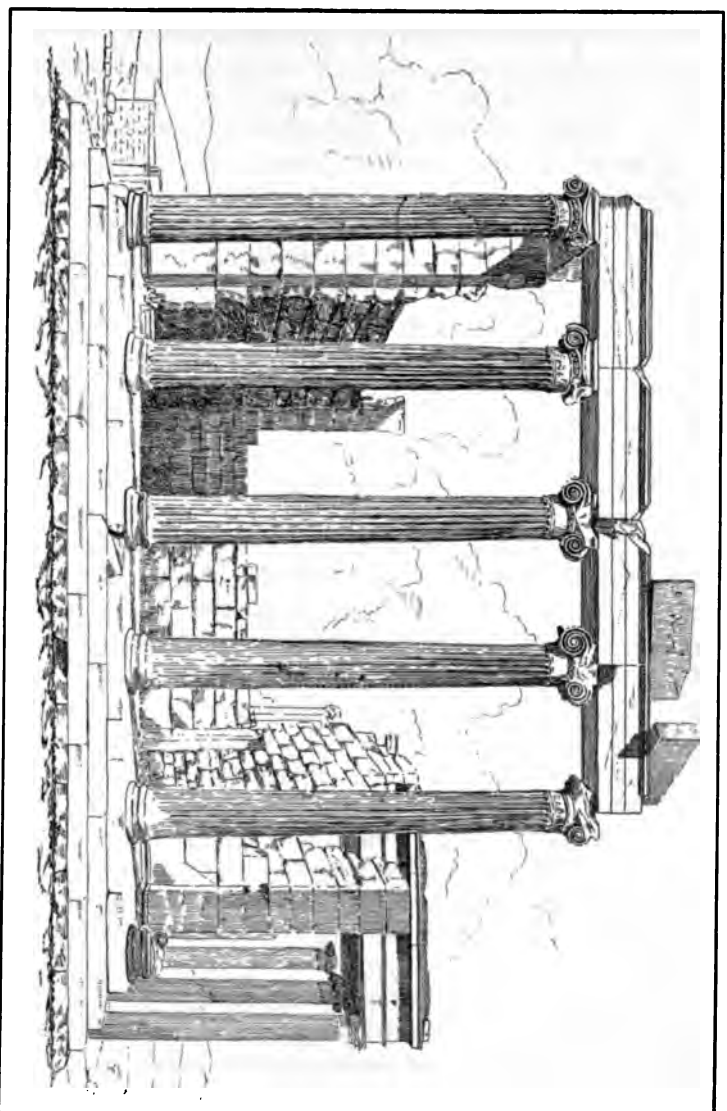
Despite the impending war and the disaffection at home, Pericles continued to execute his plans for the city's improvement and for the erection of rare and costly monuments. The site of the ruined house of Erechtheus, where the shrine of the Polias had stood since the founding of the city, was cleared for the building of a temple of surpassing beauty. Surely, if Pericles wished to make an appeal to the religious side of Athenian life or to ingratiate himself again with those whose faith his companions had shocked, he could not have chosen a more pious task than the rebuilding of this, the most ancient and most revered temple in Athens. The site was a difficult one to build upon, for a number of sacred places that could not be disturbed had to be taken into account. The plan presented a curious problem, since two separate shrines were to be embraced under the same roof. Only a narrow strip between the high foundation walls of the

old temple of Athena and the circuit wall of the Acropolis was available for a site. To the west stood the Pandrosium with the sacred olive tree, the sanctuary of Zeus Herkeios, and the venerated tomb of Cecrops, all crowded together and fixing one boundary of the new temple.



The Erechtheum, from the Southeast.

On the north was the time-honored rock bearing the three marks of Poseidon's trident. This must be included in the new edifice, although it stood in close contact with the Acropolis wall. The southern side was shut in by the ruins of the old temple of Athena, so that only on the eastern side was there space to extend the new temple. Two distinct cults apparently were to be accommodated: a shrine must be made for the ancient xoanon, the focus of Athenian worship, which Themistocles had taken to sea before the fall of Athens; a home must be provided for the sacred serpent of Erichthonius, which the priestesses fed with honey cakes once a year; and at the same time the historical salt-spring and trident marks of Poseidon must be housed. We do not know who the architect was; but the problem he had to face—the designing of a suitable building without trespassing upon the sacred soil of other sanctuaries—was even more complex than that which had confronted Mnesicles when he planned the Propylaea, a problem which would seem to have been



*Pyrethheum, from the East.*



unique in Greek temple architecture. With the limited space at his disposal and the intricate requirements of the case, he evolved a temple of marvelous beauty, the wonder of his age and the delight of succeeding generations. The main body of the building, which was to be devoted in part to the shrine of the Polias, was, of course,



The North Porch of the Erechtheum.

set on an axis running east and west, so that the main portico was placed at the eastern end, and the statue, when put in place, would face the rising sun. This portico stood upon the upper level—the level of the old Hekatompedon. The cella was carried directly back to the limits of the Pandrosium and terminated near the tomb of Cecrops. But not all of it was to be devoted to the worship of the Polias. Less than half of it was partitioned off for the cultus chamber of the Protectress, the remaining portion being divided we know not exactly how, and having its floor on a lower level. Some authorities hold that there were at least two divisions for two separate

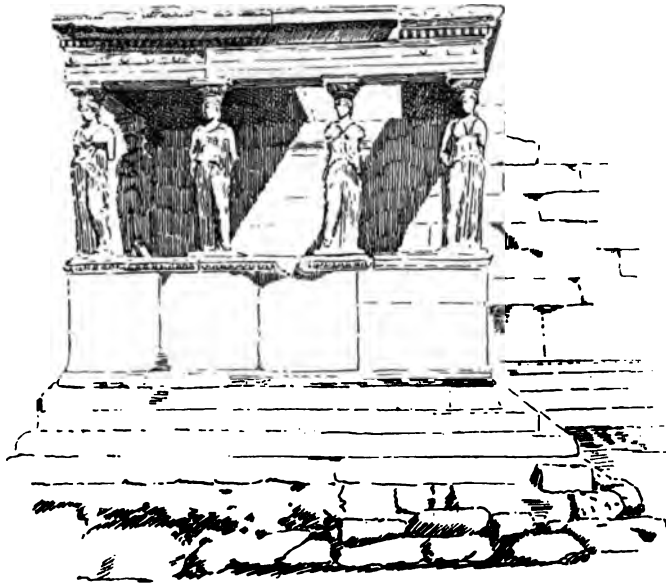
cults; others, that it was portioned off only by piers or columns and used by several different cults in common. In any event, a cavern was provided for the sacred snake and two entrances were introduced well to the west, one on the north and one on the south side, the former on the lower level, the latter on the higher, each having its own porch,—there being thus three porticos and one flat end to the temple. The staid and simple Doric order would not lend itself easily to such a complexity of plan as the double or triple temple presented; so the architect turned to the graceful and more flexible Ionic for the carrying out of his scheme. The eastern portico was given six columns, and a triple portal opened from the pronaos. The northern porch had also six, but only four were placed in front—the porch, being very deep, had room for one on either side. But the doorway was set in the extreme western end of the north wall, and in order to make the porch symmetrical with it, a section of wall was carried toward the west beyond the end wall of the cella. The columns were arranged with reference to this and given an appearance of perfect symmetry. This deep north portico, by the way, was built directly above the rock bearing the trident marks. A hole was left in its marble flooring so that the credulous might be shown the relic without being taken through the subterranean passage which connected it with the serpent's den.

Opposite the northern portico, on the other side of the temple and on the upper level, another porch was designed—a structure unique in classic architecture and one of the most universally admired. This was the so-called Porch of the Maidens. It is almost inclosed by a high parapet upon which stand the lovely figures of six maidens, arranged like the columns of the north portico, four in front and one on either side, carrying the simple architrave on their well-poised heads. The only entrance to

this porch is a very narrow one adjoining the wall of the temple; within it, a narrow stair leads down to the lower level. The roof of this little building was formed of two great slabs of marble carved on the lower surface to represent a coffered ceiling. No one knows for what purpose this lovely structure was designed, whether it had some special significance or was simply the creation of an artist's caprice. It goes without saying that it is one of the most charming monuments in the entire range of Greek architecture. The maids may be taken to represent the basket-bearers of the Panathenaic festival; for each bears a basket on her head—at least, the echinus may be taken as a conventionalized basket. The pose of each is worthy of careful attention, so full of repose and tireless strength; each rests firmly on one leg, the knee of the other projecting in restful grace—the outer leg of both corner figures being perfectly straight to give an appearance of solidity. The arms have been seriously damaged, but it is not difficult to see that they fell in reposeful attitudes. The drapery falls in fine straight lines, like the flutings of the Ionic shaft. Again we see, as in the little *tanteroi* figures of a century earlier, the long chiton and the graceful himation. Again the locks are plaited and brought forward of the shoulder on either side, while a more elaborate coiffure falls at the back of the neck. In fact, they are quite the same little ladies that Pisistratus admired; no longer Dorian or Ionian now, but Attic of the highest type. Such was the temple as designed under the eye of Pericles, but work upon it had hardly begun when the deluge of war descended, and Pericles did not live to see the building completed.

The last envoy of Archidamus, the King of Sparta, had come to Athens only to be denied entrance at the gates; this was the final signal for hostilities to begin. Archidamus, with his army, marched to the isthmus and

a general alarm was sent throughout Attica. The people were not unprepared, and at once made arrangements to abandon their country homes, their farms and little villages, and to move, with their families, their household goods and provisions, to Athens. Along every road, in



The Porch of the Maidens.

every direction from the city, a continuous train of these poor refugees could be seen—heavily laden carts, donkeys with great burdens, men and women carrying packs, little children walking wearily along the dusty highway, or balancing a light burden on one side of a capacious saddle-bag. Here a fine lady was borne on her litter, carrying the jewel-casket on her lap; there a peasant woman mounted on a minute donkey, clasping her baby to her breast. Huge loads of furniture and even of woodwork

from the houses made the road perilous. There was no haste, for to all the danger seemed still a long way off; but for days the unhappy train poured into the city to seek protection behind the walls which their grandsires had built with their own hands, under the direction of the great Themistocles, when a seemingly far greater peril threatened Athens. It was summer, and the sad train of nature-loving farmers looked wistfully at their ripening crops; the fruit trees heavy with unripe figs and pomegranates; the groves hanging with new-formed olive berries, all of which must be abandoned to the enemy if worse came to worst. But they said little, trudging on in silence and the dust, with little sound but the occasional wail of a child. They were stout-hearted, these simple country folk, and took their trials with philosophy; but little they knew the gravity of the hardships and privations they were about to suffer. Many hoped to be able to secure houses for their families, or, at least, to find space where they might erect temporary shelter; but when once inside the gates they began to realize the seriousness of the situation. When all Attica had crowded within the walls of Themistocles there was, as we may imagine, little more than standing room. Every available spot in the city was soon occupied by wretched families sitting among their goods and chattels. They crowded into the angles of the walls, up the slopes of the Acropolis, even within the outworks of the Pelargikon, although an oracle had forbidden men to live there. The narrow space between the long walls to Piræus was soon filled. People were finally huddled together in the sacred inclosures; comfort was soon lost sight of in the struggle for a place in which to exist.

Meanwhile, Archidamus and his army entered the plain of Eleusis, marched along the shores of the bay, and presently appeared upon the ridge below Mount Daphni.

For a time the Spartan delayed his descent upon the Attic plain, hoping to draw the Athenians out to battle for the defense of their crops, but in this he was disappointed. Pericles well knew the strength of the Peloponnesian forces on land; the flower of the Athenian army had been sent to sea; he also knew that Archidamus could do no more than devastate the plain, and that the fleet would keep the granaries at Piræus full of supplies, plundered from the coast towns of the Peloponnesus. With no fear of famine, the Athenians had comparatively little to lose and much blood to save by remaining within the walls. But the country folk did not feel that way: it would be the greatest humiliation to them to see their fields, orchards, and vineyards despoiled before their very eyes and not lift a hand to protect them; so it was with the utmost difficulty that Pericles kept down their smoldering rage and restrained them from rushing out of the city. At last Archidamus and his followers grew weary of waiting, the host marched down and, like an army of locusts, swept the fair plain, up to the very walls of the city, clean of everything that could be destroyed or carried away. Then, finding that nothing was to be gained by keeping his army in Attica, he withdrew to the Peloponnesus and active hostilities ceased for the remainder of the year.

In the city itself the condition of affairs was growing daily more intolerable. The regular population was not accustomed to idleness, and the farming class, which now found itself shut up behind walls of stone, chafed under the confinement and privation. Trade and business of all kinds were at a standstill in the general confusion and anxiety, and Pericles was at his wits' end to keep the minds and hands of the populace employed. As soon as it was safe to venture across the plain again and the quarries could be worked he urged the resumption of work

upon the public buildings. The war had cost but little as yet, and the treasury was full. It may be that at this time the temple of Hephaestus, long known as the Theseum, was begun. The sanctuary of the god of fire was situated on a little hill rising east of the agora, in the direction of the Dipylum gate. The new temple was designed on a scale much smaller than the Parthenon, but on the same beautiful and dignified lines, and remains to us the best preserved and one of the most beautiful of all Greek temples. The revival of work had a salutary effect upon the people and restored their confidence in Pericles, who already had begun to show the effects of the terrible strain put upon him. He was no longer young, having reached his sixty-fourth year; he was not well, and the dreary outlook offered little to rouse his drooping spirits. In the second year of the war the Spartans again entered Attica, and again the people took refuge behind the walls.

But an unforeseen foe far more deadly than the allied forces of revengeful Sparta and spiteful Corinth, a foe which neither armies nor fleets could combat, had crept stealthily within the walls of Athens, and, all at once, stood terrible and unseen in the market-place, in the streets, and in the very houses. The plague had found its way from the East and sprung up in a hundred places in the beleaguered city, a frightful form of that dread malady, which smote young and old, rich and poor alike, filling the city with frightful panic, then crushing it with gloomy despondency. Whatever may have been the sanitary conditions of Athens before the war, when it seems to have been a healthy city, they were not suited to the sudden increase of population and were doubtless in an appalling state after a year of the city's plethora, and it is not surprising that some horrible form of disease should have been the result. So rapid was the spread of the malady after its appearance, that it was soon beyond

the control of the physicians, many of whom were the first to fall. Athens was frantic. She prayed to the gods, but they would not hear; she besought advice of the oracle, but found no comfort there; then she fell into a stupor of despondency, all hope abandoned. Thucydides, the historian of the war, who was himself stricken with the disease, gives a marvelous picture of the city suffering from this awful curse, describing the horrors of the disease, the difficulty of disposing of the dead, the frightful anarchy among the living, and the blackness of the gloom which settled over all. The disease was sudden and rapid; a parching fever brought with it an unquenchable thirst which drove men to crawl about to die at the fountains or to plunge bodily into the cisterns. If one survived the fever, his strength was so completely exhausted that he was helpless for many weeks. The streets, and even the temples, were full of dead, among whom the dying lay. People fought at the funeral pyre, throwing off one body to cast another upon the pile. Moral anarchy was complete. The horrors of lawlessness and crime are too terrible to describe. The city was stunned, wondering what they had done to deserve such a visitation. Finally the cry went up, "The Lacedaemonians have poisoned the wells!" There was no opportunity now for revenge; for the Spartans, having heard that the plague was in Athens, kept on the farthest confines of the plain. The whole stream of Athenian hate and vengeance was turned upon Pericles. Ill, weak, broken in health, he called for an assembly and once more addressed the people. It was the last and, perhaps, the greatest effort of his life. In his usual calm manner, he reasoned with the people, drawing a wonderful picture of the sufferings and the undaunted spirit of their ancestors. He held up to them their own greatness and dignity, and besought them to have courage and steadfastness. The crowd



listened and was moved. The citizens went back to their plague-stricken homes with determination to continue in their policy to the bitter end. That was Pericles's last stroke for the dignity of Athens and the policy which he believed to be for her glory—it was the beginning of the end.

His sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, soon after fell a victim to the plague, and then his two legitimate sons were taken, one after the other. Xanthippus, the elder, had always been a discredit to him, but he loved Paralus as his own soul. When it fell to the stout-hearted old general to lay the wreath upon the bier of his last fond hope, he broke down completely and was the Olympian Pericles no more. In the elections which followed presently he was not elected general; but Athens soon found herself lost without her "blessed Jove" at the helm, and promptly elected him to the office he had held so long, placing him again in full control of affairs. He used his remaining weeks of power to propose a bill to legitimize his son Pericles, whom Aspasia had borne him, and this was passed without a dissenting voice. It is doubtful if Pericles was himself a sufferer from the plague. His illness seems to have been some lingering malady. Plutarch tells us that one day, when a friend called upon him, he showed him an amulet which he had about his neck, as if to say, See what I have come to!

After this a ray of hope broke through the clouds that lowered about Athens: a victory was gained away up on the Macedonian coast, where the city of Potidaea had at last capitulated to the Athenian army after a long and weary siege. But the good news had little effect upon Pericles, who lay dying, watched over by his devoted Aspasia. We have one glimpse into his sick-chamber during the last days of his life. A few friends, prominent citizens, had gathered in the house and

sat not far from his bed, discussing his extraordinary gifts, his brilliant achievements in peace and war, thinking him too far gone to hear what they were saying. Pericles, however, was listening, and when there was a pause in the conversation his feeble voice was heard. All listened intently, and what he said was this: "You have not mentioned the one thing in my career of which I am most proud: that no citizen, on my account, has ever put on mourning." He referred, of course, not to his wars, but rather to his career in politics, in which he had never shown resentment toward any one, and no blood could be found on his hands.

A few days after this Pericles breathed his last, and with its maker died the Athenian empire. Soon after the death of Pericles, news came from Lampsacus that old Anaxagoras, his teacher and friend, had died. When this wonderful old man was at the point of death, they asked him what he would like to have done at his funeral. "Let the school-boys have a holiday," he replied; and from the day of his death, every year, a festival for the school-boys was held on that day, which they called the *Anaxagoreia*.

And now came the news of another victory for the Athenians, that had been gained at the far end of the Corinthian Gulf, where Phormio, the Athenian admiral, won one of the most memorable victories in the history of Hellas. Phormio was stationed, with a small fleet of twenty vessels, near the entrance to the Gulf of Corinth, when a squadron of forty-seven Corinthian ships appeared, heading for the coast of Acarnania. It seemed a perilous situation; but Phormio, disregarding the inequality of numbers, sailed out to meet the Corinthian fleet. The superior training of the Athenians more than made up for the small number of their ships, for they won a victory, driving the enemy into the port of Patrae

and capturing or destroying twelve of their vessels. But this was only half of the glory, for presently reinforcements of Spartan ships arrived to join the Corinthians. One of these ships was commanded by a young Spartan named Brasidas, who was to become the most famous of Spartan admirals. No succor came to Phormio, but he never considered flight for a moment. The Peloponnesians, with seventy-seven ships, succeeded in forcing the twenty Athenian galleys into shallow water, where nine of them were driven aground. The remaining eleven escaped into the harbor of Naupactus, followed by the whole Peloponnesian fleet, strung out in a long line, with crews already raising the victorious paean. At a signal from Phormio, the Athenian vessels returned to the open and, heading for the enemy, dashed their prows into the foremost of their ships, causing a panic. Then came the extraordinary sight of a slender fleet of Athenians spreading terror in a mighty squadron seven times its size, and presently driving it before in wild confusion. Phormio recaptured all his own vessels and took six of the enemy's. Could Sparta have wished for a clearer demonstration of the superiority of Athens as a sea power?

## IX

### AFTERGLOW

"Thou that art called the city of great Pallas—  
Athens, of all cities the most honored."

SOPHOCLES, *Oedipus at Colonus*, 107.



Bust of Euripides.

THE political history of Athens during the remaining quarter of the fifth century is a chapter of unbridled recklessness and violence. The Athenian democracy, unrestrained by the firm rein and resolute hand of its governor, rushed madly into the war like a wild and riderless horse toward a precipice, to leap at last from the brink into the prison-quarries of Syracuse, where ten thousand of the flower of her manhood languished in misery and died. During this mad career, the allies were driven to revolt, the best advisers of the state were banished, victorious generals were executed, trusted officers dared treason. The war was fought with varying fortunes until the Athenians, delirious with exultation over a momentary success, launched out upon the wild enterprise that was to be their final undoing. Demagogues were the masters of the situation, and for a time fortune played into their hands. The period was not barren of success for the Athenian arms on land, and Nicias, the best of the generals, spread terror along the coast of Peloponnesus with the fleet. But the democracy was too severe with the vanquished and ordered the prompt exe-

cution of its prisoners. It oppressed the tributaries, and Lesbos was the first to revolt. Had Sparta been quick-witted enough to have sent aid to Lesbos at once, she might have given a death-blow, then and there, to Athens; but her assistance arrived too late—the Athenians had taken Mitylene and subjugated the whole island.

Since the death of Pericles, the democratic party in Athens had found its leader in the person of Cleon the demagogue. He was in no sense a statesman, but gained great influence among the people by impassioned oratory and the basest forms of flattery. He was the son of a tanner of the lowest origin, and wholly without the culture that had characterized the former leaders of the state. Coarse and brutal in his nature, he appealed to the basest element among the people, which at this time, alas, seemed to be gaining preponderance. His fawning flattery of the lowest characters was disgusting to the better class, even among the friends of democracy, and his cruelty shocked even his immediate followers. When, after the revolt of Lesbos, a thousand prisoners, with their Spartan leader, were brought to Athens, this brute influenced the assembly to decree execution not only for the prisoners of war, but for all the adult male population of the island, amounting to several thousand souls. He despatched a ship the following day to Mitylene with this bloody order for massacre; but his own adherents, when they had talked the matter over among themselves, revolted at such a crime, and called a meeting of the ecclesia, next day, at which the decree was rescinded, and a swift trireme was sent off with all haste to overtake Cleon's messengers and save the Lesbians. It can easily be seen that Cleon's popularity was confined to the ignorant and the base, for even dispassionate Thucydides, the historian of the war, who almost never shows the slightest personal animosity in his writings, takes occasion, in speaking of

him, to indulge his righteous indignation. The theater was thronged with men who went to see him held up to scorn and ridicule upon the stage. Aristophanes, who had already gained repute as a writer of comedy, brought out his famous play, "The Knights," apparently for the sole purpose of scoring Cleon. So revolting did he make the character of the demagogue, and yet so true to life, that his mask-maker, for fear, refused to design the mask; Aristophanes himself, therefore, besmeared his face with wine lees and essayed the rôle, by which he hoped to disgust the people with their leader. Cleon, in retaliation, trumped up several accusations against the dramatist to deprive him of his civic rights, but without success.

Two years had passed since the suppression of the revolt of Lesbos, without any particular advantage being gained by either Athens or Sparta. The former, still treasuring the chimerical scheme of gaining a foothold in Sicily and thereby depriving Corinth of her most important corn-market, had sent out an expedition by sea, under command of a general named Eurymedon. Demosthenes—not the great orator of the same name, but one of the most distinguished of the Athenian generals—was also a member of the expedition. Driven by a storm to seek protection upon the western coast of the Peloponnesus, the Athenians had seized and fortified the inaccessible promontory of Pylos, and, a little later, had blockaded the neighboring island of Sphacteria. Sparta had sent an army to the spot, but was unable to dislodge the Athenians or to raise the blockade, which, in spite of every effort on the part of the Spartan army, was protracted for weeks. At length the Spartans sued for peace, sending an embassy to Athens. Cleon and the ultra-democratic party would not listen to the terms offered by the Lacedaemonians, and the demagogue himself, in a wild harangue before the ecclesia, declared that

the generals were to blame for the delay at Pylos, adding that, if he were in command, Sphacteria would have been captured long ago. At this the Pnyx resounded with laughter and shouts of derision from the opposition; but Nicias, the conservative general, arose and formally, but with infinite sarcasm, offered his command to Cleon. More laughter followed, and Cleon attempted to take back what he had said and to force Nicias to retain his command, but the assembly insisted upon Cleon's standing by his own words. "Sensible men at Athens," says Thucydides, "thought they would now gain one of two good things: either that Cleon would fail and be forever politically extinguished; or else, if he succeeded, a heavy blow would be inflicted upon Sparta." Cleon, forthwith, set out for Pylos, and within a short time, contrary to all expectations, captured Sphacteria and routed the Spartans. Demosthenes had planned the battle and had done the fighting, but Cleon took to himself all the credit of having inflicted upon Sparta the most serious blow that she had sustained since the war began. Before Cleon's victory, Athens could easily have made honorable peace with Sparta, but the demagogue had readily induced the large ultra-democratic party in the assembly to continue the war; for he had a glib tongue, and, although he had been Pericles's most bitter enemy, he now made it appear to many that he was carrying out the policy of the great statesman. There can be no doubt that this man impelled Athens upon the downward road that led eventually to her political ruin.

Elated by Cleon's success, the Athenians now undertook a campaign of invasion in Boeotia. Socrates and Xenophon were members of this expedition, of which Demosthenes and Hippocrates were the commanders; but the undertaking proved disastrous, and at Delium the Athenians met with a severe defeat. This was

the first check Athens had received since the death of Pericles.

As recognized leader of the war party, Cleon, in the tenth year of the war, succeeded in securing command of an army and proceeded to Macedonia, where the Spartans were attacking the cities of the allies of Athens. Brasidas, the one great Spartan general of the whole war, had taken possession of Amphipolis, and Cleon now attempted to win back that important stronghold.

Not far from the coast, just off the island of Thasos, lay a small fleet of Athenian ships under command of Thucydides, the great historian, now serving his country under arms. When Amphipolis was first besieged, the Athenians in the city sent for Thucydides to come to their assistance, but he was delayed in reaching the coast, arrived too late to be of service, and was afterward sentenced by the assembly of the people to twenty years of exile in punishment for inattention to duty. It is due to this decree of banishment, perhaps, that we owe the renowned history of the war. Soon after the arrival of Cleon at Amphipolis, a terrible battle was fought under the walls of the city, and the Athenians were worsted, losing several thousand men. But the two leaders, Cleon and Brasidas, were among the slain; and the two foremost promoters of the war were thus removed at one stroke.

It was now time for Nicias, the oldest of the Athenian generals and leader of the conservative party in the state, to exert his influence for peace. He fought hard with the opposing factions in the assembly for discontinuance of the war, but was unable to persuade the people to offer unconditioned terms of peace. After many prolonged debates he was able to make a treaty with Sparta, limited to fifty years, a condition which showed that the old policy of Pericles, that war and not peace was the normal condition between Athens and Sparta,



was still alive in the minds of the people. It was a truce, then, rather than a treaty of peace, that Nicias carried through the ecclesia, and the warlike triremes rested on their oars.

During the first ten years of war, a young soldier had been conspicuous for bravery and daring. He could be easily distinguished amid the ranks of war by the shield which he carried. It was inlaid with gold and ivory and bore as a device the figure of Zeus hurling a thunderbolt. Alcibiades was his name—the youth who, upon the death of his parents, had been reared in the home of his uncle Pericles. A large fortune was his by inheritance; and he had married Hipparete, a daughter of a member of the wealthy family of Callias. He was gifted as he was brilliant, handsome as he was profligate, and extravagant as he was rich. Not content with entering a single chariot in the lists at Olympia, as other rich young men did, he sent seven and won three prizes. His youth, indeed, had been spent in most riotous living; but his extraordinary genius had come under the eye of Socrates, who believed he had in him the makings of a great man. The youth admired the stanch and hardy sage, nearly twenty years his senior, who could endure the frosts of a winter campaign in the mountains of Thrace, barefoot and without extra clothing; and when, in the battle of Potidaea, he had fallen wounded and the brave philosopher had saved his life, he felt that he could never repay the devotion of Socrates—until, on the fateful field of Delium, he had an opportunity to do the same service for his old companion. After this, they were great friends. The wild youth listened eagerly to the wise sayings of his comrade, and came under his powerful influence. But Socrates, with all his logic and reasoning, was able to get possession of but one of Alcibiades's selves; a constant struggle would seem to have been

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Athena's procession was as imposing as ever, her festival games were as well contested. Each year the feast of Dionysus saw the theater thronged, and new plays, more brilliant, if possible, than ever, were brought out by those mighty masters of the drama who were now in the prime of their years.

In the first year of the war, immediately before the outbreak of the plague, the last great play of Aeschylus was reproduced under the direction of his son Euphorion. The "Eumenides," which had failed to please a more religious audience over thirty years before,—though it had taken a prize ten years afterward,—now took a more skeptical audience by storm, and the masterpiece of the old master won another prize, and that over the two greatest living exponents of the drama—Sophocles and Euripides. After this, these two giants contended at every festival, producing some of their most famous works. Sophocles, "even tempered in the world above and in the world below," as Aristophanes said of him, brought out his marvelous "Oedipus Tyrannus"; while Euripides introduced to the world the tragic and pathetic figure of "Medea." Aristophanes, in lighter vein, amused the people with grotesque impersonations of politicians and philosophers, teaching them, meanwhile, a useful moral lesson. In his "Knights" he scored Cleon, as we have seen. In the "Clouds" he ridiculed Socrates and the sophists of the day. In the "Wasps" he made sport of the prevalent craze for litigation and for flying to the courts with the most trivial matters. The highest pitch of Greek drama was reached at this time in Athens, while she was plunged in her death struggle as a world power. A lesser light in the constellation of Dionysus was Agathon, who, in a way, had taken the place which Ion had filled in the earlier part of the century. He must, however, have been a more respectable person than that

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jovial poet, for Plato speaks highly of him and his works as well as of his personal good looks. His first triumph was won, Plato says, in 416, before an audience of thirty thousand spectators; and to celebrate the day of his crowning he gave a great dinner party which the philosopher immortalized in his "Symposium."

This also was the time

When music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung.

Timotheus was the leading musician of the day. He had come from Miletus, bringing an instrument of his own invention, a cithera with eleven strings, and gave instrumental performances without the aid of the voice. When the Athenians gathered in Pericles's Odeum to hear the new artist, fond as they were of novelty, they failed to appreciate his first effort and hissed him off the stage. And here we have one of the most delightful pictures of the artistic life of Athens. Euripides, already crowned with honors, was in the audience. He saw the young musician, covered with confusion, leave the stage, and hastened to find him. Placing his arm reassuringly around the young man's neck, he encouraged him in every way he could, predicting that ere long he would have the public at his feet. Timotheus persevered, and in time the prophecy came true: the Miletian player soon became the most popular musician in Athens. How often history has repeated itself since that day!

The sculptors and painters continued at work within the city quite as if no enemy had ever threatened to assail the walls. Pyrrhus, the most important of the younger sculptors of the time, made a beautiful bronze statue of Athena Hygeia—the health-giving Athena—which the citizens dedicated and set up just within the

inner porch of the Propylaea, near the old altar of Health Athena, where offerings were made by the priests in the great festival procession. The base of the statue, with its inscription and holes for the insertion of the bronze feet of the statue, may still be seen, in its original place, just to the left as one enters the inclosure. By the inscription we learn that the Athenians dedicated the statue and that Pyrrhus made it.

Aglaophon the painter was also busy in Athens. He was a grandson of an old Thasian painter of the same name, who was the father of Polygnotus; so the younger artist, now working in Athens, was a nephew of the first great painter that Athens had known. His most important pictures were two which he had painted, under the direction of Alcibiades, for the Pinakotheka of the Propylaea, where they were to be placed near the works of his famous uncle. The subjects of these paintings were something of a novelty, especially for such a position. Both represented Alcibiades in the rôle of an athletic victor. In one of them, two figures representing Olympia and Pythia—the genii of the Olympian and Pythian games—were pictured in the act of crowning Alcibiades. In the other, Nemea—the genius of the Nemean games—was represented holding the victor in her lap. The pictures called forth a storm of criticism. The Athenians said that the face of Alcibiades was fairer than any of the others. A question also was raised as to where the models had been found; for there was a law prohibiting the setting up in a sacred place of any statue or picture of a hetaira or a female slave, and no women outside of these classes would have been likely to act as models. But Aglaophon's pictures remained in the Propylaea to be admired for many centuries.

Athens, however, was no longer the seat of the leading schools of painting, as she had been in the days of Polyg-

notus. The war, we may believe, had led the great painters of the day to settle in other cities; and Ephesus and Sicyon were now the homes of such great masters as Zeuxis and Timanthes. Besides Aglaophon, there was at work in Athens a Samian artist named Agatharchus. He was primarily a scene-painter in the theater; but he had introduced principles of perspective and certain illusory effects that could not but influence the higher art of painting. Ere the century had closed, however, Athens produced her first great native painter, in the person of Apollodorus, who made a new epoch in the art of the brush. Apollodorus was universally acknowledged to be the inventor of chiaroscuro, and of what the Greeks called *τόνος*, or tone—the heightening of effect by the gradation of tints. This he effected by the use of the pencil instead of the cestrum which his predecessors had employed. Pliny calls him the first master of illusion, an effect which he had doubtless derived from the scenic work of Agatharchus, applying to the painting of figures the principles invented by the scene-painter in his effective architectural pieces. Unfortunately, we have only the briefest accounts of his works. Two companion pictures of his are mentioned—a worshipping priest, and Ajax stricken by the thunderbolt, the former portraying piety; the latter, blasphemy.

But philosophy would seem to have been the greatest solace for thoughtful minds during these long years of strife and commotion. Socrates was the central figure of Athens at this time. He was no politician, his high sense of right and wrong recoiling from the demagoguery of the day. He was not a great soldier, though he had acquitted himself with distinction as a hoplite in the Thracian campaign. But as soon as his military duties were over he was to be seen again in the streets of Athens, in the agora, in the gymnasiums, or in the shops,

always surrounded by a little cluster of men and youths who were eager to hear his words of unpretending wisdom. His ugly face, with its flat nose, thick lips, and protruding eyes, which gave him the looks of the traditional Silenus or satyr, was anything but attractive to the beauty-loving Athenians; but his quiet conversation, so full of wit and wisdom, drew to his side a large band of disciples, which embraced some of the greatest spirits of the age. Besides the gifted Alcibiades, who was always willing to listen but not to learn, there were Xenophon, the young soldier; Criton, a rich Athenian; Critias, who was another disappointment to his teacher; and the boy Plato, who hung upon the philosopher's words and took to heart every maxim that he heard. The story was told that Socrates one night dreamed he had a cygnet on his lap; all at once its wings sprouted and a swan soared aloft, filling the heavens with a melodious song delightful to both gods and men. The next day he met young Plato. Socrates did not open a school. He preferred to take men at work or at play and give them the benefit of his reflection in easy, offhand conversation. One day, when the philosopher was out on one of his daily walks, he turned into a narrow street and saw, coming toward him, a bright-faced, handsome youth. He playfully barred the passage of the narrow way with his staff, and inquired of the lad where different kinds of provisions could be found. Receiving ready answers to these questions, he asked, "And where a noble character?" and when the youth hesitated, he added, "Come with me and I will teach you." The young man was Xenophon, who from this first meeting became one of Socrates's most devoted followers.

He was not given to public oratory, but his peripatetic teaching was incessant. He seldom discussed the politics of the day, but was unsparing of his criticism of all

parties. He especially detested the pride of knowledge which was rampant in Athens at the time, and disparaged the superficial learning with which many of his fellow-citizens were puffed up. It was not his mission to teach so much as to help men to think aright: to argue with them in such a way as to make them take the proper view of a moral question of their own accord, or condemn themselves by their own words. As he himself said, he was the midwife of men's thoughts, performing mentally the act which his mother before him had practised in a physical capacity; but, more than that, he stayed by, like a good physician, and nursed the new-born idea until it could go by itself. In some of his teachings, he made attacks upon certain questions which drew upon him the criticism of many influential citizens. He must in some way have offended Aristophanes, the comic poet, for in his play "The Clouds" the dramatist ridiculed the philosopher with most bitter irony. However this may be, we have the authority of contemporary writers that in private life Socrates and Aristophanes were the best of friends. But the former was a man mentally and morally far above his generation, a grave thinker, a moralist, and an open denouncer of the ways of men about him; while Aristophanes was essentially a man of the world, who believed in letting men think and act for themselves. We see the same outward contentions going on to-day between the busy reformer and the easy-going man of the world, though at the club the two may be on the best of terms. Aristophanes, however, was himself a reformer, but went about his work in a very different way. He reveled in satires upon the corrupt politics of the time, presenting to the people in the theater the most loathsome pictures of local political immorality—pictures of their fondest idols, and of themselves, for that matter, so disgusting that we are amazed to learn that his



audiences did not stone him on the spot. But he offered no remedy for the public ills that he depicted, and seems to have regarded even the cures which the philosophers of the day offered as false and misguiding; and when he chose to satirize the sophists, who were the ruling teachers of the day, he represented Socrates, caught up to the clouds in a basket, as the leading spirit of the school, which, as a matter of fact, that philosopher was farthest from following.

Another interesting figure in Athens at this time, though hardly a familiar public figure, was Timon, the misanthrope, later made famous in the Roman world by Lucian, and to our own world by the Anglo-Saxon Shakespeare. Timon was a man who took life very seriously, and brooded so deeply over his wrongs and disappointments that he shut himself up in a tower in the Academy, secluded from the world about him, and refused to see anybody but his friend Alcibiades. Lucian thus describes Timon in a soliloquy which he puts into the mouth of the misanthrope upon his finding the treasure-trove. After hanging up his spade and blanket as an offering to Pan, he says: "I will buy some secluded bit of ground and there build me a tower over my treasure, and live for myself only; this shall be my dwelling-place, and when I die this tower shall be my tomb. Henceforth it is my fixed intention to have no intercourse with humanity, but to despise and avoid it. . . . Men shall be to me but as so many statues of bronze or stone; my retreat shall be a boundary to separate us forever. Family, friends, native land, are but empty names that fools may honor. Let Timon be rich alone, despising the rest of the world. . . . Alone let him sacrifice to the gods, alone hold festival, be neighbor to himself, and his own companion. Alone I am resolved to live and die, and when I die my own hand shall place the funeral

wreath upon my head; the name that pleases me best is that of misanthrope." But Alcibiades could have found but little time to spend with the man-hater at the present stage of his own career. The admonitions of Socrates had been flung to the winds when Alcibiades realized that the ultra-democratic party needed a leader. With all the force of his headstrong character, he threw himself into the political whirlpool, and soon found himself at its center, with all Athens revolving about him. Nicias the aristocrat was still at the head of the conservative party, and was using all his powers to defend the peace which he had consummated with so much difficulty. The new democratic leader saw that, to crush his rival, he must favor war. He knew well how to manage the baser element in the city, and soon, by bribes and flattery, had that element on his side. His wonderful personal magnetism did the rest. Within a few months after he had really entered the arena of politics, he was without a rival as the head man in the state. His first act in the direction of abrogating the treaty was to make a tour of the Peloponnesus, where he stirred up the states and cities to revolt from Spartan allegiance. All his political efforts, from the first, were crowned with brilliant success; the crowd at Athens applauded his achievements; his head was turned; and Attica presently became too confined for his ambitions. Conquest suggested itself to his mind, already intoxicated with success and wild ambition. He thought of Carthage and of Magna Graecia as possible fields for an unlimited career of glory, but especially of Sicily, whither the commercial ambitions of Athens had long been turning a greedy eye.

Sparta, roused at length from her lethargy, had quelled the revolt which Alcibiades had started by defeating her rebellious allies at Mantinea; but this set-back does not seem to have affected him. And now a golden opportu-

nity to make his fame was offered him. Segesta, a state of western Sicily, some time before this had complained to Athens of the encroachments of her neighbor Selinus, and asked for redress of her wrongs. All of Sicily was more or less involved in the quarrel. Here was Alcibiades's opening. Setting aside at once the question at issue,—a mere question of boundaries,—he saw an opportunity for a great foreign campaign. If he could only get an army and a fleet to Sicily, what could prevent his taking the whole island in the name of Athens? The question was brought before the assembly. Poor Nicias pleaded for peace, and tried to dissuade the people from embarking upon such a hazardous enterprise, depicting the dangers and difficulties that it would involve; but Alcibiades, by his wonderful address, carried the day. The assembly voted for the war, and preparations for a new and great expedition to Sicily were at once set on foot. The die was cast: Athens had chosen to steer straight for the breakers.

"I fear your own mistakes more than the wiles of your enemies," had been one of Pericles's last utterances; but those mistakes were far more greatly to be feared at this time than when the great statesman had spoken this warning. The attitude of the nation in political matters had changed greatly within a decade and a half. Patriotism in its truest sense had entirely given way before party feeling. Athens represented democracy; Sparta, aristocracy; and it made little difference now, to the average citizen, which of the two was victorious, so long as his particular party was in the ascendant. After the sudden rise of Alcibiades and the overwhelming defeat of the conservative party, there were Athenians of that persuasion who would gladly have welcomed a Spartan army at the gates of Athens, solely because Sparta would give them oligarchy. Secret societies were formed, and the

faction that could not hold its own in public debate stooped to every underhand scheme for its own restoration, regardless of patriotic feeling. It is enough to make one weep to read Thucydides's description of the political and moral anarchy that had been brought upon Hellas by this party strife. To this he attributes all the immorality, public and private, that ravaged Greece during the Peloponnesian war. "Thus revolution," he says, "gave birth to every form of wickedness in Hellas."

From the day the assembly declared for war, everything in Athens gave way to preparations for the expedition. Artisans and tradesmen were busy equipping the soldiers; merchants were bringing in supplies; carts and pack-animals were driven hastily back and forth upon the dusty road to the port, where ship-builders, carpenters, and sail-makers were busily engaged fitting out the fleet. All was activity from morn till night. The city presented a livelier sight than it had in many long years. All the citizens seemed happy and confident in the prospect of commercial aggrandizement; for comparatively few had any misgivings about the outcome of the enterprise. There were many good-bys to be said; for all the youth of Athens were bent on embarking with the fleet, to win fame and glory in far-away Sicily. Every night farewell dinner-parties and drinking-bouts were held by the officers and young soldiers as the day for their departure drew nigh. A few nights before the expedition was to sail, a party of young men met at the magnificent house of Pulytion, down in the Ceramicus, just beyond the gymnasium of Hermes, on the road to the Dipylum. When the feast was over, and the flowing cylix had been drained again and again, until the party was in a frenzy of spirits, some one proposed that they celebrate the Mysteries of Eleusis. The suggestion was received with applause, and they proceeded to perform the sacred rites in

drunken revel. To us, in our day, this does not seem such a very sacrilegious thing to have done; but for them it was a very different matter. In the Eleusinian Mysteries were bound up all the holiest associations of the religion of the Greeks; and, after reverence for the old polytheism of their ancestors had become a thing of the past, those who had been initiated into these rites treasured such sublime doctrines as the unity of God and the immortality of the soul. We may not know just what they did on that night of revelry; nobody but those present ever knew: but it was afterward learned that they had parodied, in drunken play, rites which were too hallowed for them to have spoken of in soberness, and had been guilty of a contempt of divine things for which they would have suffered instant death had they been caught at it. When the boisterous revelers had tired of their mockery, they sallied forth into the street to suffuse the town with that roseate hue which one hears of even in our time. A little while later, Diocliides, a peaceable citizen, having risen a great while before dawn to start for Laurium, heard a weird sound as he was passing the theater, and crept quietly within to see what was going on. Crouching down between a marble column and a bronze statue, he saw a large crowd of men in gay attire come down from the Music Hall to dance madly about the orchestra in the full light of the moon. The next morning the citizens of Athens were shocked to find all the Hermæ mutilated: the guardian figures of Hermes in front of the houses and colonnades and the boundary statues of the agora had been defaced or broken. The people were horrified: the peace-loving citizens were outraged; the religious were shocked; the superstitious looked upon the deed as an awful omen. No one could tell who had perpetrated the crime; but stories were soon circulated about the revelers of the past night, and people began

to put two and two together. Various names were mentioned by casual witnesses, and among them those of Alcibiades, Pulytion, and Andocides, a dissolute Athenian orator of noble birth. In a short time the scandal-mongers had constructed a complete story of the night before, with a full account of the parody, in which Alcibiades had acted the part of hierophant, and Pulytion had played the torch-bearer. The wrath of the populace was turned against these men. Andocides was arrested and imprisoned; but as there was no substantial evidence against any one, and the expedition was ready to set sail, no steps were taken to prevent Alcibiades's departure with it. But, hearing of the charges that were being whispered against him, he demanded an immediate investigation. His enemies, however, preferred to work up the accusation in his absence, when he and his military friends were well out of the way, and the matter was dropped for the moment.

The morning of departure found all Athens at the Piræus. The docks and all the shores were thronged with a half-sad, half-joyous multitude,—mothers, wives, fathers, brothers, all hopeful and expectant,—who had come to see the sailing of the ships. The last good-bys had been said, the soldiers had all embarked, everything was ready for the signal to start, when a mighty fanfare of trumpets sounded out over the shining bay and echoed along the rocky shores until it resounded back from the gray sides of Mount Aegaleos. At the sound of the trumpet-blast the vast assemblage on the galleys and on the land turned to face the Acropolis, and, as one man, prayed to their gods, invoking a blessing on the expedition and asking for protection for those at home. When the invocation and the prayer were finished another trumpet-call gave signal for the start. The bright-hued sails were spread to the breeze, and the long oars broke the

glassy surface of the bay and lashed it into foam. A great shout went up from the mighty host as the triremes passed out of the narrow gate of the harbor into the open sea. The eyes of many loved ones watched the receding ships as they sailed by little Psyttalea and passed Salamis, with the trophy of former Athenian prowess shining on the height above the sea, until behind the island of Aegina they disappeared from view. Little the watchers imagined that hardly one of that vast army would ever see the Attic shore again.

The great armament reached Sicily with high hopes, and, without delay, directed warlike operations against the great city of Syracuse. The Syracusans were filled with awe and terror at the approach of so vast and so powerful an enemy, and shut themselves up within the walls of their town. Fortune seemed to be smiling upon the Athenians when a trireme from home arrived with a message demanding the immediate return of Alcibiades to stand trial. His opponents had by this time prepared a formal charge accusing him of parodying the sacred mysteries, and holding him responsible for the acts of desecration that preceded the departure of the expedition. The accusers, who were made up chiefly of members of the secret clubs that had been founded in the interests of oligarchy, found ready support among the superstitious; and the accused knew very well that he would have little chance for his life in their hands. He bade the trireme return with word to the assembly that he would follow. He presently set sail from Syracuse, breaking his homeward journey at Thurii, where he decided to remain for a while. Here ambition seized him again. The Sicilian campaign had ended for him before it had begun. Where could he turn now to look for fame? The desire for revenge that burned within him suggested Sparta. If Sparta would give him free rein, in return for the infor-

mation he could give her, he could vanquish her greatest enemy and take vengeance upon his own country at the same time, and might yet become the first man in Greece. He repaired to the Peloponnesus and placed himself at the disposal of the Lacedaemonians. He was well received by the Spartans, who were eager to profit by the information that he could give, and was given a prominent place in the deliberations of the ephors regarding the war. Meanwhile, Nicias, who was the chief in command of the Athenians at Syracuse, despite his violent opposition to the war, was beginning the campaign with bright promise. The city had been blockaded by sea, a force had been landed, and siege laid. Great earthworks and a wall had been begun upon the heights of Epipolae to cut off every means of escape. Deep despondency prevailed within the walls, and corresponding elation among the builders of the wall of circumvallation.

When the Athenians heard of Alcibiades's presence in Sparta as *persona grata*, they passed a sentence of death upon him and confiscated his estates. Andocides was released from prison upon turning state's evidence. The news reached Alcibiades in Sparta. He at once determined to betray his native country, and persuaded the Spartans to interfere in behalf of Syracuse, explaining all the weaker points of the Athenian strategy in Sicily, and advising the establishment of a Spartan garrison in Attica, which might keep Athens in constant dread and encourage the slaves to insurrection. A small force was forthwith despatched to the northern part of Attica and established itself at Decelea; while a second detachment was sent to Sicily under command of Gylippus, the most progressive general in the Spartan army. The Athenians had begun a brilliant campaign against Syracuse, and had found themselves more than a match for their Sicilian opponents on sea and land; but with



the appearance of the arch enemy upon the scene, both Nicias and his army seemed to lose heart, and they were unable to prevent the Spartans from making connection with the beleaguered city. From the moment Gylippus entered the gates of Syracuse the attitude of the unfortunate defenders was changed. Hope took the place of dread, and fear was turned into courage. With the Spartan leader at their head, the Syracusans made a sally and took an important outpost, which completely frustrated Nicias's plans for the siege. The Athenian army was disheartened and ill fed, their general was ill and despondent; the strain of carrying on a war which he disapproved was telling upon him, and he was growing slack and inactive. He sent a piteous appeal to Athens for reinforcements, and waited for news.

The democracy, never doubting its own wisdom nor counting the cost, at once raised another army and despatched it to Syracuse under command of Demosthenes, one of their most trusted generals. This general arrived in Syracuse as soon as could have been expected, with seventy-three new triremes and a large number of perfectly fresh troops. A breath of activity was infused into the worn-out ranks of the Athenian besiegers, and for a time the prospect looked brighter to them. But the inertness and delay of Nicias had already had their effect. The Syracusans had gained both strength and confidence, while his army was losing its discipline and his fleet getting sadly out of repair. After the first check that he received, Demosthenes took time to investigate the strength of his opponents, and, having satisfied himself of the hopelessness of his position, with the courage of his convictions advised retreat. But Nicias, though despairing of success, feared the democracy too much to take this wise view of affairs, and insisted on remaining. At last, however, he was persuaded to make discretion the better

part of valor, and gave the command for an orderly retreat. Evening was chosen as the best hour for departure. The ships were made ready in the afternoon, and at sunset the army stood on the shore, ready to embark. The order to take ship had been given, and the oarsmen were in their places, when Nicias perceived that the moon was about to be eclipsed. Now Nicias was a superstitious Greek of the old school, and believed in every kind of portent and omen. Nothing could persuade him to let the army embark under such circumstances until he had consulted a diviner, who told him that the gods were clearly showing their disapproval of his action, and advised him to delay the retreat until the next full moon. Then, under the pressure of increasing danger depicted by Demosthenes and some of his lieutenants, his resolution gave way, and a second time the order to man the boats was sounded. But it was too late. The Syracusans had got wind of the intended flight, and brought specially equipped boats to bar the entrance of the all but land-locked harbor. The Athenian fleet, with seams gaping open, helms stiff, and crews dispirited, found it impossible to cope with the new ships of the enemy, elated now at finding their besiegers ready to give up. The army was forced to make a landing and seek some other means of escape. Had they beat a retreat by land at once, they might have saved themselves and the honor of Athens; but Nicias was again duped into a day's delay, so that when he came to lead the army out on the way to Camarina, on the following morning, he found every road blocked by Syracusan troops. Then began a disorderly, aimless flight which, for six days, took the army in any direction where the enemy was scarcest or the supply of provisions most plentiful. At last Demosthenes's detachment was cut off by the cavalry of the enemy, and he was forced to surrender the bulk of his

force, some six thousand men; a great number having been killed in the six days' skirmishing, or overcome by hunger and thirst in the parching August heat. Nicias, with a somewhat smaller force, was still at large, vainly looking for an avenue of escape, and suffering untold misery for want of food and water, even when not harassed by his pursuers. Finally, the wretched band was overtaken at the river Asinarus, where the soldiers had flung themselves, like madmen, into the water in their wild desire to slake their thirst. No resistance was made while hundreds of bodies were piled upon the banks, and the river was becoming red with blood and choked with corpses. Nicias and the survivors were taken prisoners. The two Athenian generals were promptly put to death, and the soldiers, nearly ten thousand in number, were conducted out to the barren slopes beside the sea and driven, like a herd of cattle, down into the deep quarry-pits from which the great city of Syracuse had been built. The *latomic*, as they are called, are quite the reverse of our ideal of a prison—a dark, gloomy dungeon with massive doors bolted and barred. They consist of broad, deep cuttings in the solid rock, irregular in plan and open to the sky. In some places the rock has been cut under, making an overhanging cliff which affords a little shelter. Here the ten thousand Athenians, confined in hopeless captivity, ill fed and scantily supplied with water, were left to die. Around them rose high, perpendicular walls, above them was the blazing Sicilian sky, under their feet were rock-dust and broken stone. A small number of men might have existed here, even with little food; but the poor Athenians were crowded together like rats in a trap, and unsanitary conditions soon produced fevers and diseases of the most dreadful kind. It would be impossible to describe the horrors of this imprisonment. Men suffered the most excruciating tortures of hunger, thirst,

and disease, until madness benumbed their sensibilities and death came at last to set them free. From the first they knew there could be no hope, and they settled down to a dogged silence, broken only by the ravings of some dying man. Their captors came to the brink of the pits to jeer at them, and the rabble of the city pelted them with small stones and taunted them with brutal sarcasm: "Where is the mistress of the sea now?" "Is this the Tyrant Demos?" And when the mocking crowd went away the vultures came and scoffed at them. After ten weeks the allies and foreigners in the army were taken from the quarries and sold into slavery; but the proud citizens of Athens were left to rot in their charnel-house prison until their bones lay whitening upon the bottom of the pit. The pride of Athens, the bright hope of the democracy, thus perished in misery and disgrace, far from home, far from the sight of their beloved city and the violet-wreathed Acropolis.

The blow found Athens totally unprepared. She was stunned, amazed, grief-stricken. It would have seemed as if her cup of bitterness was full, with the generals dead, her fleet and army gone, her favorite son a traitor. But there were still a few drops to be added before the cup should run over. These had already been prepared by Alcibiades, who had been traveling rapidly from island to island, inducing the allies to revolt. Less than a year had elapsed since the terrible catastrophe in Sicily before the two most powerful allies, Lesbos and Chios, seceded; and these leaders were soon followed by Thasos, Rhodes, Euboea, and several of the allied cities of Asia Minor. Had Sparta been intelligent enough to follow up her advantage at once, she could have put an end to the war, could have humbled her great antagonist and have saved herself many severe blows that Athens was yet to give her in the final struggle. But the Spartans were by this

time growing suspicious and jealous of their ex-Athenian guest, and did not choose to drive home the blow to Athens under his direction; they hesitated and, ere long, had cause to regret their delay. Alcibiades, having discerned a plot to assassinate him, left Sparta; and we next hear of him in Persian territory. He soon won a position of great influence with Tissaphernes, the Persian satrap, and entered upon a life of Oriental luxury which he doubtless found a pleasant change after his strenuous existence among the Spartans. While here, either overcome with remorse at his treachery toward his mother country, or prompted by his never-slumbering ambition, he conceived the plan of returning to Athens; but this he resolved not to do until he had done something to atone for the wrongs which he had brought upon his home. Whether this was a real desire for expiation or because he knew that Athens could have no career for him without atonement of some sort, we cannot judge, but within the next few years he devoted himself assiduously to the interests of his first love. Athens, meanwhile, though wounded and bleeding, had not bowed her neck to her antagonist. Her fleet and army had been lost, her revenues had been largely reduced by the revolt of the allies, but the state's reserve of ten thousand talents still remained in the safe keeping of the temple of Athena. This she must draw upon if she was ever to rise and right herself. With this reimbursement the state fitted out a new army and constructed a new fleet and sent them off to Samos to prevent further defection among the ranks of the allies. Thrasybulus, a man of whom we shall hear more later, was in command of one of the galleys at this time.

During the absence of the fleet a strange turn of events took place in Athens. The secret societies of the oligarchical party were emboldened to assert themselves, partly through the connivance of Alcibiades, and by a series of

traitorous acts succeeded in overturning the democracy and setting up a government by a council of four hundred men. Alcibiades, it is said, encouraged the establishment of the oligarchy in Athens, in order that he might return as the champion of democracy. The revolutionary party was on the point of opening the gates of Athens to the Spartans, when a cry went up from the minority in the city and the army in Samos, who asserted themselves as the real Demos of Athens. The situation was indeed a perilous one; and the young army was in a sorry plight, when Alcibiades appeared upon the scene. He seemed to be the only man strong enough to take the lead and save Athens from final overthrow. Thrasybulus had aroused the patriotic enthusiasm of the camp at Samos by calling upon all the Athenians there to swear allegiance to the democracy. The camp forthwith constituted itself an assembly and elected him general for the year; and he in turn used his new authority to procure the recall and pardon of his friend Alcibiades, who was elected a general for the year, and undertook to lead the Athenians once more to battle with the old enemy. Through the influence of Alcibiades, the Council of Four Hundred, whose appointment he was believed to have instigated, was deposed, and democracy was again established.

The operations of Alcibiades against Sparta were crowned with signal success. The soldiers rallied with their old-time dash and courage under the inspiration of this singularly magnetic leader, and in the battles of Cynossema and Cyzicus won splendid victories for Athens. At last, in 407, Alcibiades turned his prow toward the city he had disgraced and, not without some feelings of trepidation, made his way to Athens. The astonishment of the citizens knew no bounds—perhaps they admired his audacity. They received him with enthusiasm, and made him again the first man in the state. One of his first

acts was the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries of Eleusis, which he conducted with more than ordinary pomp and ceremony.

The following year Socrates was elected to the old Council of Five Hundred. A brighter day seemed to have dawned upon Athens than she had known since the death of Pericles. And now, from Macedonia, came the sad news of the death of Euripides, who had retired some years before to the court of King Archelaus to escape the intrigues and broils of life in Athens, and had been received with the greatest distinction and loaded with gifts and honors. When the death of Euripides was announced, Athens was full of sorrow. The aged Sophocles put on mourning and obliged his actors to lay aside their crowns and appear in black upon the stage. Sophocles was now almost ninety years old. He had written one hundred and thirty dramas, and yet there was no falling off in his dramatic power. The pride and joy of his declining years was his grandson Sophocles, a son of his son Ariston, a rising dramatist. His devotion to this young man, upon whom he looked as his successor, excited the jealousy of Iophon, his second son, who was another poet of the family. Iophon feared that his aged father would bequeath his property to this favorite grandson, and wished to have him adjudged incapable of making a will. The old man was brought before the body which sat upon such cases, and listened quietly to the statement of the case. He made no reply, but drew from his breast a roll and read the magnificent *parodos* to his play "Oedipus at Colonus," which he had just completed. No further argument was needed. The case was dismissed with a sound rebuke for the undutiful Iophon. A few months later, this greatest of all the masters of Greek tragedy passed away, leaving Aristophanes the sole survivor of the mighty trio that had delighted Athens for a score of years.

On the death of Sophocles, the Theban poet Simmias, whom Plato makes the principal speaker in his "Phaedo," composed these lines, given here in Addison's translation:

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade  
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.  
Sweet ivy, lend thine aid and intertwine  
With blushing roses and the clustering vine.  
Thus shall your lasting leaves, with beauties hung,  
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

Not long afterward Sophocles II brought out his father's great play "Oedipus at Colonus," and scored one of the greatest victories in the history of Greek tragedy.

A little more than four years of tranquillity remained for Athens; but this was only superficial. The political clubs, in sympathy with Sparta, were doing their best to undermine the sadly shattered state. In the beginning of the year 406, Alcibiades lost an important naval battle, was deprived of his command, and soon found that the opposition against him was so strong that he decided to retire for the present to his castle in Thrace. In the same year the Athenians won a brilliant victory at sea over the Spartans near the Arginusae, when Pericles, the young son of the great Pericles and Aspasia, was one of the ten commanders. Just after the victory a storm came up which made it impossible for the Athenians to save those of their number who were clinging to the wrecks of the twenty-five ships which they had lost, or to collect the bodies of their dead. Now the Greeks had a particularly strong religious sentiment about the conduct of the victors toward the dead and wounded, and, although the victory meant much to Athens, her citizens were greatly shocked at the behavior of their generals. The secret clubs sought to make political gain by means of this handle, and worked the people up to such a pitch, on the score of impious negligence, that they brought the



commanders to trial and condemned the ten to death, and with them the unfortunate son of Pericles, whom the great statesman had made an Athenian citizen by special legislation on his death-bed. The voice of Socrates led the dissenting outcry in the assembly against this crime. He was the only one of the prytany who persisted, in spite of all intimidation, in refusing to allow such a question to be put before the ecclesia; but, disregarding constitutional precedents, the others put it without his concurrence. The act was nothing more nor less than wilful murder, sanctioned by law on an accusation trumped up by the enemies of the democracy. But a speedy retribution was in store for Athens for this deed of horror. When next the Athenians met the Spartans on the sea, off Aegospotami, their generals had little reward to hope for from their country which had just executed ten victorious generals, and they fought with little of the old spirit. Their enemies were completely victorious, destroying one hundred and eighty triremes, almost the whole naval force of Athens. Lysander, the Spartan commander, then ordered the blockade of the port of Athens, while a Spartan army cut off all approach to the city by land. Surrounded by a Spartan army without, and full of Spartan sympathizers within, it was hopeless for the city to attempt to stand a siege. In the year 404, the gates were opened to the enemy. Lysander entered in triumph, while Athens bowed her proud head to her ancient rival. Then began a reign of terror in Athens which lasted eight months, known in history as the Rule of the Thirty Tyrants. Democracy was abolished and oligarchy established. The long walls of Athens were demolished to the sound of the flute, and the docks and arsenals at Piraeus were destroyed. Some of the Spartans were in favor of razing the whole city, but the idea was abandoned. Hundreds

of loyal Athenians were exiled, while the streets flowed with blood. We are told that in the Stoa *poikile* alone fourteen hundred persons were massacred. The great men of Athens were the special objects of the persecutions of the thirty tyrants. Many of the philosophers, artists, and poets were forced to fly. Socrates remained at his post, but was constantly tormented by Critias and Characles, although the former had once been a pupil of his. A decree which was passed forbidding the teaching of oratory was especially aimed at Socrates's public teaching. The Spartans plundered the treasuries of the temples; and Gylippus, the hero of Syracuse, was deputed by Lysander to carry the spoils to Sparta. The crafty general, however, managed to extract enough gold from the sacks, while in transit, to place himself beyond the fear of an impecunious old age, but was found out and banished by his countrymen.

But the spirit of the democracy and of Athenian liberty was still alive in the hearts of the exiles who had gathered about Thrasybulus, the general who had already distinguished himself in the overthrow of the Four Hundred only seven years before. This little band of patriots intrenched themselves at Phyle, a mountain fortress in a pass of Mount Parnes, built by the Athenians some years before as a base of operations against Boeotia. In this redoubtable castle, perched upon the pinnacle of a crag, high above a deep ravine, in full view of the whole Attic plain, the city with its bright jewel shining out in bold relief upon its purple rock, the desire of all their hearts, the exiles could hold their own indefinitely, but could do little to relieve Athens. Alcibiades had been murdered in his castle by the Spartans, so they could not look to him. But Thebes was near at hand and was already jealous of Sparta's conquests. With the aid of this old enemy of Athens, the exiles mustered courage to

leave their mountain fastness and descend toward Athens. The thirty tyrants had been replaced by a government of ten, even worse, if possible, than the thirty. The forces of the oligarchy were met and defeated; Thrasybulus, with one thousand followers, seized the Piræus, and, after a few weeks of fighting, finally entered Athens in triumph, and the democracy was again restored.

Thus ended the bloody struggle for the supremacy of Hellas, that had harassed Greece for twenty-seven weary years, and in which neither side was permanently successful. Sparta had triumphed, had humbled Athens, but had not destroyed her democratic institutions, and the supremacy of Greece was hers but for a moment. In the long contest the two great antagonists had shown the widely different characters of their people. Sparta possessed endurance and dogged determination; Athens, intelligence to grasp a situation and swiftness of action, together with wonderful recuperative powers. Which was the better possession it is hard to say. In this case the game resulted most unsatisfactorily; for presently a third party stepped in and carried off the prize for which both had been struggling for upward of two hundred years.

A third of the life span of a man seems a long time for a state to be at war; and as we read the history of Athens during the period of the Peloponnesian war, it would seem as if every other pursuit must have been given up to the bloody struggle. But, as has already been intimated in this chapter, there was another life in Athens that moved on peacefully and quietly within the city, even amid the din of war. The last few years of the conflict, just before and during the rule of the thirty tyrants, were too hot even for that serene existence which was to keep Athens from utter annihilation, and many of her more gifted citizens were moved to leave, even if they were

not exiled during Spartan supremacy in the city. But those twenty-seven years were by no means barren of the products of thought and art.

Thucydides, whose period of banishment (twenty years) had just expired, now returned to the city to find it considerably improved in many ways. The triple temple of the Acropolis—the Erechtheum—had just been completed and stood fresh and beautiful beside the glori-



The Temple of Hephaestus upon the Colonus Agoraeus.

ous temple of Parthenos. The new temple of Hephaestus, on the hill above the agora, was finished and ready to receive the statue of its patron deity. It was a typical Attic production, combining certain features of the Ionic style with the strong and virile Doric, and made the little Colonus Agoraeus seem quite like a diminutive Acropolis. A temple to Dionysus Eleuthereus had been built near the theater, beside the ancient shrine which Pisistratus had erected. It was a small structure, not much larger than the old one. Naught remains of it to-day but the foundations, which differ from those of the older shrine in that they are built of breccia, without clamps. Ancient descriptions of the new temple state that its walls—the interior walls presumably—were decorated with paintings; one representing Dionysus taking Hephaestus up to

heaven, and another depicting Ariadne asleep on the sea-shore and Theseus putting out to sea. This may have been the Theseus of Parrhasius, which will be referred to later. The temple enshrined a statue of the wine-god in gold and ivory, by the artist Alcamenes, one of the most proficient pupils of Phidias. The statue was a marvel of beauty and skill.

It is generally believed that the temple of Ares was



The Temple of Hephaestus, erroneously called the Theseum, from the Southwest.

either built or renovated at this time. The sanctuary of the god of war was a very old one, situated on the northern slope of the Areopagus. The temple stood upon the site of the present ruined chapel of Dionysius, on a ledge of the rock of the Areopagus, close beside the steep precipice below the summit. Whether the temple was built *de novo* at this time, or only restored, we shall probably never know, but we do know that Alcamenes made a statue for it which became very famous in Roman copies; and it has been suggested that a late reproduction of it may be seen in the Borghese Ares in the Louvre. Alca-

menes seems to have been very productive of statues of divinities. He is known to have made a lovely statue of Aphrodite which was given a place upon the Acropolis. A copy of this statue is believed to have been taken to Rome by Julius Caesar, where it received the title of Venus Genetrix, and was set up in Caesar's forum. A famous group was executed at this time which possibly may also be ascribed to the hand of Alcamenes, considering his fame as a sculptor of divine subjects. This was the group in the new Hephaestium, which represented Athena standing beside her brother the fire-god. Pausanias says that in this group Athena was given blue eyes, which recalls to his mind the "Libyan Story" that Athena and Hephaestus were born of the Tritonian lake by Pos. Cicero remarks that the statue of Hephaestus was so fashioned as to conceal his lameness.

In the first year of the Sicilian expedition, while Athens was full of pride and hope, Strongylion the sculptor had made a great bronze horse in memory of the wooden steed which the Greeks had set up on the plain of Troy. This was erected upon the Acropolis as a dedicatory offering of Charidemus, and is mentioned by Aristophanes in the "Birds." Six blocks of its pedestal and the inscription have been found. At the same time sculptors were at work on the little frieze and the metopes of the new temple of Hephaestus. These sculptures are believed to have been the work of some one of Myron's pupils, and they have the sturdy, sinewy look of bronzes. The subjects have little to do with the legends of the god of fire, for the metopes represent the labors of Heracles, and the two friezes, one within each portico, represent battles between Greeks and Lapiths.

With such an array of works of art to show for the trying period of the Peloponnesian war,—and these are doubtless only the smallest fragment of the full art pro-

duction of that time,—we cannot feel that Athens had lost much in that field. We have already seen that there had been no falling off in letters, and that philosophy had really only awakened during those long years of dread and anxiety.

In these things Athens had a possession which no enemy could take from her, and upon these as foundations she was to build the fabric of her future greatness.

We are accustomed to think of ancient history as moving with slow and dignified tread when compared with the rapid strides of more recent centuries; but let us look back for a moment over the history of Athens during the century which we have just reviewed. At the beginning of the century she was a small, unimportant state, with few people and little wealth. In the year 500 B.C. the great ruler of the most powerful kingdom in the world had decreed her destruction. At the end of the first quarter of the century Athens had swept the fleets of Persia from the sea, had wrested provinces from Persian sway, and was the chief member of a powerful confederacy. When the first half had been reached the little state had become the eye and center not only of Greece, but of all the Mediterranean world, mistress of the sea and of a large empire, the recipient of rich tithes from many tributary states. Her art had been raised from the crudest beginnings to a place that has never been equaled; her literature had become a model for all succeeding generations; her schools of thought had opened the book of philosophy for the whole world. Fifty years more and her empire was gone, her fleets destroyed, her wealth all dissipated, and she had fallen back to the level of a secondary state to foster those arts and schools which were henceforth to be her empire and her wealth.







## PLAN OF ATHENS FROM PERICLES TO LYCURGUS

V AND IV CENTURIES B. C.

1. Old Temple of Athena.
2. Great Altar.
3. Erechtheum.
4. Statue of Athena Promachos.
5. Propylaea.
6. Sanctuary of Artemis Brauronia.
7. Sanctuary of Athena Ergane.
8. Temple of Athena Nike.
9. Clepsydra.
10. Monument of Nicias.
11. Grotto of Pan.
12. Cave of Apollo.
13. Altar of the Eumenides.
14. Statues of the Tyrannicides.
15. Enneacrunus.
16. Altar of the Twelve Gods.
17. Altar on Pnyx.
18. Statue of Hermes of the Market.
19. Monument of Thrasyllus.
20. Temple of Dionysus Eleuthereus.
21. Tomb of Hippolytus.

■ Existing walls and buildings.

▨ Foundations *in situ*.

□ Conjectured sites and buildings

T.=Temple. S.=Sanctuary or shrine.

## X

### THE AGE OF GOLD AND IVORY

"O thou, our Athens, violet wreathed  
and brilliant, most enviable city."

ARISTOPHANES.



Bust of Socrates.

"IN the afternoon they came unto a land in which it seemed always afternoon." The fierce heat of the noonday was passed and Athens, at the beginning of the fourth century, found herself in the placid calm of waning day, in the sweet retrospect of an afternoon which knows no setting sun: for, though her sky was to be darkened again and again by clouds of war and trouble, her Acropolis could never be engulfed in the shades of night so long as the world should stand. Doomed never again to be mistress of an empire, queen of the sea, the pillar of Greece, she could yet content herself with the proud title, "Mother of Arts and Eloquence," still "violet wreathed and brilliant." The final blow to her ambition for conquest had practically ended her military career, though she was still to produce great soldiers, but for defense, not for aggression. The failure of her schemes for commercial supremacy had cut off her aspirations to great material prosperity. Thus the two chief obstacles in the way of speculative and artistic pursuits were removed, and she settled down to apply herself to the cultivation of those gifts which were already hers by nature, and which were eventually to bring Rome to her feet and make her

the intellectual mistress of the world. During the century which followed that of the rise and fall of Athens as a world power, her vague, uncertain gropings after truth were to take form in those highly developed schools of thought which, molded by Plato and Aristotle, were to form the basis of the world's philosophy; her political interests, centering at home and stirred by the stimulus of self-preservation, were to produce, in the person of Demosthenes, the highest exponent of political eloquence. Her art, always glorious in form and grace of expression, was to be spiritualized by Praxiteles the sculptor and Apollodorus the painter.

A fertile field for the new intellectual development that was so assiduously cultivated in Athens at this time was naturally found in the colonnades and shady groves of the gymnasiums. The Academy and the Lyceum had, for generations, been seats of learning, the retreats of philosophers, the haunts of men of letters. Every young Athenian was expected to spend his allotted term of years in one or the other, under the tutelage of appointed teachers and lecturers, and was brought, at the same time, into the company of the best minds of the day. The Athenians loved discussion and speculation above all things, so that a man who had anything to say was always sure of his audience, whether he sat beneath the olives of one of the gymnasiums or took his seat in an exedra or colonnade in the busy agora. Of course, there was always a great deal of idle talk and gossip to be heard in both places; but from the time of Anaxagoras, Pericles's old teacher, and probably long before, there had always been men who frequented the homes of learning for the purpose of engaging the young in learned conversation, if only to advertise their wares, for many of them sought private pupils by whom they were often well paid. It was necessary in a state like Athens, where each individual citizen

was sure to be given prominence in some capacity sooner or later, for every man to be trained in rhetoric to a certain extent, and versed in law and philosophy. It might fall to any man's lot to be president of the Senate or a legislator of some sort. If a man became involved in a lawsuit, he would have to appear in court, whether plaintiff or defendant, to argue his own case. And though he might have his speech written for him, it was far better if he could speak easily and to the point from his own knowledge. Hence the system of perfect equality rendered it necessary for every Athenian to be well educated, which meant that he must know how to address himself to the public, must be familiar with Homer and the best poets of Greece,—for apt quotation was fully equal to argument in power of convincing,—must know sufficient natural philosophy to grace his utterances with simile and metaphor, and be well enough versed in the sophistry of the day to give an effect of profundity to his logic. But with the appearance of Socrates upon the intellectual field, a different turn had been given to the trend of education. He soon showed the self-satisfied Athenians how very little they really knew. A few moments' walk or talk with the sage convinced the most brilliant product of the old system that he knew very little indeed, and yet without any display of ostentatious pride on Socrates's part. And when the priestess at Delphi had pronounced him the wisest of men, there was no gainsaying his superior knowledge. His method was simply to ask questions, as if for his own enlightenment; but the questions were so put as to make the person interrogated either contradict himself or confess utter ignorance.

Plato gives a number of most interesting glimpses into the student life of Athens as it came into contact with the great teacher of men. The gymnasium is full, it is the

hour of recreation, youths of varying ages, full of health and spirits, may be seen on every hand. A large number are at their exercises, running, leaping, boxing; some are quietly strolling under the shade of the trees; others are lounging upon the grass or sitting in the exedras, listening to some poet reading his latest poem, or conversing among themselves. Socrates comes in, quietly surveys the situation, and then singles out a complacent-looking young man and presently engages him in conversation. The youth, of course, recognizes the philosopher and suits his language to the occasion. In the course of his high-flown discourse he uses the word "holiness." Socrates stops him and asks: "But just what is holiness?" "That which is pleasing to the gods," is the reply. "But there are many gods, suppose a thing is pleasing to one god and not to another, what then?" "Holiness is a thing that is pleasing to *all* the gods." Socrates looks pleased, but is not satisfied; with a puzzled look he inquires again: "Is a thing holy because it is pleasing to the gods, or does it please the gods because it is holy?" The youth thinks hard for a moment and then changes his definition. Socrates would follow up with other questions, but the baffled youth has fled. In this way the philosopher undertook to check the promiscuous use of words of ethical significance by men who had no idea of their true meaning. Definitions of words, Aristotle says, are among Socrates's most valuable contributions to the world of thought.

We may readily perceive that Socrates's method was by no means flattering to those whom he would teach. It required a very noble soul to take this kind of humiliation in good part, and it was doubtless due to his untiring efforts to confute men's pretensions to knowledge that so many were found to be against him when he was finally brought to trial for impiety and heresy. But there can

be no doubt that Socrates was acting according to the dictates of a pure conscience. He was perhaps the first man in Greece to hear, or at least to heed, the "still small voice." He believed that his was a divine mission to help men in the search for truth, to help them to know themselves, as the great oracle had advised, and to insist upon morality, public and private. Those of his hearers whose characters were strong enough to endure the initiatory thrusts of his scalpel, and to submit themselves to his teachings, became devotedly attached to him. No great teacher ever had more devoted disciples. There were many other public teachers to be seen in the stoas and gymnasiums of Athens at this time, but Socrates was probably the only one who never took pay for his instruction. Protagoras, who had been one of the first to call himself a sophist, we are told, often received as much as one hundred minae (seventeen hundred and fifty dollars) from a single pupil; and Plato adds that he made more money than Phidias and ten other sculptors put together.

Among the endless dialogues between Socrates and his friends recorded by Xenophon, there is one which gives a fair idea of the lot of a married woman in Athens, or, at least, of the *ideal* matron of this time. It is needless to say that the woman in question was not Socrates's own wife, Xanthippe; for it was a common joke in Athens that he had married her that he might have a constant test for his patience; and once, when asked why he had chosen such a helpmeet, he answered that a man did not enjoy driving a perfectly docile horse; one high-strung and difficult to manage was far more amusing. The conversation referred to above came about in this way: Socrates had heard of a young man named Ischomachus whom all the world praised as both "beautiful and good." The sage found him one day, seated in

the colonnade of Dionysus Eleuthereus. He sat down beside him and they fell a-talking. Ischomachus had recently taken unto himself a wife, and the conversation naturally soon fell upon the subject of the bride, whom the young husband praised as being able to take care of all their domestic affairs without his aid. "Did you train her yourself?" asked Socrates, "or was she already well skilled when you brought her from her home?" "Well skilled?" was the reply; "what skill was she likely to bring with her at not quite fifteen, and having been carefully brought up to see and hear as little as possible, and to ask the fewest questions?" He then proceeded to tell how he had educated the poor little girl to be a model housewife. In kindly, but most superior tone, he lays down the law in lengthy disquisitions upon the duties of a wife. She answers in short and modest sentences, taking his oracular words as heaven-given truths; seeming proud and delighted to be considered worthy to receive such valuable instruction. He tells her that her duties all lie within doors, although she is the wife of a gentleman farmer; but these cares are quite enough for one person. She is to superintend the storing away and the daily apportionment of supplies, the grinding of the grain for home use, the carding of the wool, the spinning and the making of clothes for the family and the servants. She is to train the women slaves, to bestow rewards upon the faithful, and to mete out punishment to the unprofitable. Fortunately, she was provided with a housekeeper who was to be entirely under her directions.

In course of his narrative he gives an interesting account of their house and furniture, and how they are kept in order. In their own bedroom were their choicest carpets, draperies, and other furniture. The living-rooms were beautifully fitted up for coolness in summer and heat in winter; there were warm, dry storerooms for



the breadstuffs, and a chill-cellar for the wine. There were elaborate separate apartments for the men servants and the women servants. The furniture and other effects were to be kept in perfect order by the wife and divided into classes. There were the ornaments and holiday attire of the wife, and Ischomachus's clothes for feast-days and for war, the bedding, the shoes and sandals, the arms and armor, the cooking-utensils and those for the bath, the table service for every-day use and for entertaining; and a host of other things, all to be stored in their own places and placed in charge of the house-keeper, who must know exactly where everything is and be able to produce it at a moment's notice. Poor house-keeper! In the end he tells her that all the cares which he has enumerated at great length are imposed upon her because she is his helpmeet and an equal sharer of all his possessions. To which she replies that all these tasks will be easy because she will be pleasing him and at the same time caring for things that are her very own. After hearing her reply Socrates exclaimed, "By Hera, a brave and masculine intelligence the lady has. I would far rather hear about a living woman's virtues than that Zeuxis should show me the portrait of the loveliest woman he has ever painted." Ischomachus then goes on to tell how one day he found his wife "enamelled with white lead, rouged with alkanet, and wearing high-heeled shoes." He does not doubt for a moment that all this is for *his* benefit. He did not chide her, but asked her how she would like it if he should boast to her of unreal possessions, bring her false money, or present her with sham necklaces. She blushing takes the hint, and says she would not like it. Then, after a long disquisition of his upon the beauty of natural charms, she naïvely asks him how she can improve her looks by natural methods; and when he recommends the healthy exercise of

walking about in the supervision of the household and taking an occasional turn at kneading the dough, rolling the pastry, and making the beds, she modestly accepts his recipe as a sure beautifier and patent "bloom of youth." There is something quite sad in this picture of domestic wifely simplicity. The husband never implies that he wishes to make his wife his intellectual companion, or a sharer in his worldly ambitions, yet he seems to have not only admiration, but real affection for her. Ischomachus, however, is an Athenian of the old school, who finds in agriculture a paying and enjoyable occupation, and who has few of the ambitions of the politicians or statesmen of his day, and, perhaps, for that reason, is in love with his unlettered, frugal, but true and gentle wife.

The two famous seats of learning, the Academy and the Lyceum, were reserved exclusively for the sons of Athenian citizens; but there was a large and wealthy class of townsmen who were not Athenians born, or who had married wives that were not Athenians, and whose sons, therefore, were not eligible to the privileges of those old historic institutions. For the accommodation of these boys, many of whom were doubtless in all respects the intellectual equals of the young Athenians, another gymnasium had grown up, to the northeast of the city, on the sunny slopes of Mount Lycabettus. It was called the Cynosarges. The site was a beautiful one, overlooking the gardens of the city, with a perfect view of the plain and the sea and its many islands, and of the majestic Acropolis, with its shining jewel in bold relief against the deep purple mountains of the Morea. Here, among the olives and the pines, Antisthenes taught the non-citizen boys the maxim he had learned from Socrates, that virtue is the one thing needful. Antisthenes was himself the son of a Thracian mother, though he was born at Athens.

He was one of Socrates's closest followers, and never left him while he lived. His doctrine was one of pure morality, relegating all speculation to those who found it amusing; but he founded a school of thought which his successors developed into a system whose adherents took their name from Antisthenes's gymnasium, the Cynosarges, for they were called Cynics.



View of the Acropolis, from the side of Mount Lycabettus.

The gymnasiums and the stoas of the agora afforded an ample field for the studious, the literary, and the philosophically inclined. The artists found plenty to do in a community ever demanding new shrines and statues. The Pnyx and the courts of law held out a career to those whose tastes led them to take up a political or forensic life. The theater and the ever recurring festivals furnished diversion for all. But, since the close of the long war, the restoration of peace, and the reestablishment of the democracy by Thrasybulus, there was a considerable class of men in Athens whose occupation was gone; these were the professional soldiers, whose early manhood had

been spent in the thick of the Peloponnesian war. Accustomed to campaigns and the excitement of active army life, the city held out few attractions for them, and garrison duty would be worse still. In this class was Xenophon, who had not yet begun the literary career which was to give him far greater fame than all of his military exploits. He was fond of intellectual pursuits, and was a sincere admirer of Socrates, but he was restless and dissatisfied with the life he was leading at Athens, and longed for some broader field of activity. Three years had passed since the expulsion of the thirty tyrants, when an invitation came to Xenophon from his Boeotian friend Proxenus to come over to Sardis and enter upon a career of adventure in the service of Cyrus, a younger brother of Artaxerxes, the Persian king. No one knew what Cyrus was attempting to do, but he was busy raising an army and securing the services of mercenary troops from various parts of the Greek world. The letter was very enticing: it offered just the sort of experience that Xenophon craved, and it held out many possibilities of adventure and perhaps of gain. He was sorely tempted to accept at once, but decided to consult his mentor, Socrates, before taking any decisive steps. The philosopher heard the proposals with interest; but the matter seemed to involve serious complications. He finally advised his friend to seek divine counsel; and Xenophon, always religious to the verge of superstition, repaired without delay to the oracle. But even in so solemn a quest his ambition was father to his query; for he asked, not whether he should go, but what divinity he should propitiate in order to secure success. On learning of this, Socrates reprimanded him severely for begging the question; but Xenophon decided to go, and finally set out with the philosopher's approval.

It is scarcely worth our while to follow the adventurer

in his extraordinary experiences in Asia. Every one who remembers his early struggles with the Attic tongue, recalls the story of the Anabasis; how the Greeks joined the army of Cyrus and followed him toward the capital, even when they had learned that his quest was the overthrow of his brother and the usurpation of the throne of Persia; how Cyrus was killed at Cunaxa; and how the Greeks, when their leaders had been treacherously slain, were obliged to find their way home as best they could. It was then that fortune played into Xenophon's hand; for, although he had originally joined the expedition as a mere hanger-on, his shrewdness, courage, and persuasive powers soon set him at the head of the ten thousand, and he undertook to lead them back to Europe. Ἐντεῦθεν ἐξελαύνει, parasang by parasang, through incredible hardships along the Euphrates, through Armenia and Asia Minor to the Black Sea. Θάλαττα, θάλαττα! cry the Greek soldiers, who have not seen their own element for many long months, and rush madly down to the shore. Xenophon eventually brings his army back to the shores of the Aegean, turns it over to Agesilaus, the Spartan king, who is about to undertake an Asiatic campaign, and sets out for home, the possessor of a comfortable fortune, taken in booty during his expedition in Asia.

The first news that he hears on his return is that Socrates has been put to death. His master, whom he truly idolized, had been brought to trial for impiety, had been condemned by a prejudiced jury, and had drunk the fatal hemlock. He should never hear his noble voice nor see his kindly eyes again. He was filled with grief and resentment, and resolved to make Athens his home no more. But first he must find some of his old friends and fellow followers of Socrates and hear from them the details of the trial and death of his beloved master. We may not know from whom he heard the sad tale of

martyrdom, which sounds like that of some early church father: it may have been from Crito, who did all he could to save Socrates, or Plato, or Antisthenes, who was with him to the last; but what he heard served only to exalt his love and admiration for his teacher and to increase his hatred and scorn of the men in power in his native city. We do not know even if he reached Athens at all. Some accounts bring him as far as Megara, others leave him upon the Asiatic shore; but, wherever he halted, the news of Socrates's death must have been a great blow to him.

Socrates had always had enemies—those whom he had made in his career as a critic of morals, and the proud whom he had put to shame for their ignorance, besides his political enemies, who knew well his oligarchical sympathies which he never attempted to conceal. His chief enemy was a wealthy man named Anytus, who, in his younger days, had been a pupil of Socrates and had partaken freely of his intellectual bounty. This man was an ardent partizan of democracy, had been a member of Thrasylbulus's band at Phyle, and an influential mover in the restoration of the old régime. Anytus now came forward as Socrates's chief accuser. The point upon which his enemies wished to fix the specific charges appears to have been this: He had met a young man, the son of a once wealthy tanner, and finding him of more than ordinary intellectual ability, had persuaded him not to follow his father's occupation, but to devote himself to mental pursuits. With the aid of Lycon, an orator, Anytus persuaded a man named Meletus to bring action against Socrates in the name of the state. As was usually the case in Athens, the specific action was soon lost sight of, and Socrates was brought to trial on a charge of corrupting the youth and despising the deities accepted by the state. The charge was inspired by political animosity, the jury

was a packed body, and Socrates knew he had little chance for his life. But when the time came he made his own defense with great power and dignity. The jury of five hundred and fifty-six men, by a small majority, brought in a verdict of guilty and passed a sentence of death, then left it to Socrates to say if he could offer a substitute; between these the court would decide. With infinite sarcasm the philosopher replied that he could think of no other alternative unless that they should give him a seat at the public table for the rest of his days; if that would not answer, he could raise a mina, which his friends would increase to thirty (five hundred and thirty dollars). It was not surprising that the court immediately passed a sentence of death by a majority of eighty. Socrates accepted the sentence calmly, with the remark that he was satisfied with the conduct of his trial, which would be sure to raise up apostolic followers, and that he was thankful to have lived so long to carry on his mission in a state where freedom of thought was tolerated as it had been in Athens.

The Athenian galley had not returned from the yearly theoric mission to Delos, and the law provided that no criminal could be executed during its absence. Thirty days, therefore, remained to Socrates, which were spent in chains and in prison, but not without the society of his friends, Plato, Crito, Antisthenes, Euclides, and others, by whom these last hours were afterward held particularly sacred. The doomed man spoke unceasingly in his usual lofty vein, but with even greater exaltation, discoursing upon the virtue of obedience to the laws of the state, and upon the subject of the immortality of the soul. When the thirty days were passed he took the fatal hemlock with calm serenity. "Thus," says Plato, "died the man who, of all with whom we were acquainted, was in death the noblest, in life the wisest and

most just." With their master gone, Athens had little charm for his devoted pupils. Euclides had already departed for Megara, where he set up a school which in later years became famous as a philosophical center; Isocrates had gone to Chios and opened a school; many others had gone away, and now Plato and Xenophon too (if he had returned to Athens) decided to leave the city. The former repaired to Megara, where he remained with his fellow disciple, Euclides, until he set out on his ten years' journeyings, which took him to southern Italy, to Sicily, and, according to some accounts, to Egypt. Xenophon went directly to Agesilaus, the King of Sparta, to offer his services in the campaign against Persia. The ecclesia of Athens passed a sentence of banishment against him; after a few years we hear of him fighting on the Spartan side, against his native state.

A day of prosperity was now in store for Athens. For several years she had been without a leader; and this, as we have seen before, was a helpless condition. But a leader was coming now, and from an unexpected quarter. Conon, the general who had held a command in the late war, had been made chief general to supersede Alcibiades in 406, had been one of the commanders in the terrible defeat at Aegospotami, and had recently won great renown in the Persian service against Sparta, turned at last to his native city and found her ready and glad to welcome him. Conon was a strong man, with a wide reputation for bravery and uprightness. He soon took the lead in Athenian affairs, and, with the great wealth which he had gained in the service of Artaxerxes, was in a position to repair the ravages which the long war with Sparta had wrought upon the city. He at once began the rebuilding of the city walls and the long walls, and then undertook the restoration of the fortifications and docks at Piraeus. The hero of Cnidus, who in that



memorable battle had avenged some at least of Athens's wrongs at the hands of Sparta, was hailed by the Athenians as their deliverer and the restorer of their city. Conon was well supported by another general, Iphicrates, who was at this time employed in rehabilitating the Athenian army. This general had also distinguished himself in the battle of Cnidus by capturing a Spartan trierarch. In the Lyceum was a large inclosure used as a parade-ground; here Iphicrates drilled the infantry and cavalry; we have record that ten troops of horse could exercise here at the same time, which gives us some conception of the extent of the grounds of the famous gymnasium. In the course of his reconstruction of the army, Iphicrates introduced a new type of infantry, which was neither hoplite nor light infantry, but combined the advantages of both. He replaced the heavy, unwieldy shield, that had been employed for centuries, by a small target; he exchanged the coat of mail for a linen corselet, and gave his men a longer sword than they could use before, when they were weighed down with armor. At the head of a small body of his newly equipped men, he met and destroyed a whole Spartan mora—a body composed of one sixth of all the full-blooded Spartans under arms—and received the plaudits of the Greek world. Conon, Iphicrates, and Thrasybulus, the hero of Phyle, now stood for the political and military leadership of Athens; all were tried men, and under their direction the shattered state regained self-respect, to say the least. Athenian arms, allied with other states, were frequently brought to face the Spartans, and usually with success. The interest of Athens in Byzantium and along the coast of Thrace was reinstated and retained. But, as had always been the case in Athens, the democracy was very suspicious of good men and false witnesses were plenty. In time, both Conon and Iphicrates were impeached

falsely and banished treacherously. The former died an exile in Cyprus, and the latter was eventually restored to favor with the state. Thrasybulus died in his country's service at Aspendus, where he was assassinated by the natives.

In the year 387 a peace was made between Persia and Greece in general, through the influence of a Spartan named Antalcidas. This peace, which bore the name of its framer, was not wholly satisfactory to Athens; but she was forced to accept it. By its terms, all the cities in Asia Minor were given over to the Persian king. Athens retained only the islands of Lemnos, Imbros, and Scyros. After this no more wars with Persia are heard of until Macedonia, having subdued all the rest of Greece, makes conquest of the Persian Empire.

About this time (385-382) two of Athens's most renowned devotees and one of her greatest enemies came into the world: Demosthenes, the last great product of Athenian genius; Aristotle, the Macedonian, who became her last great philosopher; and Philip of Macedon, who was to place his royal foot upon her unwilling neck. Almost fifty years of independence still remained to Athens, a half-century which will always be remembered as one of the most remarkable in her history for those things in which she had so long excelled. Philosophy and art, flourishing side by side on the same stalk, reached the ripeness of full bloom, the fruit of which was not to reach maturity for nearly two thousand years.

Plato returned to the city of his youth imbued with the doctrines of the Pythagoreans and other schools with which he had come in touch during his long sojourn in other lands. He opened a school, not far from the Academy, and near the house of Timon the misanthrope, who bore his occasional visits "with benignity." From

his teaching in the Academy, he was the first to receive the title of Academic Philosopher.

Isocrates comes back from Chios and also opens a school—one for the teaching of rhetoric. He wins great favor at once, and soon has a hundred pupils at one thousand drachmae each. Besides this, he derives considerable income from writing orations for other people: the King of Cyprus was said to have paid him the enormous sum of twenty talents for one of them. Both Plato and Isocrates were writing works which are among our most precious treasures of Greek literature. Plato at once took up the defense of his late master, Socrates, and in his "Apology" vindicated the martyred sage before the world. Almost all of his works are in the form of dialogue, in which Socrates is often made the principal speaker. In the mouth of the great teacher of men Plato puts many of his own philosophical theories, clothing them with a grace and vivacity that made his style the most admired of any writer who has attempted to expound the enigmas of philosophy. He was a poet-philosopher, "gracing the thoughts of a Socrates with the exuberant imagery of a Homer." This is hardly the place to discuss the doctrines of the academic philosophy. It is enough to say that Plato insisted upon the non-reality of matter; he adhered to the Socratic teaching that virtue is a science—a matter of instruction; he believed in the immortality of the soul, and in future punishments and rewards. But he applied philosophy to the conduct of every-day affairs; and in his "Republic" sets forth a scheme for political and private life which will ever be famous as the first Utopia. The state he would make supreme. All individual interests are to be merged in the commonwealth, and all domestic relations are to be sacrificed on the altar of the state. Education and employment are to be under the state's supervision, and a

community of wives and of property is to do away with all domestic troubles. Sincerity, frankness, and purity of ideal make up the tenor of Plato's writings, and had much to do with their popularity among the Greeks and even among the early Christian doctors. Isocrates's literary productions were of quite different character; he was by profession a rhetorician, and his extant writings are all in the form of orations. He was an ardent lover of his country, imbued with pride in her greatness. His most famous oration was a panegyric upon Athens in which he extolled the services of his native city to Greece through all her history. It is said that Isocrates spent ten years in perfecting this oration, so complete and highly finished was his style. Another of Socrates's pupils, residing in Athens, was Aristippus, who observed the tenets of the Socratic doctrine by opposites. To him, whatever conduced to pleasure was accounted virtue. He lived in luxury and the indulgence of his passions; yet prided himself on being able to extract pleasure from prosperity and adversity alike. There was no shame, he said, in indulgence, but in not being able to abstain. Aristippus seems to have been one of the wits of his time. When Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, asked him how it was that the philosophers were forever attending upon the great, while the great were never found waiting upon the philosophers, he replied: "Because physicians always attend the sick." One day a friend boasted to him of having read a great deal, and he remarked: "It is no sign of health to eat more than you can digest." His doctrine that pleasure was the greatest good and pain the chief of evils was reduced to a system by his grandson, who bore his name. It was called the Cyrenaic philosophy because Aristippus had come to Athens from Cyrene.

In this varied harvest of thinkers and teachers, which had sprung up from the seed sown by Socrates, there

were many curious and interesting personalities. Perhaps none was more "peculiar" or amusing than that of Diogenes the Cynic, the man of the tub, who went about with a lantern in broad daylight looking for a "man." Diogenes represented a reaction against the pride, the luxury, and effeminacy that had come upon the Athenians since the "good old days," and he took the most extraordinary means of showing it. He was not a direct disciple of Socrates, but a curious product of the Cynosarges, where he had been a pupil of Socrates's follower, Antisthenes. He was never of attractive appearance, and when at first he applied for admission to the gymnasium, Antisthenes roughly drove him from the door, threatening him with his staff. "Strike, if you will," replied the would-be philosopher; "you cannot find a stick hard enough to drive me away so long as you speak that which I wish to hear." When he had completed his course at the Cynosarges, he was a cynic gone mad. With utter contempt for the common amenities of life, he dressed in unseemly rags and slept either in the open colonnades of the market, or in a tub which stood inside the inclosure of the Metroum. It was also said that he carried a tub with him from place to place. He taught in the streets and in the agora, speaking with painful plainness and often with disgusting vulgarity, but with apt and ready wit. His great cry was for a "man"; children he had seen in Sparta, and women in Athens, but a man he had never found. He loved to ridicule Plato and the dignified learning of the Academy. Plato had defined man, so the story went, as a two-legged animal without feathers. Diogenes plucked a fowl and set it loose in the grove of the Academy, saying, "Behold one of Plato's men!" Once, while Plato was giving a splendid entertainment, the Cynic appeared unbidden and stamped his dirty feet upon the rich carpets of the banquet-hall, crying,

"Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!" The great academician, without wincing at the remark or even at the soiled carpets, calmly replied: "But with greater pride, O Diogenes." Perfectly insensible to insults, a voluntary outcast, unkempt, grumbling, and surly, he truly led the life of a dog; and it is no wonder that his system of philosophy, which was called the Cynic School, was later supposed to have derived its name directly from the Greek word for dog, though it had really come from Cynosarges, the sanctuary of the "White Bitch," the name of the gymnasium where it originated.

The divergences between the different religious sects of our day cannot present contrasts half so confusing to the youth who would follow a life of piety, as did the contradictions among the schools of thought to the young Athenian of the generation following the death of Socrates. Each of these schools claimed descent, more or less remote, from the unwritten teachings of Socrates; yet here we have Plato, the elegant and honorable gentleman, insisting on the virtue of temperance and justice; Aristippus, the voluptuary, extolling the virtue of pleasure; and Diogenes, the tramp, disregarding the simplest decencies of society, and finding fault with everybody. Speculation had run wild, and all faith in the old religion of Greece had been thrown to the winds.

Under the administration of Conon and his noble son, Timotheus, the political affairs of Athens had taken an upward course again. Iphicrates was sent with an army to Egypt to aid Pharnabazus, the Persian satrap, in the suppression of a revolt. In 378, Timotheus and Iphicrates were elected generals and provided with a large fleet which was to cruise about among the islands, and from one coast town to another, on the peaceful mission of establishing the second Attic naval league. Timotheus was especially gifted as a diplomat and succeeded

in enlisting the support of a large number of allies. The terms of the new league were quite similar to those of the old Attic-Delian naval league: each of the allied states was to be independent politically, and the affairs which they had in common were to be administered by a body of deputies meeting at Athens, where the treasury was located. Three years later, Timotheus was given command of sixty triremes, with which he was to harry the coasts of Peloponnesus and visit various islands in the cause of the confederacy. In this undertaking he was again successful, and by the end of the year the new league was materially strengthened. In several encounters with Spartan fleets, he was so successful that Sparta was glad to sue for peace. The general was then recalled, but before he reached Piraeus he offended the Spartans in some way and war was again declared. In 373 the Spartan allies had again seized upon the island of Corcyra, and the same circumstances that had forced the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war sixty years before now called the Athenian fleets from the Aegean to the Ionian Sea. Timotheus and Iphicrates were in command. The former seems to have had the responsibility of the undertaking upon his shoulders; for, while cruising about among the allied islands, raising funds and men, he was deprived of his command on the ground of too long delay. Iphicrates then sailed to Corcyra, defeated the fleet of Syracusan triremes which Dionysius had sent to join the allies of the Spartans, and brought the island over to the Attic confederacy. Meanwhile, Timotheus was brought to trial in Athens, acquitted, and promptly put in command of two successive expeditions, one to Egypt and one to Asia Minor. Both were highly successful, redounding to the fame of the general and adding strength to the position of Athens. On the second expedition he attacked Samos, as a side issue, on his own initiative, and

brought that great island, which had revolted during the late war, once more to Athenian allegiance. It must have seemed like the old days of Cimon and Pericles in Athens, to hear again of conquest and of Athenian prowess on land and sea. This son of Conon was a Greek soldier of the old school, who would have fought well among the heroes of Plataea; he combined the fighting qualities of Cimon with the justness of Aristides, and seems to have been trusted and respected by the allies of Athens as the founder of the first naval league had been. So great was his reputation in the city that the Athenians erected a bronze group of Timotheus and his father, Conon, upon the Acropolis,—the first statues to be so exalted since the group of the tyrannicides.

But another and still greater actor was now preparing for the political stage of Athens. In one of the gymnasiums was the boy Demosthenes, who had been left an orphan at the early age of seven. Demosthenes the father had left a considerable property, consisting of real estate and a large manufactory of bedsteads and cutlery, amounting in all to about fourteen talents (fourteen thousand dollars), a moderate fortune in those days, and had made a will appointing three of his friends as executors and guardians of the boy and his little sister. The will further provided that one of the executors should marry the widow, that another should marry the daughter when she reached a suitable age, giving each a small dowry, and that the third should have an interest in a certain portion of the remainder until the son should come of age. Demosthenes was given the advantage of an education suitable to a youth of his rank and fortune. He is believed to have been a pupil of the orator Issaeus. As soon as he was old enough to understand legal affairs, he inquired into the matter of his father's will, to discover that his guardians had not only failed to comply with the require-



ments of the will concerning the marriages, but had appropriated large portions of the estate to themselves, leaving for him a patrimony of only seventy minae (twelve hundred dollars) instead of the original fortune, largely increased, as it should have been. In 366, Demosthenes became of age and at once instituted proceedings for the recovery of his patrimony; and though the court of arbitration before which the case was tried decided twice in his favor, the matter was not settled for two years. Then the young orator brought an action against one of the guardians alone; he singled out Aphobus, who was apparently the richest of the three, and prepared a most careful case, modelled upon the pleas of his great teacher Issaeus. The suit was decided in favor of Demosthenes, and Aphobus was compelled to pay over ten talents (about ten thousand dollars) of all his ill-gotten gain. The first oratorical efforts of Demosthenes, which are preserved to us in the orations composed for the prosecution of the guardians, though they lack the force and fire which the greatest of all orators afterward put into his speeches, are still wonderful productions for a youth of twenty or twenty-one years, remarkable for clearness of statement, unerring logic, and a thorough understanding of the legal principles involved. Those who heard these maiden efforts of Demosthenes were persuaded of the uncommon gifts of the young orator, and he was highly complimented by the archon and other dignitaries upon the soundness of his judgment, the clearness of his reasoning powers, and the perfection of his style; so that he felt greatly encouraged to take up public speaking as a career, and was finally persuaded to do this by Satyrus the actor, who undertook to give him lessons in declamation. Although Demosthenes had all the mental gifts of a great orator, he had physical impediments which had to be overcome before his success upon the bema

could be complete. His voice was not strong, and it is said that his enunciation was defective; some writers even go so far as to say that he stammered. It was in overcoming these natural obstacles that we hear of him declaiming with pebbles in his mouth, reciting as he ran uphill to strengthen his voice, and speaking out over the waves from the shore at Phalerum to accustom himself to the noise and confusion of the assembly. His hard work and determination deserved all the rewards that the near and distant future had in store for him. It is said that, when he began his career, he would shut himself up for days, spending the whole time in copying out Thucydides, in order to perfect the foundations of his own style. But Demosthenes's power lay not so much in his logic, nor in his method of presenting facts, nor in the style which he acquired, as in his splendid devotion to his native land, in his complete forgetfulness of self and his enthusiasm for the cause which he was advocating; but the patriotic side of his oratory was not called forth until later in his career. He gained the favor of the people on his merits, as an orator of the prevailing school. His first triumphs in the assembly came ten years after he had won his first case. These years had been spent in the severest kind of training and hard work, and they had not been wasted; for, on mounting the bema, Demosthenes found that he could play upon the vast assembly as an accomplished musician plays his instrument. No one had ever so swayed the ecclesia of Athens since the days of Pericles; but the new orator was a far greater political speaker than the old orator of the Golden Age; his wonderful adaptability in suiting his style to the occasion, his translucent clearness, his passionate appeals to the feelings, and, above all, his pure and noble sentiment, made him the first orator of his own or any other age. His private life harmonized perfectly with his pub-

lic utterances, upright, noble, a little austere, perhaps; but it must have been difficult for a man in Athens at that time to mediate between folly and austerity, for we find that most of the truly great men of Athens lived a life of serene dignity, apart from the life of the times.

About the time that Demosthenes was preparing to plead his first case, Aristotle came to Athens. The fame of Plato's school and of his public teaching in the Academy had spread throughout the Grecian world, and the young Macedonian student had come to place himself under the direct influence of the great philosopher. His student career was brilliant from the first, and Plato called him the "intellect of his school." Aristotle was of noble Macedonian stock; his father was private physician to King Amyntas, the father of Philip, and through his influence at the Macedonian court this future philosopher was able to do Athens a good turn when the time came; for Macedonia, young, vigorous, and alert, was rapidly outgrowing the semi-barbarism in which she had lived for centuries, and was reaching forth to Greece for enlightenment and culture. For fifty years her kings had encouraged poets and artists from all parts to settle at their court. Sophocles and Euripides had both made prolonged visits to Macedonia under royal patronage, and now the Macedonian youths were being sent abroad to be educated. Philip, having set aside the claims of his little nephew, Amyntas, had now established himself firmly upon the throne. He had received all the advantages of Hellenic training and education at Thebes, and when he assumed the royal title it was with the full intention of making his kingdom a power, if not the first power, in Greece. He turned his attention at once to the reorganization of the army. Hellenic culture had done its work in Macedonia. In addition to the desire for knowledge, it had awakened an ambition for power.

She had little to lose and everything to gain. She had the advantage of youthful strength and energy which had not suffered from long generations of luxurious living. It was thus that Macedonia, in the person of Philip, became a real menace to the liberties of Athens and of all Greece. Although, at the time of which we are speaking, there was no anticipation in Athens of the impending danger from the north, it is interesting to notice that while Philip, perhaps unwittingly, was preparing the doom of Athenian freedom in his Macedonian home, Demosthenes, with equal ignorance of the future, was fitting himself to resist the coming danger with the mighty force of his eloquence; and though the contest was to be an unequal one, and Demosthenes was to lose in the end, the gigantic efforts of the orator were to redound none the less to his undying fame and to the glory of Athens.

In the interval which remained before the encroachments of Philip, three wars were waged, which, though they engaged the military activity of Athens, had little lasting influence upon the city or the life of her citizens. In 360, Athens went to war with the Olynthians for the possession of Amphipolis, a quest which had called forth her arms on at least two previous occasions, and for the first time came into collision with the forces of Macedonia. The undertaking was not successful; but two years later, when the Thebans had sent an army into Euboea and Athens had been called upon for aid, the Athenian arms were crowned with success. Within five days after the appeal had come, Timotheus and Iphicrates were in Euboea, with fleet and army, and in less than a month the Thebans had been forced to evacuate. In the next year came a revolt of the allies, Chios, Rhodes, and Byzantium, and the so-called Social War followed. At about the same time the Phocians seized Delphi and the Sacred War

began. The Social War saw the end of Timotheus's brilliant career. He was appointed general with Iphicrates and a man named Chares. They agreed to begin operations with the fleet at Byzantium; whereupon the Chians and Rhodians raised the siege of Samos and came to meet the Athenians. All preparations were made for a battle, but just before the engagement a storm came up. Timotheus and Iphicrates decided to defer action. Chares, on the other hand, would not listen to counsel, and gave orders to his ships to move forward. They were immediately driven back, and Chares in a rage sent messengers to Athens, accusing his colleagues of desertion and of having accepted bribes from the allies. The two generals were promptly recalled and brought to trial. Iphicrates was acquitted, but Timotheus, whose pride had been an offense to the populace, was condemned to pay a fine of one hundred talents, the largest fine ever imposed at Athens. Considering the good name which this general had always borne, and the evil reputation of Chares, there is little doubt of his innocence, but he retired to Chalcis, where he died soon afterward. After his death, his son Conon compromised with the state by paying ten talents to be used for completing the restoration of the walls which his grandfather had begun. In 355, the wealthy orator Isocrates was elected trierarch, but refused to accept the office. He was severely criticized for his niggardliness, for the office was one requiring large outlays of private funds. The following year, Athens made peace with the former allies, and Demosthenes, having already received the title of "rhetor," was made a member of the *boulé*. Again the lot for the trierarchy fell upon Isocrates; this time he accepted and discharged his duties with great credit and splendid liberality, thus regaining his popularity. Demosthenes, having been brought into public prominence, celebrated his election

to the ancient Council of Five Hundred by generously offering to bear the expense of the choregia of his tribe, which for two years had been unable to furnish the usual share in the celebrations of the Dionysiac festivals. Now Demosthenes had a bitter enemy, a man by the name of Midias, whose jealousy was so aroused by the public spirit and consequent popularity of the young orator that he broke into the shop where Demosthenes had ordered some golden crowns for his chorus, and attempted not only to destroy the crowns, but to beat the unoffending goldsmith. Demosthenes let this display of spleen pass unnoticed, but when he appeared in the theater to perform the sacred duties of his office as choregus, clad in the official robes, he was attacked by this Midias, who beat him and tore the sacred vestments. The orator was restrained by the solemnity of the occasion from retaliating on the spot; but brought an action against the offender for assault. Midias attempted to intimidate the object of his hatred, but without success; however, the suit was eventually called off, on Midias's payment of thirty minae, a circumstance which provided other enemies of Demosthenes with grounds for the reproach that he had taken money for blows. From this time, however, Demosthenes enjoyed the highest public esteem; his orations became widely known and his debates upon political questions carried great weight among the people. He was presently given the distinction of the leadership of the state deputation which Athens sent to the festival of the Nemean Zeus, and for twenty years to come remained the central figure in Athenian affairs.

Much has been said in this chapter of the men of Athens and their deeds during the first half of the fourth century; but what of the monuments, what of art, in the early years of Athens's afternoon? Architecture, one might say, had reached a period of rest. There is but one

important building which is assigned with certainty to this period: the colonnade of Zeus, which was built on the west side of the agora, opposite the painted colonnade, and added one more beautiful monument to the "famed market-place of splendid ornament." But sculpture and painting flourished, even as in the days of Pericles, and both branches of art reached the culmination of their development. If the age of Pericles is called the Golden Era of Athenian art, the period which followed may be styled the Age of Gold and Ivory; for the art of Athens, like the image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, was part weak and part strong. To the purity and perfection of Phidias art had been added a delicate softness, verging upon effeminacy, which brought with it a tenderness of sentiment, a feeling of spirituality that appealed to the hearts of men, where the older art had appealed only to their minds. Scopas, Praxiteles, and Euphranor are names to conjure with; these three men worked in neighboring studios in the city of Athens at the middle of the fourth century. But let us go back for a moment to the beginning of the century, to names less great than these, that the artistic succession may not be broken. Cephisodotus was an Athenian, the father and master of Praxiteles; he may be considered as a sculptor of the transition. We have a copy of one of his works in the Munich group of "Irène and the infant Plutus," the original of which stood in the agora at Athens. It shows all the grandeur, nobility, and purity of the older school; but has taken on an expression of deeper spiritual feeling and of pathos, which are not found in the works of Phidias and Myron. This sculptor worked chiefly in marble and seems to have made a specialty of religious subjects. The art of engraving had come greatly into vogue at this time, and we hear of Mys engraving the shield of Athena Promachos, which Phidias had left quite plain, from designs

by the painter Parrhasius of Ephesus. This Parrhasius, by the way, was an artist of considerable importance. He had come over from Ephesus to paint a picture of the Athenian Demos, which seems to have been represented by a group; for Pliny describes it as depicting a great variety of passions, such as anger, injustice, inconstancy, together with kindness, compassion, baseness, and folly, which in a single face or form could have been but a confusing caricature. It was Parrhasius who became the great rival of Zeuxis and painted the famous curtain which deceived the other painter, who had boasted that the birds came to peck at his picture of some grapes. He became probably the most conceited man of his time. Assuming the title of King of Art, he wore a diadem of gold and went about robed in the purple of royalty. He called himself Habrodiaetus,—the high-liver,—and received the nickname of Rhabdodiaetus,—the brush-man. No sculptor, architect, or poet had ever made such a fool of himself; but great painters were less common than masters in the other arts, and it was probably the fact that he was a "*rara avis in terris*" that made him so proud of himself.

It is a great misfortune that Roman greed and the medieval lime-kiln have deprived us of almost all examples of the work of the two greatest sculptors of the period of full bloom in Attic sculpture. Of the works of Praxiteles, the most famous of modern discoveries has given us one masterpiece,—the "*Hermes of Olympia*,"—for which the world is duly grateful. Of the numerous statues of Scopas, nothing has come down to us but a few fragments and mutilated heads, and we are thrown almost entirely upon the writings of the ancients for our estimate of his style. There is a somewhat mutilated head in the National Museum at Athens which conforms very closely to the style of Scopas as we know



it in the famous sculptures from Halicarnassus, and of which so eminent an authority as M. Collignon says that one would not be too rash if he ascribed it to the hand of the master himself. A photograph of the head is



Scopas Head, found in  
Athens.

given herewith. It was found in Athens, on the southern slope of the Acropolis, and for that reason is of special interest to us. Despite its injured condition, one may readily appreciate its beauty, the graceful poise of the head, the soft, delicate lines of the brow and cheek, the tender expression of the eyes, and the life-like parted mouth, which, though broken, looks as if it were about to sing. It was at the sight of Scopas's "Raging Bacchante" that the Athenian

orator Callistratus, the friend of Demosthenes, was struck speechless; so overcome was he by the passionate facial expression of a soul stung to madness. Warmth of feeling, delicacy of expression, and passionate excitement, when it was required, seem to have been within the power of this sculptor's chisel. His calmer inspiration seems to have found expression in his "Apollo Kitharoidos," a statue which he made for the temple of Nemesis at Rhamnus, representing the god of beauty and of song rapturously singing to his own accompaniment upon the cithara. The statue of the same name now to be seen in the Vatican at Rome may give us a shadowgraph of his famous masterpiece.

Praxiteles, like Scopas, devoted himself largely to stat-

ues of the gods. His works seem to have been inspired by the ideal beauty of youth. He could idealize the virile strength of young manhood, as we see by his "Hermes," or the tender beauty of pampered boyhood, as is illustrated in copies of his "Apollo Sauroktonos"—the lizard-killer.

The youthful athletic type was equally well treated by his marvelous genius. An interesting illustration of this class of work is perhaps to be found in a remarkable statue recently discovered in Athens, consisting of a torso and a perfectly preserved head,

a little less than life-size. The figure is robust and perfectly proportioned, yet there is a delicate softness in the contours and in the treatment of the flesh that compares very favorably with this sculptor's treatment of the famous statue of Hermes. The spirituality of the somewhat pensive expression of the face is also in keeping with this great sculptor's method of putting sentiment



Athletic Statue, of the School of Praxiteles,  
found in Athens.

into his faces. This statue is certainly anterior to the school that followed immediately after that of Praxiteles, and if not of sufficient importance as a subject to have been the work of the master, it may certainly have been executed by one of his pupils.

Not less than five figures of Aphrodite were executed by him, one of which—the famous statue at Cnidus—was reckoned among the wonders of the world. He also carved a beautiful statue of his mistress, Phryne, to contrast ideal, divine beauty with the perfection of earthly loveliness. His treatment of the boy-god, Eros, was a new departure and a revelation to the artists of his time. The god of love was given a character of soft and almost effeminate beauty. He is no longer the prankish, cruel, flint-hearted boy, but a dreamy, voluptuous creature who wounds “not with the arrow, but with the eye.” His satyrs were of the same general type as the “Eros” and of equally bewitching beauty, as we may judge by the “Marble Faun” and other well-known copies. It is said that Praxiteles, wishing to present one of his statues to Phryne, gave her her choice between “Eros” and the “Satyr,” refusing to tell her which was his own favorite. She delayed making her choice for a few days, and in the meantime arranged to have an alarm given that Praxiteles’s studio was on fire. “Have they saved my ‘Eros’?” was the great artist’s first exclamation, and Phryne, on the strength of that, chose the statue of Love.

The third member of this great group of artists was the painter-sculptor of the Isthmus, Euphranor. He was more of a painter than a sculptor, although he is known to have worked in marble. His most important work in Athens would seem to have been the decoration of the new colonnade of Zeus, in which he painted a large composition representing the twelve Olympian gods with

Theseus, Demos, and the People as one piece, and the battle of Mantinea as another. We have an interesting commentary on this artist's work in a comparison which he himself made between his own figure of Theseus and that of Parrhasius, which, he said, looked as if it had been fed on roses, while his own showed that it had been fed on beef; which may be taken to mean that Euphranor had found a deeper, more realistic flesh-tint and could give a greater effect of rotundity to his drawing. An ancient critic of his picture of the twelve gods admires Hera's hair and says that Poseidon was more majestic than Zeus.

## XI

### THE AGE OF THE ORATORS

"Wherefore the goddess, who was a lover of both war and wisdom, selected and first settled that spot that was most likely to produce men likest to herself."

PLATO.



Demosthenes.  
A Head found in Athens.

IN the year 347, Plato bade his last farewell to the olive groves of the Academy, where he had disseminated truth and encouraged virtue for nearly forty years. The closing days of his long and eventful life were spent in tranquillity, in his favorite haunts, still surrounded by a large number of disciples. He had spent some time in revising his earlier works, and had dedicated a sanctuary and an altar to the Muses

beneath the shade of his beloved Academy. The Athenians gave him a splendid funeral, says Olympiodorus, and carved this couplet on his tomb:

Apollo created both Asclepius and Plato; the former that he might save men's bodies, the latter that he might save their souls.

On the death of the great philosopher, his two most brilliant pupils, Aristotle and Xenocrates, betook themselves

to Sicily. Speusippus, Plato's nephew, succeeded him as president of the Academy. A little later we learn of Aristotle returning to his native Macedonia, at the request of King Philip, in order to take charge of the education of the young prince Alexander—a step natural and simple enough in itself, but one fraught with great importance to Athens, as it turned out. Theophrastus, another important pupil of Plato, seems to have remained in Athens, where he not only continued his philosophic studies, but took a great interest in the politics of the city, although he was by birth a Lesbian.

For ten years Demosthenes, like a guard on the watch-tower, had kept his eyes turned toward the north. He was suspicious of the designs of Philip, while each day was bringing substance to the ground of his suspicion. Philip had taken Amphipolis, Potidaea, and other towns on the Thracian coast. The Sacred War had given him an excuse for bringing an army into Greece. Demosthenes had not only the keen perception to see through the designs of the Macedonian king, but the courage to place himself and all the powers of his oratory in opposition to them. It was in these efforts that he delivered his great series of orations against the encroachments of Philip, known as the "Philippics," which brought out all the patriotic ardor and lofty devotion of this greatest of all orators. The first of these orations had been delivered in 352. Three years later, Philip attacked the Olynthians, who were now bound to Athens by a treaty. The unfortunate Olynthians cried to Athens for help, and Demosthenes, by his great Olynthiac orations, stirred the people to make every endeavor on their behalf. All efforts failed, however; Philip took the city, destroyed it, and sold the inhabitants into slavery. The king then signified his desire to make an alliance with Athens. Demosthenes and Aeschines, one of the leading politicians of the time, were

members of the embassy which Athens sent to open negotiations. Philip appears to have evaded the demand of the Athenian ambassadors that Phocis, then an ally of Athens, should be included in the terms of the treaty. The embassy returned and was quickly followed by one from Philip. The alliance was discussed at two meetings of the ecclesia, and when the terms were finally satisfactory to Athens, they were agreed to, and the Macedonian ambassadors took the solemn oath customary on such occasions; but the treaty would not be binding upon Macedonia until the oath had been administered to Philip. Demosthenes, with Aeschines and others, was sent to Philip to secure the oath which would make the alliance an assured fact. They found Philip absent, on an expedition to the Bosphoros, and waited three months for his return. When they finally met him he deferred the ratification of the treaty and set out for Thessaly, followed by the Athenian ambassadors. The oath was not taken until Phocis was almost in sight, and then the Phocians were omitted from the treaty. On the return of the embassy, Demosthenes accused his colleagues of having accepted bribes, and, from that moment, Athens was divided into two rival factions. Demosthenes took the lead of the anti-Macedonian party and strove to the utmost of his powers to arouse Athens to a full sense of her danger. There were many good citizens in Athens who could not believe that Philip had designs upon the liberties of Greece, and were for maintaining an alliance. Among these was old Isocrates, who believed that an alliance with Macedonia could not but strengthen the position of Athens. But Philip had already conquered Phocis and was continuing his encroachments in Acarnania, Thrace, and the Peloponnesus. Demosthenes was unwearied in his labors to thwart his plans, and the second and third Philippics were noble efforts in behalf of Grecian liberty.

Philip's intrigues reached a culminating point when his partizans elected him to the command of the Amphictyonic forces. He at once took advantage of the situation and marched with a large army to Elatea. The first real threat had been made. The news reached Athens at evening; consternation filled the city; Demosthenes was on the Pnyx by daybreak and, in one of his greatest speeches, depicted the situation to the Athenian populace. His plea for safety was an immediate alliance with Thebes. The assembly was carried away by his words and filled with confidence in his wisdom. The proposal was carried by acclamation. Demosthenes set out at once for Thebes, where the alliance was concluded, and the allied armies marched northward without delay.

Then followed the terrible battle of Chaeronea, in which the forces of Athens and Thebes were most disastrously defeated. The news brought Athens to the verge of despair. When the word came to Isocrates, his eyes were fully opened to the designs of Philip, whom he had trusted as a noble prince though a barbarian; it was too much for his advanced years, and he fell dead at the blow. Demosthenes, on the other hand, did not lose heart, and put forth every effort to calm the people, who showed that their confidence in him was not shaken, by choosing him to deliver the oration for those who had fallen on the field of Chaeronea. This sad duty accomplished, he was elected to superintend the strengthening of the fortifications in anticipation of an immediate attack. There were those, however, who were opposed to Demosthenes and his policy. This faction, headed by Aeschines, did all they could to vex and harass the untiring orator. To bring these annoying demonstrations of spleen to a head and test the feelings of the people, a friend of Demosthenes named Ctesiphon proposed in the assembly that the orator be presented with a golden



crown, in acknowledgment of his services to the state, in the theater at the coming festival of Dionysus. It was customary, before putting the matter to vote, to leave the question open for a few days, during which time it was possible to prosecute the mover of the question for illegal proposal. Aeschines took advantage of this provision of the law to arrest the proceedings by prosecuting Ctesiphon, aiming his indictment, of course, at Demosthenes. The trial, which was to call the orator to account for the whole of his political career, was unaccountably postponed for eight years.

Philip, for some reason, did not follow up the advantage of his victory at Chaeronea by an immediate assault upon Athens, and the expected blow was awaited for two long years. At the end of that time Athens breathed a sigh of relief on hearing that Philip had been assassinated at the marriage-feast of his daughter.

The reviving hopes which that sigh of relief had heralded were soon to be crushed when the Athenians and all the Greek world learned of what sort of stuff young Alexander was made. In a rising of the states which followed a rumor of the young king's death, Thebes prepared to throw off the Macedonian yoke, and Demosthenes sent a supply of arms, at his own expense, to aid the cause; but Alexander, far from being dead, appeared before the unfortunate city and razed it to the ground, sparing only the house of Pindar. What had Athens to expect if she showed untoward longings for independence? But one may readily believe that a conqueror who would spare the house of a poet on sentimental grounds could easily be persuaded by his friend and teacher to deal gently with a city in which that friend had made his fame. Aristotle at once returned to Athens and had the Lyceum assigned to him by the state, and began his great career as a teacher of philosophy with such pupils as Theophrastus among the

large number of scholars who assembled to hear the wisdom of this greatest disciple of Plato. The new president of the famous gymnasium gave two courses of lectures each day. In the forenoon he lectured to a more select circle of hearers upon the more abstruse doctrines of philosophy, physics, and dialectics. In the afternoon a more promiscuous class listened to discourses upon sophistic topics, rhetoric, and politics. Among other innovations, the distinguished Macedonian introduced the fashion of walking up and down the shady paths of the gymnasium while lecturing, instead of sitting as other lecturers were accustomed to do. This habit of his gave the name of *peripatetic* to his school of thought.

The Academy was presided over by Xenocrates, who had returned from abroad, Speusippus having retired from the presidency. The haunt of Plato lost none of its popularity under the management of its new director, and the olive groves were thronged with enthusiastic scholars. One day a wild and dissipated youth named Polemon, in a drunken revel at the head of a boisterous band, burst in upon the classic quiet of the gymnasium while Xenocrates was, by chance, lecturing on temperance. The lecturer did not pause in his discourse, despite the interruption, and Polemon, in a lucid moment, heard something that arrested his distracted attention. Slowly he sank into a seat and concentrated his mind upon the words of the speaker. Presently he raised his hand and tore off the garland which bound his locks; he heard the lecture to the end, and from that day abandoned his profligate life to become a devoted pupil of Xenocrates.

Ten years and more of peace and of virtual independence remained for Athens, and although her politicians did not rest from plotting new schemes for complete freedom from Macedon, the citizens enjoyed a life of calm tranquillity. The fame of Athens for art and learning

brought many visitors to the Piræus. It is interesting to read the impressions of a traveler in Athens at this time, gleaned from a fragment of an unknown author. It is like a leaf from the journal of a modern tourist: "The city is not well supplied with water and has very crooked streets on account of its antiquity. The houses of the people are rather poor and insignificant; so that a stranger would at first hardly believe that he was in the celebrated city of Athens. But when he has beheld the superb theater, the costly temple of Athena, called the Parthenon, overhanging the theater; the great Olympieum, which, though incomplete, fills the beholder with astonishment by the grandeur of its plan; the three gymnasiums,—the Academy, the Lyceum, and the Cynosarges,—all of them shaded with trees and covered with luxuriant grass; having witnessed the haunts of philosophers, the various schools and the festive amusements by which care is driven away, he would have another impression and would believe that this was really the famous city of Athens. The hospitalities of the people make pleasant the visit of a stranger. The city abounds with supplies for every want and means for gratifying every desire. The neighboring towns are but suburbs of Athens. The citizens are quick to recognize the worth of any artist; and though, among the people of Attica, there may be busybodies and gossips, who spend their time in spying out the life of strangers, yet the true Athenians are broad-minded, simple in their manners, good friends, and able critics. In fact, Athens excels other cities in art as other cities excel the country in the means of enjoyment."

These are the impressions made by Athens upon a man of the world, a lover of city life with its manifold interests and pleasures. Athens was indeed the city *par excellence* for sight-seeing. It is not necessary to enumerate the splendid temples and the great buildings which

have already been described in these chapters, the glories of which so delighted the writer of the above fragment; there were many other wonders to be seen in Athens which the passage quoted does not include. The agora, for instance,—the center of Athenian life,—was, by itself, an epitome of the history of Athens, full of beautiful buildings and statues of the greatest historic interest. Its open space, much longer than wide, began at the western slope of the Areopagus and extended, we know not how far, toward the north and east. On one side, part way up the slope of the Areopagus, were the Metroum, the Council House, and the Tholos, a circular structure with a conical, tiled roof which the ancients called the “skias,” or umbrella, where the presidents of the Council of Five Hundred dined each day at public expense. On the same side, near the winding road which led up to the Acropolis, were the famous statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton—the Tyrannicides—and a long row of statues representing the eponymous heroes of the Attic tribes, where the names of the youths drawn for military service were posted, according to their tribes. On the east side of the market the traveler would visit the painted colonnade to see the celebrated pictures by Polygnotus. On the west there seem to have been no less than three important buildings. That farthest south was the temple of Paternal Apollo, where the true-born Athenian children were publicly introduced by their parents. Next to this temple stood the colonnade dedicated to Zeus of Freedom, which had recently been decorated by the famous painter Euphranor, and in which was a favorite corner where Plato and his followers had often sat discussing philosophy and the public questions of the day. The third building on the west side of the market-place was a colonnade where the king archons sat. It was called the Royal Colonnade, and seems to have been a veritable museum: here

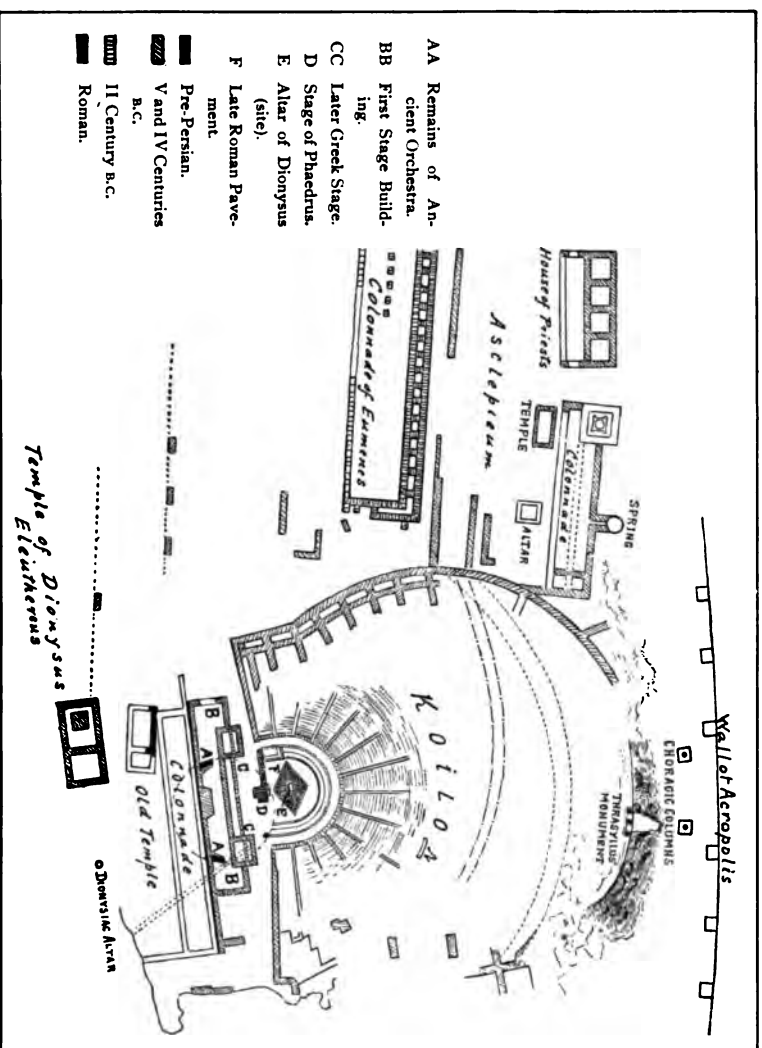
were golden statues of the king archons, the sacred stone on which oaths were taken, and a number of great chests containing important public documents; among which, besides Solon's laws, which seem to have been moved from the Prytaneum, there were Drakon's laws on homicide and, according to some accounts, the official copies of the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. In the center of the agora was the Leocorium, where visitors were shown the spot where the tyrant Hipparchus fell. There were numerous altars about the agora, including, in addition to the ancient Altar of the Twelve Gods, altars of Mercy, Modesty, Rumor, and many others. Near the painted colonnade was the famous bronze statue of Hermes of the Market, and from this statue a long line of Hermae which reached from the *stoa poikile* to the Royal Colonnade, dividing the open space of the market into two sections, one of which seems to have been devoted to matters of state, while the other was given over to business. Above the market towered the Areopagus and the temple of Ares, and higher still, against the sky, the mighty wall of the Acropolis, the splendid colonnades of the Propylaea, and the delicate outlines of the Nike temple, like a frozen cloud against the blue. How wonderful and awe-inspiring it must have been, and how delightful withal,—the rising tiers of massive purple rock and glorious temples, heaped up and up above the gay market, bright with colonnades, garlanded altars, and splendid statues; thronged with well-built men and beautiful youths clad in soft draperies of brilliant hues, chatting, laughing, buying and selling, all in the sonorous tones of their Attic tongue! Where else in the world's history can we find such a stage setting and such *dramatis personae*! On the other side of the Areopagus, near the Eleusinium, on the western slope of the Acropolis was the temple of Ge and Demeter Chloë, which is mentioned by Aristophanes,

and just below it the temples of Aphrodite Pandemos and Themis. Still farther around, somewhere toward the east of the Acropolis, was the temple of Ilithyia, which Plato mentions.

It would seem as if the city of Athens were already as perfect as monuments could make it; but this period of rest under the reign of Alexander produced Lycurgus, who ranks next to Pericles as an embellisher of the city. Lycurgus was an orator, a partizan of Demosthenes, with whom he had been sent on several embassies to King Philip. He was greatly beloved by the people, who honored him by making him thrice the treasurer of the public funds. He was also made superintendent of public works; and it was in this capacity that he left his most brilliant record to posterity. Of temples and sanctuaries there was already a wealth which amounted to embarrassment; but the only enrichment that the Acropolis had received for some time was a gift of twenty-six Persian shields, which Alexander had presented to Athena Parthenos after the battle of Granicus, and which had been used to adorn the architrave of her temple. In festive architecture the city did not equal a number of other Grecian cities. Her theater was the same old structure of the days of the tyrants, and there was no suitable place for the celebration of public games. Many other cities had their stadiums and hippodromes, but Athens still celebrated her festival games on the fields of one of the gymnasiums. Lycurgus was to remedy these deficiencies and made elaborate plans for the reconstruction of the theater and the building of a great stadium.

It is, of course, beyond the possibilities of archaeological research to discover in what particulars the Dionysiac theater required renovation at this time, or to what extent the time-honored structure was remodeled by Lycurgus. The questions of the date and the original form of the

theater are subjects of great difficulty, over which pitched battles among archaeologists have been waged almost constantly since the location of the theater by Chandler in 1860. The complete restoration by Lycurgus toward the close of the fourth century B.C., the extensive alterations of the structure under Roman rule, in the first century B.C., and a third renovation in the third century, together with the ruin caused by violence and time, have left very little which can be definitely assigned to the original permanent theater of Aeschylus's time. Some authorities have gone so far as to say that there was no stone theater—or at least no seats of stone—before the time of Lycurgus, but this seems hardly a tenable position when we consider the antiquity of stone theaters in other cities of Greece of less importance than Athens, particularly as a dramatic center. Athens was the city of Dionysus *par excellence*; her dramatists, her actors, her festival were the most famous in all Greece; and it is difficult to believe that the "first permanent theater," the theater in which Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides brought out their masterpieces, consisted of nothing but a sloping bank of earth provided with wooden benches. But, supposing that the theater built in the seventieth Olympiad had been of stone throughout, two hundred years of constant war, the tramping of hundreds of thousands of boisterous feet, to say nothing of the terrible months of the plague, during which people were forced to live within the sanctuaries of the gods, and the times of war and tumult when the thirty tyrants browbeat the citizens in the theater with a Spartan army at their backs: all this would have tended to put the old theater in sore need of repair, and we may believe that Lycurgus altered the original form of the building only in minor details. What the orator found in the way of a theater we may only conjecture; but what



Plan of the Theater and Surrounding Buildings.



he left may be more easily determined. The Attic theater, as we have seen before, consisted of three general divisions: the *koilon*, or auditorium; the *orchestra*, or dancing circle, around two thirds of which the *koilon* curved; and the *skene*, the stage building, which closed the remaining third of the circle. The *koilon* of the theater of Athens is slightly irregular in plan. Its outer curve, after describing two thirds of a circle, is broken out into almost parallel lines; while the innermost curve of seats—that about the *orchestra*—takes the form of a semi-circle with ends prolonged in parallel lines. This great curved hollow was partly excavated and partly built. Two retaining walls, rising by steps from the level of the *orchestra* to that of the highest seats, marked the ends of the *koilon*, and at either side the outer curve was sustained by a heavy wall. From the top of the excavated portion and the augmenting wall a filling of earth and stone was graded down to the *orchestra*; upon this the seats of stone were laid in a hundred or more concentric rows. Twenty of these rows are still to be seen, some of them in place and others lying loosely upon the slope. Each seat, as may be seen, had three parts, the long continuous bench, well curved underneath, a depression behind it for the feet of the people sitting next above, and a narrow ledge beneath the overhanging portion of the bench above; all three parts were cut in one block of stone, except the highest seats of all, which were cut in the solid Acropolis rock. There were no backs to the ordinary seats, which were all alike from bottom to top. These seats were divided radially, by fourteen staircases,—*klimakes*,—into thirteen wedge-shaped blocks called *kerkides*. The upper portions of the house were again divided into upper and lower tiers by a curving aisle known as the *diazoma*. The staircases consisted of only a single deep step to each row of seats. Each step slanted upward and was provided

with grooves to make the ascent more easy. The first row, being the place of honor, differed from all the rest. This was slightly elevated above the orchestra and consisted of a set of carved marble chairs with high backs, curving around the shoulders, and so carved as to represent the backs and legs of wooden chairs. These orchestra chairs were reserved for the distinguished personages of the audience, and in later years bore upon their front panels the names of the officials for whom they were intended. The central chair of this row, a richly carved marble throne for the priest of Dionysus Eleuthereus,—the patron deity of the drama,—was a marvel of beauty, and remains in its place, one of the best preserved of all. Upon the back are two satyrs carved in low relief; on the outer face of the great arms, two figures of Eros, of typical Greek beauty, are to be seen, kneeling upon one knee and holding each a game-cock in readiness for the cock-



Throne for the Priest of  
Dionysus Eleuthereus.

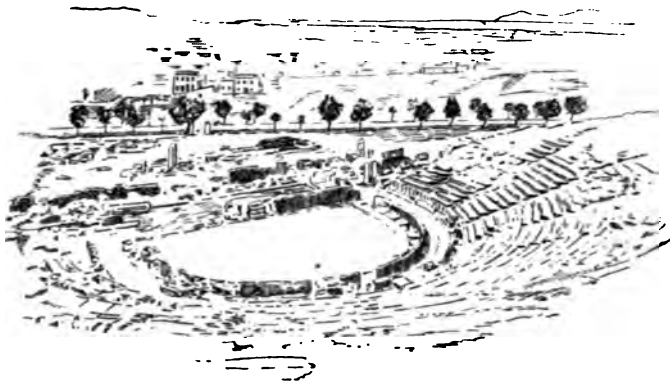


Arm of the Central Throne.

fight which was celebrated in the theater annually after the Persian wars. Upon the front of the throne, just below the seat, is an imitation of some of the Persian reliefs: Arimaspi, or Oriental one-eyed genii, in combat with griffins. This would surely seem to have been executed in Lycurgus's time, by an artist who had been out on one of the Asiatic campaigns and was familiar with the carved decorations of the

palaces at Persepolis. The vast auditorium is said by Plato to have held thirty thousand persons, and our conservative modern critics are willing to admit seventeen thousand as the number which could be accommodated.

The orchestra, which could not be injured by time or use, was undoubtedly left as it was, a broad circle of hard-beaten earth with the *thymele* or altar of Dionysus, in its center. It was upon this altar that the libation, which



The Theater, from the Base of the Acropolis Wall.

was the opening ceremony of every dramatic festival, was poured; about it danced the choruses; it was, in fact, the very pivot of Dionysiac worship.

When we come to the skene we have reached the bone of all the archaeological contentions, a building about which most learned treatises have been written to prove opposite theories. We had better refrain from any lengthy discussion of so delicate a question, contenting ourselves with what is definitely known about it, and, for the rest, taking up the views of Dr. Dörpfeld, whose great work on the subject is the most exhaustive study of the

question yet presented to the world. The stage building was completely detached from the koilon by a passage on either side several feet in width, which was the common entrance to the theater. It was a long, narrow edifice, high as the highest row of seats. At either end was a wing which jutted out toward the end walls of the koilon. A line connecting the two wings would be approximately tangent to the circle of the orchestra. Between these wings was the *logeion*, or speaking-place, upon which three great portals opened from the stage building. Of this much we may be reasonably sure, but as to the *logeion*—the stage—whether it was high or low, narrow or broad, we may take the word of the eminent scholar mentioned above, and he says that there was no stage at all in the accepted sense of the word; that the actors of the Sophoclean period and that of which we are speaking stood upon the orchestra level; and that the elevated stage is a Roman invention. The action then was not confined to the space between the wings of the skene; for the principal actors had the whole orchestra before them, and could advance and mingle with the chorus so far as the play allowed. When the chorus was not in evidence, the actors undoubtedly carried on their dialogue well forward of the *logeion*.

Great enthusiasm was shown by the people of Athens when Lycurgus commenced the work of renovation. A wealthy Plataean, Eudemus by name, lent one thousand yoke of oxen to help on the good cause; and when the theater was completed Lycurgus adorned it with statues of the great tragic writers Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and other famous Athenians besides, such as Miltiades and Themistocles.

Above the theater is a cave, cut in the solid rock of the Acropolis. Here a monument was built in 320 B.C., in honor of Thrasyllus, surmounted by a tripod repre-

sending, in relief, the scene of Apollo and Artemis in the act of destroying the children of Niobe, the boastful mother who prided herself on having a large number of children, while Leto, the mother of Apollo and Artemis, had only two. The cave is still to be seen, but the monument perished early in the last century during the siege of the Acropolis by the Turks. It was seen by Stewart shortly before its destruction, and, thanks to him, we have a restoration of the monument and copies of its inscriptions. The face of the rock at the entrance to the cave was hewn to a smooth perpendicular surface, as we see it to-day; a façade of Pentelic marble was then built up in front of the opening. This was a simple structure composed of two broad pilasters like the antae of a temple, with a narrow pilaster between them. Above these was laid a simple entablature and probably a triangular pediment which carried the tripod. The frieze of the entablature was adorned with a row of laurel wreaths, and the architrave bore an inscription which says that Thrasyllus, who dedicated the monument, was victor, as choregus, with the men of the tribe of Hippothöon; that Eyius the Chalcidian played the flute; that Neaechmus was archon; and that Carchidamus the Sotian taught the chorus.

At the other end of this southern side of the Acropolis, below the Nike temple, was another choragic monument dedicated by one Nicias. This monument was taken down in Roman times and built into the Roman gate below the Propylaea, where many of its parts and its inscriptions are still to be found. The building seems to have been not unlike the monument of Thrasyllus, and was built in the same year (320-319). It probably was a simple façade applied to the surface of the Acropolis rock, and consisted of six Doric columns supporting an entablature and a pediment. The inscription upon the

architrave read as follows: "Nicias, son of Nicodemus of Xupete, dedicated [this monument], having obtained a victory as choregus with the boys of the tribe of Cecropis; Pantaleon of Sicyon played the flute; the piece was the 'Elpenor' of Timotheus. Neaechmus was archon."

From the theater, around the eastern end of the Acropolis as far as the Prytaneum, led a street called the Street of the Tripods from the fact that on either side of it the victors in the Dionysiac contest were wont to set up their trophies, which were always in the form of tripods of bronze. It had long since become the custom of these men to erect suitable monuments as pedestals for their trophies, and by the time of which we are speaking these pedestals had become monuments



The Monument of Lysicrates.

of great beauty. There are various accounts of these choragic monuments, as they are called, which show that the best architects and sculptors of the day were employed to build and beautify them. The famous "Satyr" of Praxiteles is said to have adorned one of them. Only one has come down to us: the well-known monument of Lysicrates, called in earlier modern times the Lantern of Demosthenes. We know little about this Lysicrates besides what the inscription tells us: that he was choregus when the boy-chorus of the deme

Acamantis won the prize; that Theon was the flute-player and Lysiades of Athens trained the chorus; and that Euaenetus was archon; which fixes the date as 335 B.C., or during the rebuilding of the theater. One wishes, since only one of these monuments was to be spared, that it might have been the work of some of the famous artists; but fate decreed otherwise, and we must be content with this beautiful little bit of architecture, which may be taken as a sample of the closely crowded ranks of similar structures that lined the Street of the Tripods. The form of this little building is almost too well known to require description, with its square base of Piræic limestone, its overhanging cornice of Eleusinian marble, and its "lantern"—the circular structure with six engaged columns, dainty frieze, and corrugated roof surmounted by a rich acanthus ornament for the support of the tripod, all made of the marble of Pentelicus. Two points, however, arrest our attention: the columns and the frieze. These engaged columns are of a style which was comparatively new in Athens at this time. Callimachus is believed to have invented the Corinthian order in this same century. Monuments in the new style had been built in other parts of Greece and perhaps in Athens; but the monument of Lysicrates is the earliest building still existing in the city which bears the sign of Callimachus's elaborated design. In the new order the shaft of the column was made even longer than in the Ionic, and the capital was said by some to have been suggested to the inventor by an ordinary column bound at the top with a bunch of acanthus leaves, but Vitruvius, the Roman architectural writer, tells a more poetical story of its origin. There was a beautiful maid of Corinth, he says, who died on the eve of her wedding day. It was winter time, and after the body had been laid in the cold, moist earth, the old nurse of the dead girl, grieving sorely over the death of her young mistress,

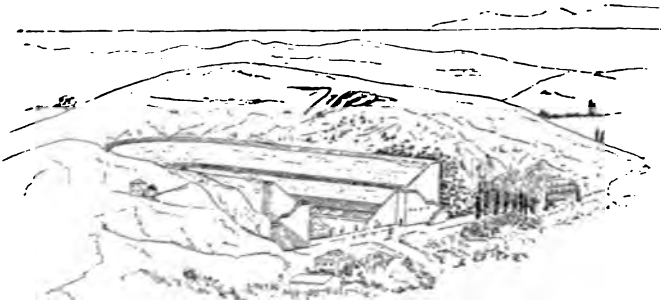
gathered together all her toys and the various little things she had loved in childhood, and, putting them in a tall basket, placed them upon her grave, laying a broad, square tile over the basket to keep out the rain. The basket, it would seem, had been set upon the dormant root of an acanthus plant, and when the warm spring sun began to wake the sleeping root, it pushed forth its leaves on all sides of the basket, stretching up along its sides until it reached the projecting angles of the tile, beneath which it curled over in four graceful volutes. Callimachus happened to be passing by the lonely little grave, and, seeing the basket with its acanthus adornment, was prompted to copy the picture in a capital of stone, thus originating the Corinthian style.

It was a style admirably suited to festive designs, but ere long, when the old love for simplicity and dignity had given way to a passion for richness and sumptuous display, it gained favor for the mightiest of structures. The frieze, though sadly defaced by time, represents a scene, in low relief, in which Dionysus punishes the Tyrrhenian pirates, two of whom, half turned to dolphins, leap headlong into the sea. The legend here depicted is the theme of the sixth Homeric hymn, which may have been selected for the performance of the chorus.

Another structure of importance undertaken by Lycurgus was the stadium. Out across the Ilissus, between the hill called Helicon and a knoll to the east of it, was a little valley terminating toward the south in a cul-de-sac. This was the place chosen by the famous orator for the erection of a suitable structure in which the ever-recurring festival games could be held—a building where an enormous number of spectators could comfortably witness a great series of games and athletic sports. The stadium was not a new sort of building in Greece, but Athens had never possessed one. It was soon found that by deepening



the little valley referred to above, and building up two walls, like the end walls of the koilon of the theater at its opening, an ideal place could be made for the spectators on the sloping banks which faced each other and were joined at one end by a curve like the koilon of a theater; with ample room for a running track in the space—six hundred and ten feet long and one hundred and nine feet broad—between the two sloping sides. The



The Stadium, from the Side of Mount Lycabettus.

track was separated from the seats by a low marble parapet, between which and the seats was a continuous passage for the movement of the vast assemblage. The front row of seats was necessarily raised high enough for spectators to be able to see over the heads of the passers-by, and flights of steps at regular intervals led from the passage to the seats. There would seem to have been about sixty rows of seats, which would accommodate an audience of fifty thousand persons. As a matter of fact, little building up was necessary, except at the open end of the stadium, where two huge retaining walls with outer staircases for reaching the higher seats were constructed. Eudemus again lent his one thousand yoke of oxen, and, when the Panathenaea were celebrated again, the Athe-

nians assembled in the beautiful new stadium, with its gently curving sides, its broad, sweeping koilon at the end, its statues of Hermes to mark the goals, and everything which could make the scene of Athena's games as splendid as that of Zeus at Olympia or of Apollo at Delphi.



Ruins in the Sanctuary of Asclepius.

It was about this time that the ancient sanctuary of Asclepius was taken in hand and embellished with new and beautiful buildings. The sanctuary of the "Blameless Physician," as we already know, was situated upon a terrace beneath the south wall of the Acropolis, where the natural rock was scarped away to make it more precipitous. It extended from the theater almost to the sanctuary of Aegeus the Hero, just below the Nike temple, and was bounded on the south by a portion of the Pelasgic wall. Near the center of the terrace are the ancient foundations of a little temple which must have contained the statue of the healing god. Between this and the theater ran a colonnade one hundred and fifty-two

feet in length, which belongs to the period under discussion. It was built of Hymettian marble in simple Doric style, and was in all probability used as a shelter for those who came hither to be healed. On the other side of the temple is an ancient well lined up with fine polygonal masonry. Here was also the home of the sacred ser-



Head of Hygeia in Marble,  
found in the Asclepieum.

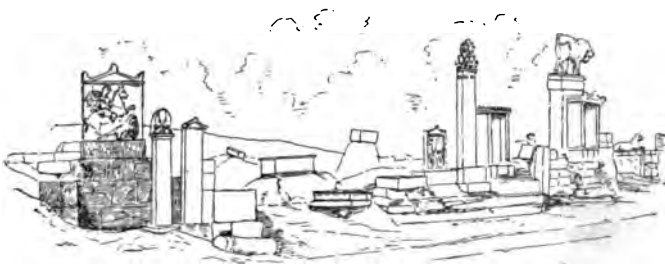
pent, which, as the symbol of renovation, was always associated with the worship of Asclepius. Besides the statue in the temple there were statues of the children of the god and especially of Hygeia, his daughter, who tended the sacred serpent and was recognized as the goddess of health.

A female head, which is called that of Hygeia, was found in this sanctuary and is now in the National Museum. It represents the goddess as a stately young woman, coiffured in a style which gives

her the air of a lady of the court of Louis XIV.

Lycurgus set up many statues besides those in the theater. Near the Dipylum was a statue of Socrates which Lysippus the sculptor made at his suggestion, and near the temple of Demeter, in the same neighborhood, were statues of Demeter and Persephone, both works of Praxiteles, which belong to the period of Lycurgus's embellishments. Lysippus was the most prolific sculptor of the century. He introduced a new canon of physical proportions, and his athletic statues, with small, well-rounded heads and long, graceful limbs, became very famous in Athens and in all Greece. He strove after striking effects, making colossal

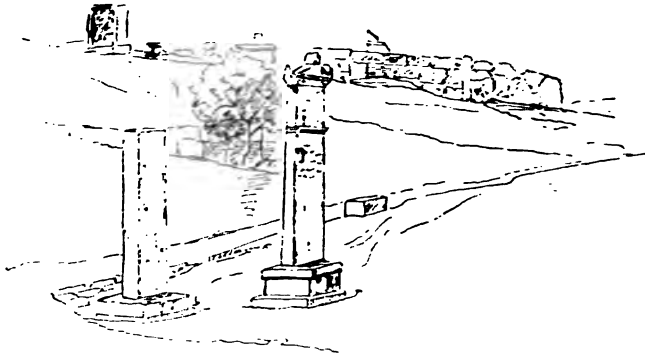
statues like the Farnese Hercules in Naples, which is said to be a copy of one of his works; and composed striking groups like his famous portrayal of Alexander in the battle of Granicus. In fact, Alexander was his chief patron, and is said to have made a decree that no one should paint him but Apelles, and no one represent him in marble but Lysippus. Another famous Athenian portrait sculptor of the time was Silanion, who is known to have



View in the Cemetery of the Ceramicus.

made a wonderful statue of Plato for a Persian admirer of the philosopher, named Mithridates, which was set up in the Academy. His portrait of the passionate sculptor Apollodorus was famous in its portrayal of a sudden burst of rage; while his statue of Sappho, which was seen in distant Syracuse by Cicero three hundred years later, was greatly admired. The numerous portrait busts by these sculptors, and the great number of portrait statues which were being set up in Athens at this time, show the trend of artistic activity toward domestic and civic subjects. This new tendency is nowhere better illustrated than in the Ceramicus, the great cemetery of Athens, outside the Dipylum gate. A walk in one of the cemeteries of our day—even one of the most beautiful—would not be likely to inspire one with artistic enthusiasm; but a stroll among the monuments of dead Athenians during

the time of Demosthenes would certainly have been like a visit to some great art gallery. Passing out of the Sacred Gate, one would have found himself in a forest of tombstones so full of artistic beauty, so suggestive of life, that the grave and its terrors are quite forgotten amid the pictured simplicity and beauty of the life of the Athenians and the contemplative sweetness of their farewells. Most



Stelae of the Corcyrean Ambassadors and a Proxenus.

of these monuments are marble stelae, sculptured with scenes in relief—scenes of battle, scenes of home life, scenes of parting; most of these have been carried away to the National Museum for preservation; but a sufficient number remains in place to make a journey to the Dipylum well worth one's while. On passing through the gate we encounter, first, two tall stelae of older, simpler style; these are monuments which the Athenians erected to two Corcyrean ambassadors and to a Proxenus of the same country. Passing along, and ascending quite suddenly to a level about seventeen feet higher than that of the so-called Sacred Gate, we see on the right a large slab of marble, in form not unlike

a sarcophagus, which an inscription indicates as the resting-place of Hipparete, wife of the younger Alcibiades. On the left is a spirited relief representing a youthful warrior, mounted on a splendid horse, in the act of spearing one of the enemy, who strives to strike back with his sword. This is the monument of Dexileus—a young cavalryman of twenty years, who distinguished himself in the battle of Corinth in 394. The composition is full of animation, like one of the metopes from the Parthenon. With the arms and trappings which were supplied in metal, and the soft coloring which brought out the details, it must have been a beautiful work of art. In the same inclosure are two stelae of the tall form, which marked the tombs of other members of the family. In the next plot



Monument of Dexileus.

is a tall stele adorned at the top with a most graceful treatment of acanthus leaf in the form of an acroterium. Next to this is a little aedicula, a temple-like structure, which still bears traces of a painted design. Further along is a tall monument surmounted by the figure of a bull, and in front of this another aedicula with remains of color in its more protected corners. Then comes the figure of the Molossian hound in soft gray marble, and

then the grave of a seaman, over which a relief depicts the family of the deceased sitting by the seaside. Behind this line of monuments are several interesting reliefs



A Stele on the South of the Sacred Way.

among the shattered fragments of funeral vases, sarcophagi, and cippi. One is the figure of a beautiful young girl holding a small pitcher at her side, executed in high relief; the lovely face, the majestic pose, the rich drapery, all combine to make this one of the loveliest grave sculptures in the world. Wending our way among the ruins of countless grave-stones back toward the gate, we find a life-size group, almost in the round, representing two women—Demetria and Pamphile—in calm repose, one seated upon a large chair with high back and arms, the other standing by her side: both women are holding

the drapery which falls from the top of their heads in one hand, as if for a moment unveiling their faces to the public gaze. Returning to the main street of tombs, we cross it, and opposite the grave of the seamen encounter one of the most beautiful of all these monuments—the low relief of the lovely Hegeso seated in her high-backed chair, with her feet upon a little stool, attended by her gentle slave, who meekly holds a jewel-casket from which

her proud mistress selects the adornments for her final repose. Leaving the road, we come upon a pathetic scene, in which a father and mother and one other grown-up appear to be taking leave of a child. Not far from this spot stood the stele of Aristion, representing a nude youth in conversation with a slave boy. Above the group is the figure of a harpy with folded wings ready to bear the soul away. For the rest of these beautiful monuments we must go to the National Museum, where room after room is lined with these beautiful reliefs from the Dipylum. All represent incidents of every-day life or scenes of parting. The simple words *Χρηστὲ χαῖρε*—"Dear one, farewell"—written upon so many of them, is often



Monument of Hegeso.

the only indication of their sad purpose. There are figures of nude youths hale and hearty, as if they had just come from the palaestra; many of them have their pets with them: dogs of various breeds are numerous, as the companions of the youths; one holds a rabbit, another strokes his horse's head, while another has a cat, one of the very rare representations of this animal in Greek art. A large number of the groups depict the most ordinary scenes of domestic life. A noble lady is attended by



two slave girls, one of whom adjusts her sandal, while the other holds her jewel-box; another grand dame makes her toilet, waited upon by her maid; while a third sits upon a seat of carved marble, holding a mirror in her lap. An old warrior leans upon his shield, and a younger soldier is represented in full armor rushing to battle. But the great majority of the stelae are scenes of parting which denote, not the sentiment of eternal separation, but such farewells as are said on the eve of a long journey. We do not know how many of these Athenians believed in immortality, but none of the reliefs show the despair or grief which might be felt at hopeless death. An old man bids a calm and sweet good-by to his spouse of many long and faithful years, holding her hand in placid repose. A mother greets her husband for the last time, while her little baby is held up for a parting glance, yet

both the husband and wife are of tranquil mind. A boy leans upon the back of his dying mother's chair, while his father holds her hand in mute resignation. The deepest note of pathos is perhaps struck in those reliefs where aged men must see their stalwart sons pass while they are left to a lonely old age. In one of these, the youth, quite nude, leans easily against a column, while the old father rests his elbow upon his staff and his chin



Funeral Monument of a Youth,  
in the National Museum.

upon his hand, gazing wistfully at his son. The faithful hound droops his head—all is reposeful thus far, but in a corner a little urchin sits with his head bowed upon his knees and gives way to a torrent of tears. This child is the only figure in all the collection which displays the passion of grief; older people were too philosophical to weep. Although these people were all mysterious in their religion, they were not at all so about death. All are calm and self-restrained, sad, but not bowed down with grief. Surely these monuments are true pictures of their attitude toward death. The beauty of the last resting-place of the noble Athenians was further enhanced by the tall, graceful vases of pottery and of marble which stood above some of the graves. The former were painted with funeral scenes, and were, some of them, of the greatest antiquity. The latter were of most slender and beautiful proportions, with swelling bodies and long, thin necks spreading to flower-like lips. On either side of the neck curling handles in broad volutes lent richness and beauty to the design. Not a few of these vases were adorned with low reliefs of delicate beauty. Such was the chief burial ground of Athens, which, in the old days, was bright with color and the dark, shining leaves of the ivy vine—not a city of the dead, but a picture-gallery full of tableaux which portrayed the serene life and philosophical mien of her true citizens.

Little is known of the residence portion of Athens at this time; the old quarter upon the Pnyx, outside the walls, which was one of the earliest residential sections of the city, seems at the close of the Peloponnesian war to have been wholly deserted, and we have record that one Timarchus proposed a plan for recolonizing it.

While Lycurgus was employed in enriching the city with costly buildings and statues, a number of the citizens were busy plotting against Macedonian dominion.

Demetrius, a young orator from the deme of Phalerum, was among the warmest friends of liberty and democracy. Demosthenes the while worked hard to preserve an equilibrium in the state, but ever kept liberty before his eyes. The opposite party was represented by Demades, a servile adherent of Macedonian supremacy, who had moved that Philip be worshiped with divine honors, and had been supported by the large Macedonian party in Athens to the point of having him revered as a god at the Cynosarges. Later, he had proposed that Alexander be made the thirteenth Olympian deity; but the Athenians had revolted at this and had fined Demades; nevertheless, Alexander was hailed with the title of Dionysus, which was the next best thing.

After eight years of delay the time was now approaching for the trial of Ctesiphon, which meant the condemnation or vindication of Demosthenes himself. As the annual festival of the Dionysia approached, Aeschines and Demosthenes prepared themselves for the great contest, which was bound to be lost or won by oratory alone. When the day arrived, the city was thronged with people. Those who had come from afar to witness the celebration of the Bacchic feast in the new theater, soon discovered that a far greater spectacle was in store for them upon the ancient Pnyx. When Aeschines mounted the bema, the place of assembly was crowded to its full capacity, and the whole hill was thronged with an expectant multitude. The trial, in truth, was not the trial of Ctesiphon, nor yet of Demosthenes; it was a question of still greater moment—a question of Athenian liberty versus Macedonian supremacy; for the two eminent orators represented these two policies. Aeschines was a man of great distinction, and had the advantage of Macedonian support, which was now in the ascendant in the city, owing to the brilliant successes of Alexander in Asia. He

had the further advantage of a splendid voice, well-trained action, a keen grasp of legal principles, and a fine power of invective, heightened by resentment from past conflicts. The mighty assemblage heard his oration; his friends were elated, his opponents amazed, while neutral persons were struck with his distinguished ability. But Demosthenes arose, conscious of his long life of devotion to his country, full of confidence in his own powers and in the people who were to hear him. He stated the case in the clearest narrative; he opened fire upon his opponent in the fiercest personal attack; he drove each argument home with irresistible conclusiveness. His forceful use of illustration aroused the enthusiasm of his friends; his direct attack dismayed his enemies: but when he burst forth in his sublime apostrophe to the heroes of Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea, the inspiring sentiments of his every word carried all before them. Judges and audience were alike affected; and when the ballot was taken, Aeschines did not receive enough votes to save him from prosecution as a malicious accuser, and he was obliged to quit Athens with all haste. Demosthenes, already supreme in Athens, was now without a rival, and for five years guided the state as only a Demosthenes could guide it. But trouble was still in store for the state and her helmsman, for the power of Macedonia was too mighty to be overcome by the force of one delicate, nervous man.

In 325 an officer in Alexander's army, Harpalus by name, who had been left at Babylon in charge of a vast treasure while Alexander pushed farther east, betrayed his trust and came straightway to Athens, where he distributed his ill-gotten gain among the leaders of the popular party, hoping to win their support. But the hand of Macedon is at once laid upon the city for the punishment of the leaders, and the enemies of Demosthenes make haste to bring accusation against him as one of those who

had accepted the gold of Harpalus. Although not a ray of evidence was found against him, the old patriot was condemned and thrown into prison, but was permitted to escape, with the connivance of the officials, and fled, first to Troezen, then to Aegina, where he spent his days looking longingly over the sea toward his beloved Athens. Then came the death of Alexander, now called the Great, and the revival of the hopes of Greece. A decree was immediately passed at Athens recalling the exiled orator, and a public trireme was sent over to Aegina to bring him to his own. All Athens assembled at the Piræus to welcome back Demosthenes and, with acclamations of joy, to show their repentance for having submitted to his banishment. The old patriot entered Athens in triumph, and saw the happiest day of his life, while the citizens made the city ring with their shouts of welcome. The struggle for liberty is renewed. Leosthenes leads the Athenian forces to victory at Lamia, near Thermopylae; but success does not remain with the Athenian arms and victory speedily gives place to defeat when the Greek army meets that of Antipater at Crannon in Thessaly. This victory for the Macedonian regent is followed up by his advance on Athens. The gates are opened and a Macedonian garrison occupies the city. The leaders of both parties were treated with equal severity; many of them were brutally murdered in Athens. Even Demades, who would have deified both Philip and Alexander, was not spared, and was despatched to serve his beloved masters in the lower world. Demosthenes managed to escape to Calaurea, carrying a vial of poison on his person. He took refuge in the temple of Poseidon, among the pines of the little island: but the sanctuary of a temple meant nothing to the relentless emissaries of Antipater; they followed Demosthenes to his place of refuge, but he escaped their brutal hands by taking the poison which he had provided for such an emergency.

Once more and for the last time Athens bowed her neck to a conquering foe. Macedon is supreme and Macedonian soldiers rule the city with iron sway. At this time came a curious turn in the fortunes of Demetrius the Phalerean, who had been so great a champion of the anti-Macedonian party. By some strange lot, Demetrius became reconciled to his former enemies, and when Cassander came to the throne of Macedonia and was the virtual ruler of Athens, he appointed the Phalerean governor of Attica, supported by a Macedonian garrison. This was in 317 B.C. Demetrius might have made a model ruler but for his extravagant vanity; as it was, he ruled with moderation for ten years. He had been a pupil of Theophrastus, and on the death of Aristotle saw his former teacher established at the head of the Lyceum. Aristotle had named Theophrastus as his successor, and left to him his great library of valuable books, which contained the original copies of his own works. Soon after the death of Aristotle, Xenocrates, the president of the Academy, also passed away, and Polemon, the dissipated youth of a few years before, took up the exalted position of head of the greatest gymnasium. Demetrius, as we have said, was not a wholly bad ruler, although he squandered the public revenues in wanton dissipation. He was a patron of philosophy, of the drama, and of art. Epicurus, the founder of a new philosophy, began teaching under his patronage, and Menander, the last great product of the Attic drama, came forward during his rule. Menander, the most important exponent of the New Comedy, as it was called, undertook to purge the Old Comedy of Aristophanes's time of its coarseness and vulgarity, and to infuse a new element of pathos, which he dexterously mingled with mirth, and thus, by contrast, gave his audiences increased delight. He was a warm friend of the Phalerean ruler, and was honored by having his statue made by the sculptor brothers Cephistodotus

and Timarchus, sons of the famous Praxiteles, and set up in the theater beside those of Sophocles and Euripides. Under Demetrius the architect Philon undertook great improvements at Piræus and Eleusis, and Protogenes left his ship-painting in Rhodes to become an artist at the court of Athens. This painter was a protégé of the great Apelles, who, upon seeing the exquisite pains and elaboration with which Protogenes finished his work, encouraged him to paint pictures and gave him a great reputation among the Rhodians by paying the enormous sum of fifty talents for one of his works. At Athens Protogenes painted the famous "Paralus" and "Harmonias," in the Propylæa, which were so much admired in after years by Cicero. These pictures represented two important war-ships; as paintings, they manifested the artist's power of technique and of drawing rather than any ideal qualities.

But the fawning flattery of the Athenians, who set up in his honor as many portrait statues of their new ruler as their year had days, turned Demetrius's head; and he could be seen every morning walking, like a god, in the Street of the Tripods, to be admired and flattered by the foolish populace. He at last went so far as to take up his abode in the Parthenon, and no one said him nay. In 307 the luxurious Phalerean was ousted from his comfortable place by his namesake, Demetrius Poliorcetes—the besieger of cities—son of Antigonus, who in the first division of the Macedonian Empire had received Asia Minor as his share, but who was now extending his sway wherever he could. The besieger of cities one day arrived in the harbor of Piræus, with his fleet, which, being taken for that of Egypt, met with no resistance, and in a short time lay before the city of Athens, prepared to take it as he had done many another city. Demetrius the Phalerean fled, and Demetrius Poliorcetes entered the city with the announcement that the ancient democratic

institutions were to be once more restored, while corn was distributed to the needy citizens and ship timber was promised them for the future. The three hundred and sixty statues of the Phalerean were forthwith demolished by the populace, who now turned their flattery upon the new Demetrius, whom they hailed as "Soter"—the deliverer. But his stay was a short one, as he was busy with other conquests. He departed to join his father in Cyprus, where, after a successful campaign, both father and son assumed the title of king. He then crossed over to Egypt; but presently, the power of Cassander again threatening Athens, Poliorcetes returned and was again hailed with honors by the populace. Gilded statues of Demetrius and his father, Antigonus, were erected beside those of Harmodius and Aristogiton and they were worshiped as gods and deliverers. Two new demes were added to the existing ten: one was given the name of Antigonias, the other Demetrias. If the Phalerean had resided with Athena in the Parthenon, why should not the new deified deliverer of Athens? This he did, polluting the sacred shrine with disgraceful debaucheries. Again the besieger of cities was called to the assistance of his father, and again he responded to the call. On the expedition which followed, old Antigonus was killed and his kingdom crumbled before the eyes of his ambitious son. Demetrius set out for Athens with a small remnant of his army; but was met by an Athenian galley carrying envoys with the news that his presence was not required there.



## XII

### ATHENS UNDER FOREIGN PATRONS

"For once it was our principle, inherited from our fathers, to be the leaders of Greece and champions of liberty against tyrants. This principle was instituted by Miltiades, perfected under Themistocles, descended to Cimon, maintained by Pericles, revered by Alcibiades."



Capital in the Asclepieum.

IN the above fragment quoted from an imaginary oration of Demosthenes, written by Himerius for declamations in the schools of Athens, we have an epitome of the spirit of the Athenians who lived after the death of all the famous statesmen. Living in the glory of the past, they had not the energy to strive to excel the greatness of their ancestors, nor did they even attempt to emulate it. Content to bask in the light of former splendor, Athens remained the intellectual center of the world, producing men who, though they did little to advance literature, philosophy, or art, were able to impart the accomplishments of the past to all who came to them. In this rôle she was courted and favored by many kings of the East, who found their chief delight in the intellectual treats which the city afforded; and Athens began her long humdrum existence as schoolmistress of the world.

After Demetrius the besieger had received the rebuff of the Athenian convoys, he repaired to Syria, where he succeeded in forming an alliance with King Seleucus by giving him his daughter in marriage. This gave him a new lease of power, and he forthwith set sail for Greece. After a long siege, he reëstablished his reputation. The

city again fell into his hands; but Athens was never anything more than a convenient stopping-place for the wandering warrior. His third appearance had little effect upon the city.

During the years which followed, Athens saw the rise of two new and important schools of philosophy: that of the much-maligned Epicurus, and that of Zeno of Cyprus. At the same time a second Timon—Timon the skeptic—flourished. Epicurus's teachings and his manner of life were far from being what the later significance of the name Epicurean would seem to imply; for the *summum bonum* which he extolled was not the pleasure of sensual indulgence, but that peace of mind which comes from the practice of the highest virtues. In the beautiful garden which he purchased at Athens he taught his followers that virtue was to be cultivated for the reason that it conduced to happiness, and happiness was the highest good. It was a dangerous doctrine, as future practice of it among his professed followers proved; but to offset its tendency, Zeno sat daily in the stoa poikile, beneath the great wall-paintings of Polygnotus, teaching that virtue should be practised for its own sake, irrespective of the happiness it might bring. From the place where Zeno chose to lecture to his pupils, his disciples early received the name of Stoics, and his school of thought was called the Stoic philosophy. He taught for over half a century in Athens, and enjoyed the patronage of many distinguished men, among whom was Antigonus Gonatas, a son of Demetrius Poliorcetes.

It seems to have been at about this time—the beginning of the third century—that the stage buildings of the Dionysiac theater were again altered. Among the ruins of the four successive stage constructions still in evidence, it is difficult to distinguish those which belong to this period from those of Lycurgus's building; but it is plain

that the projecting wings at either end of the logeion were shortened after Lycurgus's time and before the Roman period. For the study of the other alterations of this time we must depend not upon the remodeled skene of Athens, but upon the remains at Epidaurus, where portions of an original Hellenic stage building still exist. Here we find that a row of columns connected the two wings of the stage, forming a portico in front of the skene wall, which was covered with a wooden roof. This would seem to have been the case in Athens also; for the foundations of such a colonnade are to be seen between the ends of the shortened wings. (CC in plan on page 359.)

Now, as in a very large portion of the Greek dramas the scene is laid before a temple or palace, such a portico would have easily represented the façade of either; and when some other scene was required, a painted curtain might be dropped in front of it. When *Antigone*, in the "Phenicians," mounts the palace roof to view the agora and the camp; when, in the last act of the "Orestes," *Hermione* and *Orestes* are seen upon the roof of the palace; and when, in the "Clouds," *Strepsiades* scales the ladder to set fire to the roof, these personages simply mounted to the roof of the shallow portico by a ladder or from the wings. The space above the portico, between the wings, was provided with another, higher roof, beneath which were concealed the drop scenes and the elaborate mechanical devices which are known to have existed to operate the apparitions of the gods and of ghosts. Such a plan is simple enough to have fulfilled all the requirements of Athenian taste.

In the year 271 a man named Thrasyclus won a victory in the theater as agonothete. This Thrasyclus was a son of Thrasyllus who had set up the choragic monument above the theater some sixty years before. Being of frugal turn of mind, we may imagine, he determined

to set up his own memorial in the form of an addition to his father's monument. Forthwith he had the pediment of the old façade removed, and substituted for it an attic story of Hymettian marble. This attic story formed a pedestal at either end, and was built in three steps in the middle, between the pedestals. Thrasyclus was obliged, it seems, to set up two tripods, one for a boy chorus and one for men; he therefore placed a tripod upon each of the pedestals, and a suitable inscription upon the die of the pedestal itself. In the middle, above the three steps, was placed a seated statue of Dionysus, now in the British Museum. What was done with the tripod of old Thrasyllus, we do not know, unless it was placed in the lap of Dionysus, as has been suggested. All the details of this description are based upon the drawings of Stewart and upon a comparison of the inscriptions.

Attracted by the intellectual fame of Athens, the royal scholar Ptolemy, king of Egypt (285-247), known in history as Ptolemy Philadelphus—the brother-loving—because, as they say, he put his two brothers to death, visited the city and established a new gymnasium within its walls, to which he gave his name. The gymnasium of Ptolemy has not been located as yet by excavations, but it is described as having stood below the sanctuary of Theseus, and was probably not far eastward from the agora. The munificent gift of the princely lover of literature and science was a sort of literary institute for lads combined with a large place for exercise. It was undoubtedly furnished with a well-equipped library; for its founder is well known to have been a great lover of books and to have established the renowned library and museum of Alexandria. These were among the first of a series of sumptuous gifts which Eastern kings and Western emperors showered upon the famous city. Ptolemy is further believed to have introduced the worship of

Serapis into Athens, and a temple dedicated to this divinity, and called the Serapeum, was built to the eastward of the Acropolis, by the Athenians, probably in honor of the munificent king of Egypt.

Before the third century closed, Attalus I, King of Pergamus, had bestowed a number of marble groups upon the city of Athena, which were erected on the southeast angle of the Acropolis. These groups carried out the scenes depicted upon the metopes of the Parthenon—the battle between the gods and the giants, the war between the Amazons and the Athenians, the defeat of the Persians at Marathon. To these was added, as a final scene of Hellenic glory, the victory of Attalus himself over the Gauls. A number of separate statues from these great groups have been identified in the different museums of Europe. These are all half the size of nature, as they are described by Pausanias. They include figures from the gigantomachia, of which the dead giant in Naples is one; from the battle of the Amazons, one of which is also in Naples; from the Marathon group, of which three exist in Naples and Rome; and from the battle with the Gauls, of which no less than five Gauls have been located at Paris, Naples, and Venice. The Greeks would naturally be much harder to distinguish among the hosts of statues of Grecian warriors; but the other figures are identified by the peculiar treatment of non-Greek subjects which obtained after the time of Lysippus. The careful characterization in portraiture which that sculptor had introduced was applied to the study of foreign types to the minutest details. In the earlier periods of Greek sculpture, barbarians had been denoted as such by the treatment of their costume, arms, and accoutrements; but after Lysippus, absolute truthfulness in matters of personal and racial peculiarities was given careful study. Thus, we have in these members of Attalus's groups the distinctive

Persian and the distinctive Gaulish type, the latter of which is perhaps best illustrated in the well-known figure of the dying Gaul, erroneously called the "dying gladiator," of the Capitol in Rome, which is a member of a group set up by Attalus at Pergamus, and of which the Athens groups were reduced copies, in part at least. These groups, arguing from the five existing statues of Gauls, and reckoning equal numbers of victors and vanquished in each group, must have numbered, in all, more than forty figures. These probably were placed about the pedestal of a large monument which may have been surmounted by a statue of Attalus himself, or one of Athena, who had given the victory in each of these combats. The monument seems to have stood very near the south wall of the Acropolis; for it is recorded that during a severe thunder-storm one of the figures in the gigantomachia was hurled into the Dionysiac theater at the base of the rock. None of the figures that composed these famous groups is now in Athens; but a remarkable head was found in the theater that illustrates perfectly the trend of portraiture in the Athenian sculpture of this period. I refer to that well-known head in the National Museum which bears such a striking resemblance to the Christ type of Renaissance art.



Marble Bust, found in the Theater and now in the National Museum.

With the opening of the second century, Athens came in touch with the rising mistress of the world, that claimed descent from Trojan heroes, on the banks of the Tiber, for the first time since the far-off days when an embassy from the founders of the Roman republic came to Athens with the request that they be allowed to copy the Solonian constitution, upon which they eventually based the famous ten tables of their laws. The Macedonian master of Athens, Philip V, had lent his aid to the Carthaginians in their war with Rome, and she in turn had thrown her influence on the side of the Romans, thus calling down upon her head the wrath of Philip. The king came in haste to punish his wayward subjects, and arrived before the walls of Athens. The citizens put up a stubborn resistance, and when Philip finally got through the outer wall, near the Dipylum, and had his soldiers closely packed between the two walls, they made it so hot for him that he was obliged to withdraw with heavy loss. He then turned his attention to the devastation of the Attic plain. The groves of the Academy were cut down; the Lyceum was burned; the temples outside the walls and the tombs of the Attic heroes were all destroyed: but before the city was compelled to surrender, a Roman fleet appeared in the harbor of Piræus, and Philip took flight with his army. Soon after this, the last of the Macedonian Philips was disastrously defeated by a Roman army at Cynocéphalæ; and at the Isthmian games which followed hard upon the defeat of Macedon, the Roman consul Flaminius declared Greece free. Rome conferred numerous privileges upon the city of Athens for her share in the war with Carthage, and restored three of her lost islands—Hiliartos, Delos, and Lemnos—to her dominion. A century later, we hear of a cult of the goddess Roma in Athens.

Eumenes II, King of Pergamus, the friend of the Ro-

mans, the son and successor of Attalus, the friend of Athens, now makes the city the recipient of his royal favor. The only monument of his good will which exists among the ruins of the city is the long series of retaining arches between the Dionysiac theater and the later Odeum, which Herodes built, a century after, below the southern wing of the Propylaea. This was the colonnade of Eumenes, which that monarch built to form a covered way reaching from the crowded part of the city at the western end of the Acropolis to the theater, which at this time was being used more and more as a place for the public assemblies. The remains of this great



Dionysiac Altar, in front of Theater.

structure, which was the longest colonnade in Athens, consist only of the wall of arches—the earliest arches in the ruins of Athens—which supported the terrace of the Asclepieum and formed the back of the colonnade. This portion is built of breccia and was faced with limestone and Hymettian marble. In front of this wall were two rows of columns, probably of Hymettian marble with white marble capitals and bases, which supported a wooden roof. This is the colonnade which a later writer describes as furnishing shelter to the theater-goers in case of rain. In the sanctuary of Dionysus, just before the theater, stands a circular altar which has been assigned to this period. It is of white marble and is exquisitely decorated with Silenus masks and rich garlands of flowers and fruit in



high relief; while its elaborately carved moldings are among the most beautiful examples of their kind in Athens.

The King of Syria was not to be outdone by the kings of Pergamus as a suitor of Athens; and soon after the year 175, Antiochus IV, called Epiphanes, came to the city to see what he could do to add to her teeming splendor. The great scheme undertaken by Pisistratus in the earliest history of the city, for the erection of a temple to the Olympian Zeus which should be the largest and most magnificent temple in the world, had never been carried out. The Persians had demolished most of the early work, and Pericles does not seem to have taken it up. Since the Golden Age the Athenians had been too impoverished by foreign and domestic wars to undertake the completion of the vast plan. This Antiochus resolved to do with the enormous wealth which he had gained in a number of successful wars. Cossutius was the architect whom he chose for the work. Neither time nor repeated wars could destroy the massive crepidoma, or sub-basement, which Pisistratus had built above the banks of the Ilissus. If any other portions of the old tyrant's construction still remained, they were cleared entirely away; for in Pisistratus's time limestone alone was used for the columns and entablatures of temples, but since the Periclean age, marble had become the chief of materials for buildings of size or importance. To the south and east of the mighty foundations the ground sloped rapidly away toward the river, so that a gigantic retaining wall was constructed on these sides, which, when filled in, afforded a broad level space about the temple. Upon the ancient sub-basement, which had waited so long for its crowning shrine, the architect prepared to erect a temple which should be the largest in Greece, and, with the exception of the temple of Artemis at Ephesus, the greatest

in the world: a peripteral temple with upward of a hundred columns, all of Pentelic marble. The style chosen by the royal builder and his architect for the temple of the king of the gods was the new and sumptuous Corinthian. It had been used in Athens before, but never any-



The Olympieum, from the South.

where in the world on so grand a scale. The mighty columns soon began to rise above the lofty stylobate; each had a high, square plinth beneath its richly molded base, which raised the bottom of the deeply fluted shaft to the height of a man's shoulder above the pavement. The shafts themselves soared over fifty feet, not in a single stone, but in enormous drums five feet and a half in diameter. A delicate outward curve tapering upward, less pronounced than in the old Doric, prevented the shaft from appearing too weak as it rose. The deep channelings, with flat arrises between, appear to have been cut after the drums had been set in place; for they are marvelously true, each fitting so nicely to the other that

in many cases the joint is scarcely to be distinguished. The columns were crowned with giant capitals, each made in two pieces, with rows of deeply carved acanthus leaves beneath broad curling volutes, giving ample scope for the play of brilliant light and deep shade. The carving is rich and elaborate, executed in fine technique, yet on such a scale that, in spite of the tremendous height, the details of the foliage are not lost. The exterior columns were arranged in a double row of twenty on each side, with triple ranges of ten at either end, making one hundred and sixteen in all. From column to column, three long beams of stone were thrown which bound the mighty shafts together and formed the support of the great roof. The frieze was rich with elaborate carvings, and above this was placed a cornice supported by highly ornate consoles. Of all this splendor only sixteen columns remain upon the massive basement. Thirteen of these, which still stand in a group with their architraves above them, formed the southeast angle of the temple, which was originally over three hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred and thirty-four feet wide. The three others stood quite apart and were members of the inner row on the south side. Fifty years ago these three veterans were standing side by side; but in 1852 a bolt from heaven felled the central member of the trio of giants, and it lies prone upon the crepidoma, each drum severed from its neighbor like a line of dominos which a child stands up and then throws down by pushing over the end of the line. The huge base is tipped forward toward the fallen column, and the two parts of the capital lie disjointed but not far separated. All the rest is gone; all the fallen columns, all the fragments, even the steps of the basement, went to the lime-kiln during the middle ages or the days of the Turkish occupation. But these remains, scant as they seem when compared to the mass of the original

structure, form the most splendid remains in Athens below the Acropolis, and constitute in their majestic grandeur one of the most imposing ruins in all the world. There are few ruins outside of Egypt which make a man feel his own insignificance more than do the massy columns of the Olympieum. There is certainly none in Europe which time has made more lovely. The exquisite



The Olympieum and the Acropolis, from across the Ilissus.

tone of the mellowed marble, which has assumed the soft golden hues of the Parthenon, offset by the deep green of neighboring cypress trees, gives an effect of the rarest beauty. On one side they may be viewed with the sea and its dark-lined islands as a background. Take another position and you will see them reaching up to the Parthenon, their slender shafts strongly outlined against the violet-tinted Acropolis rock. Change your point of view once again and they will seem to vie with lofty Lycabettus, and the downy pines on its slope afford another becoming background. It would be hard to say which view is the most delightful; for, however seen, the ruin is the embodiment of grace and grandeur, perfect in line and color scheme. One might think that its site was a poor one, when compared with that of Athena's temple; but for this temple, as it was and as it is, the location could not be improved: no pedestal of natural grandeur is

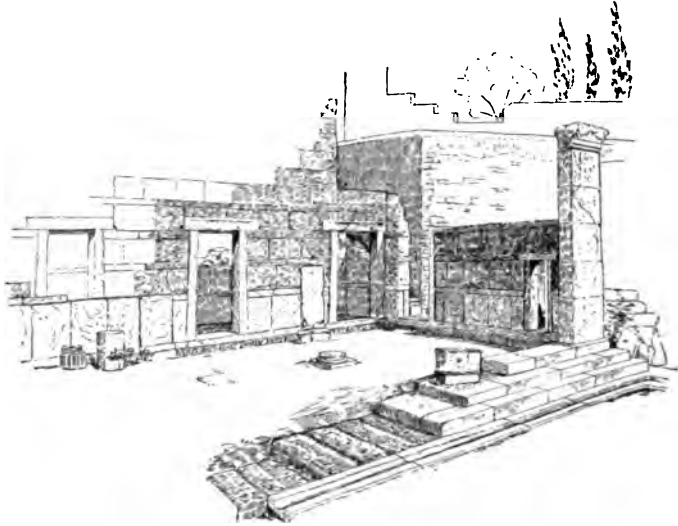
required to enhance its majesty—it makes its own site and the varied forms of the Attic landscape lend only the charm of an effective comparison. The scheme, however, was too vast to be undertaken by one man who had already reached middle age; and ere the stupendous beams of the roof had been fashioned to cover the sublime image of the father of heaven, Antiochus the Illustrious had gone the way of all flesh. To the theater Antiochus presented, in 174, a gigantic gilded aegis with its serpent fringe and terrible gorgon's head, richly wrought, but frightful to behold. This was hung upon the wall of the Acropolis, above the monument of Thrasyllus, and added further splendor to the theater and its surroundings.

Meanwhile, the increasing number of patients who sought healing within the sanctuary of Asclepius demanded extended accommodations, and a second colonnade was erected on the upper terrace of the sanctuary, below the steep southern wall of the Acropolis. The remains of this structure consist only of foundations; but architectural fragments of all kinds and in all styles, many of them of great beauty as bits of carving, lie in heaps within the limits of the ancient sacred inclosure.

One royal lover of the divine city was scarcely cold in his grave before another appeared at her door. This time it was another king of Pergamus—Attalus II—a son of Attalus I, who had erected the votive groups of statuary at the southeast angle of the Acropolis inclosure. The son was a friend of the Romans, as his father had been, and likewise a patron of art and letters. His gift to Athens, by which his name was immortalized in connection with the city, was a great colonnade which occupied a portion of the eastern side of the agora. If we are correct in locating the ancient painted colonnade, no remains of which have as yet been unearthed, on the southern half of the east side of the market-place; and

if the colonnade of Attalus, which has been excavated, stood next to the old painted colonnade, there can be no doubt as to the topography of the agora of the Periclean and post-Periclean periods; but, unfortunately, none of the older buildings of the market-place has been brought to light, and the earth to the south of Attalus's stoa has filled in to a depth of thirty feet and is covered with houses closely packed together. Our ancient descriptions do not say that this colonnade stood next to the stoa poikile; but in the opinion of many of the most eminent scholars, this was its position. If this be the case, the stoa of Attalus formed the eastern boundary of the commercial end of the agora, and was undoubtedly built to replace one or more buildings of a similar kind that had fallen to decay or were not of sufficient beauty to grace the dignified frontage which the market-place of Athens offered. The new colonnade was purely commercial in purpose, but was highly dignified and, we may add, very beautiful for its position. The structure is about three hundred and seventy feet long. It was built in two stories and consisted of a long row of chambers opening upon two rows of columns twenty feet apart. Taking the colonnade as a sort of prototype of the modern bazaar of the Orient, we may argue that the twenty-one chambers were the strong-rooms of the merchants, where they placed their wares for safe-keeping at night; that the space between the front wall and the inner row of columns was used for the display of merchandise in the daytime; and that between the inner and outer rows of columns was the shaded passageway where customers could walk. The columns were raised above the level of the market by three marble steps, in front of which was a stone gutter. The outer row of columns numbered forty-four. They were of Pentelic marble and of the Doric order. The inner row had only twenty-two and were in the Ionic

style. The architrave of the front row was, of course, of marble and bore a long inscription; but the beams within, from the great distance between the columns, must have been of wood. What the arrangement of the upper story may have been, we can only conjecture; that there was an upper story, the remains of a staircase at



Colonnade of Attalus II. Southeast Corner.

the southern end attest. It was, no doubt, very like the lower story and was provided with a balustrade in front. It is not impossible that the shopkeepers lived in this part of the colonnade, and that their wives and little ones could be seen leaning over the balustrade watching the animated scenes of the agora below them. Some notion of the construction of this building may be gained in the southern extremity of the excavations, where the front wall of the shop part of the stoa, with three doorways in it, the end wall of the colonnade, with an anta of the Doric

colonnade, and a portion of the three continuous steps may still be seen. As I have tried to indicate in the drawing, the materials combine highly finished limestone with marble. The deep foundations are of breccia, and a glance will show how well they are laid, header upon header. The steps are of white marble all through, showing that the risers and treaders are not merely a veneer. The anta is of white marble, while the walls are of finely dressed limestone blocks laid in alternating broad and narrow courses. The gray marble of Hymettus is used as a dado all around the outside of the walls, and for the trim of the great doorways which incline slightly toward the top. The drawing was made without the mass of inarticulate fragments which were strewn within the colonnade, and minus the arches of brick which have been added to hold the lintels in place; but the parapet of marble blocks which is shown in front of the doorway on the left is a later structure. It requires only a little imagination to restore this huge building, with its façade of white Pentelic marble, its walls of soft yellow limestone trimmed with the blue-gray marble of Hymettus. It is probable that the protected surfaces of the limestone were originally plastered over and painted; but if they were not, the exquisite finish which was given them would have blended well with the two shades of marble employed. At the far northern end of the structure, in a niche in the end wall, is a comfortable seat carved in Hymettian marble, which gives an air of habitableness to the great ruin, fresh from its grave of centuries; for if many of these luxuries were provided in such a building, what a very pleasant place, on a sunny afternoon, a shady Athenian stoa must have been!

The sculpture of the middle of the second century in Athens is well illustrated by a number of fragments—busts and torsos—which are preserved in the National



Museum. Of these, the most interesting are those which were found in excavations not far from the Dipylum, amid the ruins of a monument which, from an ancient inscription, is known to have been made by one Eubulides. The monument seems to have stood in a *temenos* sacred to Di-



Head of Athena, from the Monument of Eubulides.

onysus Melpomenus and not far from the house of Pulytion, where the revelers parodied the Eleusinian mysteries on the eve of the departure of the Sicilian expedition. Whether these fragments belonged to the monument of Eubulides described by Pausanias, with its statues of Zeus, Athena, Apollo, and the Muses, it is impossible to say; certain it is that one of the heads found here is that of Athena, and the colossal torso may be a Muse as well as any other personage. The head, which is shown in the illustration, is remarkably


beautiful, of stately poise and serene expression of countenance. The top of the head is not finished, as it was surmounted by the usual Corinthian helmet. But charming as they may be as works of sculpture, the head and the torso of the so-called Muse are plainly copies of fifth-century works of the school of Phidias. M. Collignon does not hesitate to place their date at 130 B.C.

Athens, meanwhile, in league with the rest of Greece, had been getting herself into trouble with the mistress of the world. In 146 the Roman consul Mummius conquered the forces of Macedonia and the Achean league,

and made the old kingdom of Philip, together with all Greece, a Roman province under the name of Achaia; wherefore the doughty consul received the surname of Achaicus. Mummius destroyed Corinth completely, but Athens was spared and the change of government had little effect upon the city.

Two centuries of Athenian history after the death of the last great man of Athens barely make half a chapter, and another century will not more than suffice to complete it. The story of Athens has become a mere chronicle of the visits of foreign patrons to the famous city, of which her monuments are memorials; and as such it must continue, century after century, to the dawn of our own day. Sixty years after Greece had become the province of Achaia, we find Athens, in concert with the rest of Greece, feebly trying to cast off the yoke of Rome, which was becoming more and more of a burden. In the beginning of the first century B.C., Rome began her great struggle with Mithridates, king of Pontus. Athens had thrown her slender influence upon the side of Rome's great enemy; but for a weak state there was little choice between the tyranny of one great power and a friendly alliance with another. Scarcely had Athens allied herself with Mithridates before one of her citizens, an orator named Aristion, was suffered to make himself tyrant of Athens, and was held in that position by the powerful ally. Friendship with Mithridates, as might have been expected, brought disaster upon Athens. In the year 86 Sulla arrived in the Piraeus and marched directly upon Athens. The city prepared to resist, and was besieged by the Roman army—the first army of the new mistress of the world to assail the walls of the ancient mistress. Sulla ravaged Attica and cut down the trees of the Academy and the Lyceum, which had enjoyed a century of growth since the war with Philip V, to build engines of

war for the battering down of the walls. A deputation was sent out from the city to plead with the crusty general. They were a party of orators, who pleaded earnestly for their beloved city. They dwelt upon her former greatness, her unbounded services to the cause of science, of art, and of literature; her ancient prowess in the great conflicts with the Persians at Marathon and Plataea: but Sulla heard all this with impatience and sarcastically replied that he had come to Athens not to learn history but to punish rebels; so the poor orators returned sadly to the beleaguered city, while the storming of the walls was renewed. At length a breach was made between the Dipylum and the Sacred Gate. Sulla and his army entered in triumph, and terror reigned supreme. Aristion, having burned Pericles's Odeum for fear it would aid Sulla in taking the Acropolis, had fled to that citadel with a small army; and again the old fortress proved its strength. Scribonius, Sulla's lieutenant, then laid a second siege, but could not take the old stronghold, even with the aid of the new engines which had been made. The garrison, however, was ill supplied with food and finally capitulated. Aristion the tyrant was promptly seized and put to death. Many other orators and men of importance were executed, and a general massacre of the citizens, according to ancient accounts, filled the agora of the Ceramicus, inside the Dipylum, with Athenian blood. Sulla spared the Acropolis and the ancient temples and shrines of the gods; but the unfinished Olympieum was the object of his greed. He took a number of the columns down—interior ones, probably—and shipped them to Rome to be used in the reconstruction of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, which had recently been destroyed by fire. Having taken a large amount of treasure—fifty pounds of gold and six hundred pounds of silver—from Athena's treasury, he retired to the Piraeus; where, before embarking, he com-



pletely destroyed the docks and warehouses, and the long walls from Athens to the port, which Conon had rebuilt, were again leveled to the ground. Sulla inflicted a blow upon the commerce of Athens from which she never fully recovered; but his depredations on the plain were soon repaired. The Academy and the Lyceum were restored, and the ruined groves were replanted; for when Cicero came to Athens, a few years later, the ancient haunt of Plato was in full swing, and by the time Horace appeared "to search for truth in Academus' woods," the groves must have begun again to cast their classic shade.

During the early Roman period, the theater was again remodeled, in part at least. The stage buildings seem to have been altered to some extent; but the Roman stage, which is still *in situ*, does not belong to this period. Nevertheless, it is probable that a stage was built at this time, while Roman fashions of all kinds were coming more and more into vogue, though there are no visible signs of its construction. The theory of the building of an elevated stage at this time is supported by sculptural rather than architectural evidence; for the sculptures which we now see built into the latest of all the stage constructions—a third-century structure—are believed by the most eminent authorities upon the subject to have been executed early in the first century B.C. It is probable that the theater suffered during Sulla's siege of the Acropolis, in 86 B.C., and it is not improbable that the Roman stage was introduced in the restorations which followed the siege. The line of the first Roman stage is believed to have been somewhat in advance of the last Hellenic structure, but decidedly behind the line of the third-century stage. It must have been a splendid structure, judging from the sculptures which adorned it. These consist of four marble slabs carved in high relief, and a figure of a Silenus posed as Atlas. They now appear in the right

half of the front wall of the third-century logeion, of which the other half is gone, the giant Silenus being



Stage Reliefs. The Birth of Dionysus.

placed between two of the reliefs, as if supporting the floor of the stage, and all may occupy positions somewhat similar to their original arrangement.

The first relief on the left represents the birth of Diony-

sus. Zeus is seated at the right of the center; in front of him stands Hermes, partially draped, holding the infant Dionysus upon his arm; at either end of the slab is a nude male figure bearing a shield: these are the two Cretan Curetes who performed the Pyrrhic dance at the birth of the god. The next slab represents the first



Stage Reliefs. The First Sacrifice to Dionysus.

sacrifice to Dionysus; in the middle stands an altar beside a luxuriant grape-vine; to the right of the altar is Dionysus, fully clad, attended by a youth partly draped; on the left stands the rustic Icarius, with his dog: he is leading the goat Erigone to the sacrifice, followed by Maera, who

brings a plate of sacrificial cakes. Both Icarius and Maera are fully clad. The figures of the fourth slab have not



Stage Reliefs, showing one Silenus *in situ*.

been satisfactorily identified. There were originally four here as well as in the others, but one of them has been chiseled off; of the remaining three one is a man and two are women. The fourth group, also of four figures, shows Dionysus seated on a carved marble throne in his own theater, with the columns of the Parthenon, rising above the Acropolis wall, indicated in the background. He is seated at the extreme right; the figure at the opposite end of the slab is Irène with her cornucopia. The two intermediate figures are a male and a female, and have been designated, without any particularly good



Stage Reliefs. Dionysus in the Theater at Athens.

reason, as Theseus and Hestia. Every one of these figures is headless; in other respects, they are wonderfully preserved and extremely beautiful, though each is doubtless a reduced copy of some familiar statue. Zeus is like the Zeus of the Parthenon frieze, Īrène is the famous

Īrène of Cephisodotus, while Hermes is not unlike the well-known statue of that god by Praxiteles. Taken together, they form one of the most interesting sets of sculptures in Athens.



Relief found in the Theater.

To the same period M. Collignon assigns the two reliefs of dancers found in the theater and now in the National Museum. The relief in these two fragments is quite low, and they are conjectured to have belonged to a balustrade of some sort. As examples of spirited designs, they are unexcelled; their movements

are animated and graceful, the sweep of the wealth of drapery is light and airy; but the technique has not the exquisite finish of the balustrade reliefs of the Nike temple, nor does it reproduce the sensuous beauty of those wonderful sculptures of the Golden Age.

From the time of Sulla's conquest, Athens must be reckoned as a Roman city, not only politically as a con-

quered subject, but as the favorite resort of the most distinguished men of Rome, who found in her studious retreats a haven of rest from political broils, in which their own city was continually involved. The most brilliant Roman youths were sent hither to be instructed in philosophy at its fountainhead, to learn rhetoric, and to associate with men of letters amid the scenes of the noble literary past. To older men, whose tastes were artistic and literary, who did not enjoy the exciting life of the capital, Athens afforded a delightful home, a life urban yet free from the mad distractions of the forum. Such a Roman was Quintus Caecilius Pomponianus, surnamed Atticus on account of his long residence in Athens and his familiar acquaintance with the Attic language and literature. Atticus maintained a splendid house in Athens, which was the resort of the most distinguished men of the time. He entertained both Caesar and Pompey; for, having no political affiliations, he was a friend to all the great. It was at Athens that Cicero met Atticus and became his warm friend and ardent admirer. The correspondence between these two lovers of Athens, which has been preserved to us in the "Letters of Cicero," is one of the most delightful and entertaining remnants of classical literature that have come down to us. Cicero's brother Quintus married Pomponia, a sister of Atticus, and thus a closer bond was formed between the two men. Atticus was an Epicurean of the true sort; his philosophy was of a lofty, ideal type; and though happiness to him was the theoretical *summum bonum*, yet, when he was attacked by an incurable disease, he starved himself to death with the calm resignation of a Stoic. But Roman knights had not yet entirely supplanted the kings of the East in Athena's favor. About the middle of the century, Ariobarzanes, King of Cappadocia, surnamed Philopator, came to Athens and, as a mark of his devotion to the city,



rebuilt the *Odeum* of Pericles, which Aristion, in terror of Sulla, had burned to the ground.

In 47, young Quintus Horatius Flaccus came from Rome to complete his studies in the old seats of Athenian learning. The poet was at this time eighteen years old: he had received the best education that Rome could afford: for his father, though not a rich man, had spared nothing to give his boy every advantage. The Roman youth surely applied himself, under the inspiring influence of the Muses of the Academy; for his poems breathe with Attic feeling. At the same time Cicero's only son, Marcus, was placed at school in Athens under the tutelage of Gorgias, the famous Athenian rhetorician. These youths were only two out of a large number of young Roman nobles then in Athens whose names we do not know. The change from the life of Rome to that of Athens must have been a delicious experience for youths of refined tastes and ideal minds, and an excellent preparation for the strenuous career of a Roman gentleman. What a solace it was to Cicero, weary and jaded with political strife in Rome, to retire to Tusculum and there steep himself in the studies which he had begun in Athens; or, upon receiving a letter from Atticus, to lose himself in reveries of blissful days spent beneath the Acropolis! Sulpicius, another warm friend of Cicero's, also resided in Athens while holding the office of proconsul of Achaia. It was here that Sulpicius heard of the death of Tullia, Cicero's beautiful and accomplished daughter, and from here he wrote his touching letter of sympathetic condolence to his bereaved friend.

On the ides of March in the year 44, "the foremost man of all this world" was felled by the hands of over-zealous champions of liberty. Brutus and Cassius, the brother tyrannicides, fled at once to Greece and came straightway to the city of Harmodius and Aristogiton. The

Athenians, ever clinging to their love of the past, ever devotees of freedom, hailed these latest tyrant-slayers with delight, and, it is said, raised statues in their honor which were given a place with the two other groups of heroes that stood beside the old revered figures of Athens's first champions, the tyrannicides. The final struggle between the old Roman republic and the rising empire of Rome was fought out on Grecian soil. Octavianus—the future Augustus—and Antony came swiftly to chastise the assassins of Caesar. Horace hastily left his studies in classic Athens, and with Cicero's son hastened to join Brutus and the friends of the doomed republic. Both young men were given the rank of military tribunes, and Horace received command of a legion—a high commission for a youth just out of school, as he wrote, many years after, to a friend: "The troublous times removed me from that pleasant spot (*bonae Athenae*); and the tide of a civil war carried me away, inexperienced as I was, into arms which were not likely to prove a match for the sinews of Caesar Augustus." At the decisive battle of Philippi, where the old republic gasped her last breath, after Brutus and Cassius had both fallen, Horace shared in the general flight of the republican army. The poet in after years playfully alludes to his flight, and tells how he threw away his shield to expedite his escape. Both Horace and Cicero's son were eventually pardoned by Augustus.

Athens had become not only the school for the noble scions of Rome, but their playground as well. When mad Mark Antony, intoxicated by excesses and wild dissipation, had cut loose from Rome and given himself over to Oriental luxury and the charms of his mysteriously fascinating "Serpent of old Nile," he made an excursion to Athens. There is something mock-heroic, perhaps melodramatic, in the coming of the Egyptian galley, with its

purple silken sails, bearing that world-renowned pair of lovers and their gorgeous Oriental court to the city of great Pallas. Athens is turned into a great pleasure palace; Antony holds a mock triumph, and the degraded Athenians permit him to wed Athena with great splendor in the sacred shrine of the Polias. He then is crowned and worshiped as a second Dionysus, while Cleopatra is enthroned as goddess in the Parthenon; the weird strains of Egyptian music take the place of the singing of Athena's priestesses, and the sinuous contortions of Oriental dancers are substituted for the solemn dances of the sacred pannychis. The Athenians, as was now their wont, fawned upon and flattered the self-deified god and goddess, and went so far as to present Antony with a million drachmae. Antony's visit did no harm to Athens, but to lower the Athenian populace in their self-degradation. We cannot but believe that there were still men in Athens who revolted at such disgusting behavior.

This early period of Roman influence in Athens was by no means devoid of monuments—not temples of stupendous proportions like that which the king of Syria had begun, but buildings of good workmanship, chiefly of a commercial character, which, even in their ruins, show that architecture did not come to a standstill even after Sulla had stamped his foot upon the proudest city of Greece. Toward the end of the last century before the birth of Christ, while the foundations of the Roman empire were being laid by Augustus, the Athenians built a spacious new market-place a short distance east of the old agora, about due north of the Acropolis. A large space was cleared on the level ground, a few feet higher than the old market-place; and a symmetrical parallelogram, not on axis with the old market as marked by the stoa of Attalus, but lying almost northwest by southeast, was laid out as a great open court, surrounded by a fine

colonnade of white marble columns in the Roman Ionic style, *i.e.*, with unfluted shafts. Behind these were small shops, the rear walls of which formed an inclosure about the market, unbroken except at the east and west, where two monumental gateways afforded entrance to the open



Gateway of Athena Archegetis.

square. At the west a street seems to have led up from the agora, passing between the stoa of Attalus and the stoa poikile. This street terminated at the middle of the west side of the new or Roman market, where a dignified propylon formed the main entrance. The market-gate, as it is called, consisted of a Doric portico of four columns, tall, like all the columns of the later Doric style. The central columns were widely spaced (eleven feet) for the entrance of vehicles; while the spaces at the ends were

quite narrow, being the entrance for pedestrians. Within the portico was a large vestibule, walled on either side and opening upon the market through three great portals. The whole of the Doric portico is still in existence, and the space about it has been considerably cleared up of recent years, so that it gives quite an impression of magnificence.



Columns of Roman Market and the Horologium of Andronicus.

On its architrave is an inscription which dedicates the portico to Athena Archegetis, and records the fact that the gateway was built by the Athenians with funds given by Julius Caesar and Augustus. It is then a token of esteem for Athens from the great dictator and his imperial nephew. Passing through the gate, one found himself in the midst of the great colonnaded court, with fully thirty columns on its longer side. Not all the chambers back of the colonnade were closed by doors, for there seem to have been spaces like exedras provided with an inner colonnade; but a solid wall surrounded the whole structure and carried one side of the continuous roofs of the shops and colonnades. Only one angle of this market-

place has been excavated; but from this one may easily restore the whole. The commercial purpose of these colonnades may be seen in the official measures of length cut upon the marble, and in an inscription, of a somewhat later date, regulating the price of oil and salt. At the eastern end of the inclosure, not on the central axis, was another gateway, not so pretentious as Caesar's gate, but well built and handsome. One may still see the huge antae of the portals and the unfluted shafts of large columns which flanked the entrance. The ground rises at this point so that broad steps were provided in the vestibule, that only pedestrians could make use of this entrance. Immediately opposite this portal is a broad flight of ascending steps surmounted by an arcade supported upon piers, and, to the left, the familiar "Tower of the Winds," a well-preserved monument built about the same time as the market by one Andronîcus of Cyrrhus, a city of Syria, another foreign devotee of Athens. This interesting little structure was a horologium: it accommodated not only a water-clock, but a sun-dial and a weather-vane. It is of octagonal plan, its sides facing the points of the compass, and it is raised on a little crepidoma of three steps. Two of its sides, the northeast and the northwest, are provided with portals, in front of which are the remains of two-columned porches. On the south is a circular bay, built out from the wall, which was the cistern for the water that operated the clock. The whole structure, from the steps at its base to the huge wedge-shaped slabs which converged at a common center to form its roof, is of Pentelic marble. The lower courses of the walls are quite plain, but around the top is a deep frieze made up of figures in relief, one on each face, representing the eight winds of heaven. Beginning at the north, we have cold Boreas, a weather-beaten old man of sinister expression. Next to him, on the east, is Caicias, another

old fellow shaking hailstones out of a shield. The east wind is Apeliotes, a youth with ears of corn; but Eurus, the southeast wind, is again an old man enveloped in a cloak. Notus, the gentle bringer of rain from the south, is a youth bearing a large water-vessel. Next comes Lips, the mariner's wind, with a ship's prow in his hand. Soft Zephyrus is a boy holding the flowers of spring in the folds of his drapery, while Sciron, the last of the eight, is a man of mature years holding an upturned vase. The figures are all winged and extremely interesting; but, although they are well executed, they are badly drawn and very ungainly; for Attic sculpture had now reached a period of decline. Below each plaque of the frieze may be seen the lines of ancient sun-dials, and the apex of the roof, so old Roman writers tell us, was crowned with a bronze figure of a Triton so pivoted that he turned his face with every change of the wind. The arcaded portico of the building immediately south of the horologium is of early Roman date. It is built of the gray marble of Hymettus; the arched openings between its piers are in reality only lintels with semicircles cut in them, without any relation to the principle of the arch. Below this arcade runs the covered aqueduct which carried water from the spring Clepsydra to the cistern of the horologium.

After the empire had been firmly established in Rome, Agrippa, Augustus's lifelong friend and afterward his son-in-law, one of the foremost men in the Roman state, paid a visit to Athens. Not to be outdone by the famous visitors who had preceded him, he laid the foundations of a new music-hall on the site of the very ancient orchestra near the market. This building was speedily carried to completion and was called the Agrippæum in honor of its founder. In return for this munificence the people of Athens erected a splendid statue to the distinguished

Roman, and set it just before the entrance to the Acropolis, upon the tall pedestal of Hymettian marble which is still such a conspicuous monument standing beside the northern wing of the great Propylaea of Mnesicles, called the *pinakotheka*. It is supposed to have been a statue of bronze and was probably mounted in a chariot drawn by two or more horses. The top of the pedestal is amply large for a quadriga.

In the year 20 B.C. the poet Vergil came to Greece in search of local coloring for his "Aeneid," which he was then writing. He stopped for a time in Athens, where Ovid had just completed his legal education and had set out on a tour of Asiatic Greece with the Roman poet Macer. In Athens, Vergil met Augustus, returning from the island of Samos, where he had spent the winter. Augustus's visit was a memorable occasion for the Athenians. They received him with great pomp and loaded him with honors; but we cannot imagine the reserved emperor allowing himself to receive the disgusting flatteries which had been showered upon other potentates. The Roma cult was revived and extended to include the name of Augustus, and preparations were made to build a temple to Roma-Augustus upon the Acropolis. Various statues were erected in his honor and one to Livia his wife, which was called "Augusta Hygeia," and was placed just within the Propylaea near the ancient altar of Athena Hygeia and Pyrrhus's bronze statue of that divinity. As a result of Augustus's visit to Athens, the subject kings and states which made up the eastern portion of the Roman Empire proposed to complete the great temple of the Olympian Zeus, which Pisistratus had begun in the sixth century and Antiochus had all but finished in the second, and dedicate it to the genius of Augustus; but the plan did not materialize.

Within a few years the temple of Roma-Augustus was



finished and the new cult now threatened to become a serious rival of Athena upon her own sacred hill. The new temple was built directly to the east of the Parthenon, axis upon axis. It was a small temple, of circular plan, only twenty feet in diameter at its base. As may be seen from the inarticulate fragments which lie about its foundations, the superstructure consisted of a peristyle of nine Ionic columns which supported the inscribed architrave. Its size may have been insignificant; but its importance and dignity rivaled those of the Parthenon. The great altar at the summit of the Acropolis rock answered for Roma as well as for the Polias; the great festival of the Panathenaea was shared between Athena and the founder of the Roman Empire.

With the ever-increasing number of distinguished visitors, the demand for portrait statues, to be set up in the city, soon far exceeded the supply. The inventive Athenians then evolved a ghastly though somewhat amusing way out of the difficulty. There stood upon the Acropolis and in the lower town countless thousands of statues of divinities, of heroes, of great public men, besides the less important portraits of ancestors. Many of these had lost value and interest except as works of art; why not rechristen them with the names of the Roman senators and knights who were demanding statues in public places? The ludicrous scheme seems at first to have worked to a charm; new bases were provided for the works of the old masters, or the original inscriptions were effaced; the names of the proud Romans were inserted and they were highly satisfied. When Germanicus came to Athens, the citizens felt that they must do something by way of a memorial for him. They chose one of the two bronze equestrian statues which Lycius the sculptor had made for the cavalry officers, and which had been set up, one on either side of the Propylaea, away back in Pericles's

time; they turned its base about so that the old inscription would not be seen, and they inscribed the names and titles of Germanicus below the old bronze horseman. In time, this plan failed to please the exacting Roman gentlemen; they did not like to see their rugged features represented by the serene faces of the old Greek statues; they wanted real portraits. Nothing easier, replied the Athenian clients, who then proceeded to knock off the heads of those sublime creations of the Attic masters and set in their places heads which portrayed every feature of the hard-faced Romans in perfect portraiture. This arrangement proved highly successful; when a portrait was required of a man of unusual importance, the statue of some deity might be decapitated; when some less distinguished patron wished to have his memory handed down to posterity in this way, the statue of a demigod or hero could be employed; and if the person to be thus immortalized in Athens were an ordinary visitor, the portrait of an old Athenian general or archon could be beheaded for the purpose. Thus time and expense were saved and all parties were pleased. When Vitruvius, the great architectural writer of the time of Augustus, came to Athens, he must have experienced the most inspiring event of his life. The city was at the height of her glory in architectural display; there was every facility for studying the works of the greatest masters of many periods and in many styles. Upon his return to Rome he was able to present to the emperor a compendium by which he might judge by the highest standards all the works which had been executed for him. Vitruvius's mention of the Olympieum, the colonnade of Eumenes, and the horologium of Andronicus is important to the dating of those structures.

## PLAN OF ATHENS IN ROMAN TIMES

1. Monument of Attalus I.
2. Statue of Athena Promachos.
3. Sanctuary of Athena Ergane.
4. Sanctuary of Artemis Brauronia.
5. Temple of Athena Nike.
6. Statue of Agrippa.
7. Clepsydra.
8. Roman Gate.
9. Monument of Nicias.
10. Sacred Spring.
11. Dionysiac Altar.
12. Monument of Thrasyllus.
13. Choragic Columns.
14. Grotto of Pan.
15. Cave of Apollo.
16. Altar of Eumenides.
17. Altar of the Twelve Gods.
18. Statue of Hermes of the Market.
19. Enneacrunus.
20. Altar on Pnyx.
21. Gate of Athena Archegetis.
22. Medieval Cathedral.

■ Existing walls and buildings.

▨ Foundations *in situ*.

□ Conjectured sites and buildings.

T.=Temple. S.=Sanctuary or shrine.





## XIII

### ATHENS UNDER THE ROMANS

"Ye men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are somewhat religious."  
SAINT PAUL.



WHEN the decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed, that decree applied to Greece as well as to Palestine; and we may imagine the inhabitants of Attica going up to their capital to be taxed, just as the people of Judea were going up to Jerusalem, when the greatest event in human history took place; for Attica and Judea now were both members of a vast organism—the Roman Empire. A new era was ushered into the history of the world, in far-away Bethlehem—an era fraught with the greatest importance to the destiny of that empire. Paganism, and, in fact, all forms of religious belief, were already on the wane when the Saviour of mankind came into the world. Thirty years later, Christ was lifted up on the cross of Calvary, and a new religion was born which at once began the sure but gradual transformation of Rome; but four centuries were to pass ere that cross should be set up on the Acropolis of Athens, where Athena had been worshiped for at least fifteen hundred years.

It was in the reign of Tiberius that the Roman citizen Saul of Tarsus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against the followers of the recently crucified Christ,

was journeying from Jerusalem to Damascus in quest of persecution, and saw "the light from heaven" and heard the voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" which turned him from his threatenings to become the most faithful follower of the great Teacher whose disciples he had put to the sword.

Twenty years passed, and Nero had just been crowned Emperor of Rome, when the Great Apostle to the Gentiles came to Athens. There is no stronger link in the chain that binds us to the city of great Pallas than that forged by Saint Paul during his brief and comparatively ineffectual visit. He had come to Athens alone; he at first walked about the streets unheeded; he visited the agora, and doubtless the Acropolis, everywhere seeing magnificent temples and statues to the gods of Greece, and reading dedicatory inscriptions to pagan divinities, until at length he found the little synagogue in the ghetto of Athens where the Athenian Jews worshiped Jehovah. Ere long he was drawn into disputes with these members of his own race, not only in the synagogue, but in the agora, with those that met him on his way. Thus it happened that he was overheard by the Epicureans and Stoics, who sat in the exedras and colonnades of the market, and was invited by them to explain the new doctrine whereof he spoke; for "all the Athenians and strangers sojourning there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear, some new thing." The philosophers heard with interest all he had to tell them, and finally asked him to give a public lecture upon his new philosophy. He mounted with them to the Areopagus, away from the noise and confusion of the market, and when they had seated themselves he expounded to them the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. "And Paul stood in the midst of the Areopagus," says the account in the Acts of the Apostles, and began, "Ye men of Ath-

ens, in all things I perceive that ye are somewhat religious. For as I passed along, and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription: TO AN UNKNOWN GOD. What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you." Then, turning his eyes up toward the Acropolis, crowned with the glorious creations of men's hands, he continued, "The God that made the world and all things therein, he, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Then setting forth *his* God as the creator and regulator of the universe, and the father of mankind, impressing his words upon his hearers by an apt quotation from one of their own poets, he recalls to mind the wonderful statues which he has beheld in the temples, and continues: "Being then the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and device of man"; and then he preaches repentance and judgment, giving as a pledge of authority the resurrection of the righteous Judge. All had listened with rapt attention, for the Athenians were the best listeners in the world, until he came to the "anastasis"; then some of his hearers mocked, and the meeting was broken up; but others said, "We will hear thee concerning this yet again."

Athens was the city of all others where a man like Paul, burning with enthusiasm for a new doctrine, would be likely to be welcomed; a city where freedom of thought and of speech had been encouraged for centuries, and where speculation was the dearest delight of the gifted inhabitants: but it was not a city which one would expect to take kindly to the idea of simple faith in unprovable mysteries such as Paul preached. The Athenians were too self-satisfied, too given over to pride of knowledge, to accept such truths as the incarnation and the resurrection of the dead without demonstration. They were



as proud of their wisdom as they were in the days when Socrates sought to disabuse them of it, and Christianity has never been a religion for those who are wise in their own conceit.

Paul's spirit was stirred within him because he saw the city wholly given over to "idolatry," but he respected the Athenians in their devotion to such a religion as they had, and in their endless searching after truth, their blind groping after a God whom they did not know. The Athenians, on the other hand, were not only glad to listen to Paul as the preacher of a new and strange and therefore interesting doctrine, but respected him as a searcher after truth absolutely sincere and fired with conviction. He was, moreover, a man of learning, well versed in the literature and philosophy of Greece, by which, as an educated man, he could not but be influenced; having been born and brought up at Tarsus, a Greek city of Cilicia, scarcely less than second in importance to Athens itself as a center of learning.

Saint Paul's sermon upon the Areopagus, as recorded, is of course only a fragment of his oration, and a mere suggestion of all he said to the Athenians during his sojourn with them. But taking this as an example of his talks and considering the philosophical tone of his epistles, we may rest assured that he manifested a thorough acquaintance with the best products of Greek thought, and by his eloquent use of the Greek language won the admiration, if not the support, of those Athenians who heard him, as the judgment of a later Greek writer, himself not a Christian, would attest. In enumerating the most brilliant representatives of Hellenic eloquence, after naming Demosthenes, Lysias, Aeschines, Aristides, Timarchus, Isocrates, and Xenophon, Longinus writes: "To these I would add Paul of Tarsus, one of the first founders of an unproved doctrine."

Although Saint Paul's success in converting men to the Christian faith was small in Athens, compared with that which resulted from his visits to Corinth and other Greek cities, his brief sojourn was not wholly without fruit. He had come rather by accident than by design, and departed, after a few days, to Corinth. "Howbeit," as the Biblical account says, "certain men clave unto him and believed: among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." It would seem that all had not scoffed, even at the doctrine of the resurrection, and in this little company, we know not how small, was founded the Athenian church. Dionysius, who, according to all accounts, was a man of great learning, having studied at Rome and at Heliopolis in Egypt, and who, from the position of influence which he held in Athens, must have been a man of considerable importance, was placed by Saint Paul at the head of the little company of Christians, and is believed to have received, at the hands of the Saint, the apostolic succession as the first Bishop of Athens. Of his later life we know nothing. Many books of a theological nature, imbued with Alexandrian Platonism, were ascribed to him in the sixth century; but serious doubts have been cast upon their authenticity. The traditions of the church ascribe to him a martyr's death; but as to the manner of his martyrdom nothing is known. Of Damaris and the other converts we know nothing. If friends of the Areopagite, as we may readily believe many of them to have been, their number doubtless included men of learning and distinction. If Saint Paul kept in touch with his little flock under the shadow of the Acropolis, and wrote letters to them as he did to some of his other churches, all records of them have been lost. But the church seems to have been kept alive until the time of Constantine, when a small Christian

community still existed in Athens, which, during the centuries following, became a large and influential body.

During the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius in Rome, Athens had enjoyed peace and comparative prosperity; but under Nero the systematic plundering of Greek cities began, and many monuments of Attic sculpture were borne away to grace the palaces and public buildings of the imperial city: many of them to be lost forever in the various sacks of Rome which followed the breaking up of the empire in after centuries; others, fortunately, to be preserved to us in the copies that were made by Roman artists and taken out to the Alban Hills to adorn the sumptuous villas of Roman senators and generals. Myron's famous cow, which had stood patiently upon the Acropolis since the day of Pericles, was one of the many bronzes that perished forever in the destruction of Rome; while the "Satyr" of Praxiteles, his "Disc-thrower," and one of his statues of Aphrodite are to be numbered among those of which copies, of more or less artistic merit, were made in Rome, and in this way handed down for our study and delight. It is interesting to note that, in 1900, a number of statues in bronze and marble were found at the bottom of the sea by some sponge-divers near the island of Cythera. It is not impossible that they formed part of the cargo of one of the ships that were carrying marbles and bronzes from Athens to Rome in the reign of Nero; as the wreck lies not far from the track which vessels would have followed in sailing around the southern point of Greece. These figures and fragments seem to belong to the period immediately after Praxiteles—the school of Lysippus—and some of them may have been executed by that great sculptor himself.

Though the reign of Nero was a time of taking away rather than of building up monuments, there are some

writers who assign the building of the first Roman stage in the theater to this period, in spite of the strong evidence given by the sculptured decorations of that building, which would seem to belong to a considerably earlier period, as we have seen in the last chapter. Nevertheless, it is quite probable that certain changes were effected at this time; for the pavement of the orchestra, with its great diamond of richly colored marble slabs and its depression in the middle for the reception of the base of the thymele or altar, are to be assigned to the first years of the first century of our era.

The two familiar columns which stand upon their high perch above the cave which formed a part of the monument of Thrasyllus, stretching up toward the top of the Acropolis wall, are of Roman date, but the letters upon them seem to be later than Nero's reign. These columns, with their stepped pedestals and Ionic bases, have three-cornered capitals of the Corinthian order, which were probably intended to receive tripods, and must therefore have been a late form of choragic monument.

The next century—the second of our era—saw an artistic revival in Athens under the patronage of foreign rulers. When Philopappus, the last of the kings of Commagene, was driven from his throne by Vespasian, he came to Athens and took up his residence there, bringing with him a large fortune. Philopappus was a grandson of Antiochus Epiphanes, who had been such a lover of Athens, and knew that he would be welcome among her citizens. He was soon enrolled as an Athenian citizen, and entered upon all the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, though he retained the title of king so long as he lived. In the year 100 A.D. he was made consul by the Roman government, and during his long residence held many other offices of distinction, spending money upon the city of his adoption with a liberal hand, and

endearing himself to all the citizens, who respected him as a fellow-citizen and honored him as a hereditary prince. A monument was raised to his memory which is one of the most conspicuous landmarks of the ancient



Monument of Philopappus.

city, perched on the summit of the steep Hill of the Muses, which has since changed its name for his. The monument itself should not be compared with the works of the Golden Age in Athens; but it is a good example of Greco-Roman art. It was built in two distinct stories and on the plan of a shallow exedra—being slightly concave. It stands face toward the Acropolis. The lower story consists of a base of limestone and a solid

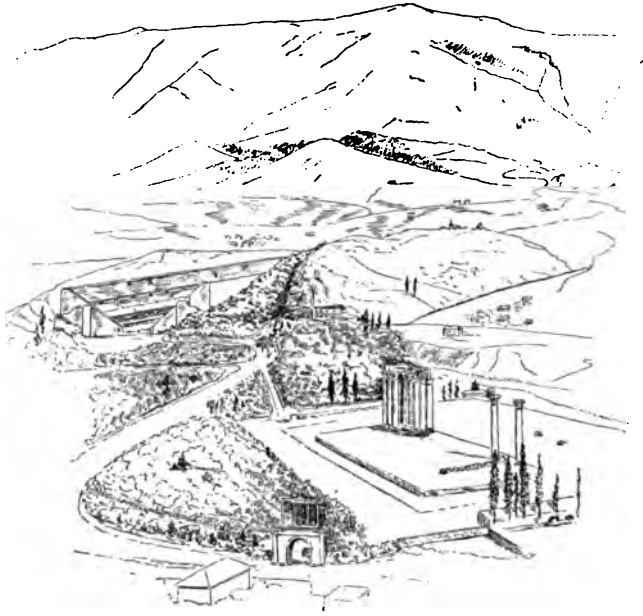
wall, flanked by pilasters and adorned with a large frieze in high relief representing the official progress of Philopappus, in his chariot, clad in the insignia of consular dignity. About two thirds of this portion of the monument stand in their place, though sadly defaced by the ravages of war and the vandalism of tourists. The second story is composed of three large niches which contained three portrait statues in life-size. The central figure was a seated statue of Philopappus himself, represented as an Athenian citizen, of the deme of Besa, and wearing the insignia of a Roman consul. An inscription bears out the testimony of the statue. In the niche to the left is a portrait statue of Antiochus Epiphanes, the

grandfather of Philopappus, and in that to the right, which is now destroyed, was one of King Seleucus Nicator, the founder of the Commagene dynasty. In the rear of the monument, overlooking the plain and the sea, was the inclosure where Philopappus and his family were buried.

During the early years of the first century, Dion Chrysostom was in Athens. He was a rhetorician and philosopher and left a large number of works, of which about eighty orations are still extant. These are rather essays on politics and general moral subjects. In one of them he puts into the mouth of Phidias—the famous sculptor of the Golden Age—an explanation of his great statue of Zeus. Dion preaches Socrates and Diogenes, and favors the simplicity of life and manners which these old philosophers stood for. It is interesting to find him railing at the common practice of beheading ancient statues and transforming them into portraits of modern men of distinction.

Hadrian, the Philhellenic emperor of Rome, made Athens his favorite, and became almost more Athenian than Roman during his protracted visits to the city, which he seems to have loved far more dearly than the majestic seat of his empire upon the Tiber. While Hadrian was making his grand tour of his dominions, through Gaul to distant Britain, where he built the famous wall which, extending from the Solway Firth to the mouth of Tyne, was to keep the wild Picts and Scots from ravaging Britannia Romana; back through Spain to the northern coast of Africa, to Greece, Ionia, Syria, Arabia, and Egypt; he rested in Athens and for three years enjoyed a life quite free from the cares of empire, surrounded by all those things which he liked best, for he was a true lover of art and of literature, being himself a writer of no inconsiderable merit. It was a great day

for the Athenians when their munificent lord and master set foot in Athens. They celebrated his coming with all pomp and splendor, they created a new tribe which they named after his name, they initiated him into the



Hadrian's Quarter, from the Acropolis. Stadium and Mount Hymettus in the Distance.

solemn mysteries of Eleusis; they made him archon and showered him with every honor that was theirs to bestow. Hadrian, not so much in return for the good will of the citizens as out of real respect and love for the ancient mother of art and letters, loaded the city with gifts and filled it with beautiful and costly monuments. He cleared the southeastern portion, the part of least historic importance, and laid out a new quarter, sepa-

rating it from the old city by a line marked by a monumental arch which formed the entrance to the new ward, and inscribed upon its western face, "THIS IS THE ANCIENT CITY, THE CITY OF THESEUS," and on the eastern side: "THIS IS THE CITY OF HADRIAN AND NOT OF THESEUS." He completed the great temple of Zeus Olympios whose foundations had been laid by Pisistratus, and whose mighty columns had been erected by Antiochus, the illustrious king of Syria; he instituted a magnificent festival with splendid Panhellenic games in honor of Zeus; constructed an aqueduct which remedied the city's one defect; built a magnificent library and a gymnasium; and founded a Pantheon; in fact, made himself the Pericles of the lower city. Not all of Hadrian's buildings were erected to adorn the quarter which was to bear his own name. This quarter included the Olympieum, it is true; the stately gateway and sumptuous villas and baths belonged naturally to the "City of Hadrian"; but the great library and gymnasium were erected on the other side of the Acropolis, just east of the agora, near the Roman market-place, whose gate was a monument of the first two Caesars.

Hadrian's gate is a simple and beautiful monument of Roman art adorned with Grecian grace. An arch, broad, severe, and plain, spans the ancient roadway, flanked by two massive pilaster buttresses, with rich Corinthian capitals, and supported on either side by small pilasters of the same order. Above the arch is the plain frieze which bears the inscriptions, and above this is a deep overhanging cornice with a delicate dentil molding beneath it. This completes the ground story of the arch, whose two faces are exactly similar. The upper story consists of an open, airy design of columns and pilasters which form three broad, open spaces, above which is a second entablature with cornice and dentil molding, and, over



the central space, a fine little pediment on either face, which the entablature breaks out to receive. These pediments are supported each by two beautiful little Corinthian columns, while the entablature on either hand



Arch of Hadrian, Eastern Face.

rests upon slender paneled pilasters with Corinthian caps. It would appear as if there had originally been a curtain wall separating the open spaces below the two pediments, which formed two niches for statuary. It is not impossible that one of these held a statue of Theseus and the other a statue of Hadrian. The arch is a monument of unusual beauty and refinement, totally unlike the huge and bulky arches which the Roman emperors set up in Italy as trophies of triumph, and much

more like the monumental arches which we find in the East. There is no attempt at grandiose effect, no overloading with sculptural decorations and minute carving—only a broad and elegant design, free, graceful, and festive, such a monument as we might expect to see Athenian artists of the older school erect to the proud emperor of a world-wide empire. Two lovely vistas may be had through the gate of Hadrianopolis. From



Ruins of Propylon on North Side of the Olympieum.

the western side it frames the sturdy group of golden-tinted columns which stand for the Olympieum; the gray-green pines of the public gardens and the soft blue slopes of Mount Hymettus making a background of perfect harmony. From the east one may see, beneath its noble curve, the dainty little monument of Lysicrates, at the end of a long, narrow street, and the rugged violet rock of the Acropolis with the even courses in golden brown of Cimon's wall. The arch still forms the principal gate to the ruins of the Olympieum, which has been already described. But, as may be remembered, the great temple was not finished by the well-disposed

king of Syria, nor by the later kings and states who would have made it a monument to the founder of the Roman Empire. In Hadrian's day it was probably still roofless and incomplete in many minor details. The emperor not only finished the temple itself, but surrounded its oblong temenos with a wall within which he built a beautiful colonnade of marble, all around its four sides, forming a sort of cloister walk about the whole inclosure; on the northern side was built an imposing portal and vestibule connecting the temenos with his new quarter of the city. Within the cella of the temple, he placed a large statue of the Olympian Zeus in gold and ivory, and, behind it, a colossal statue of himself which was surpassed in size only by the famous colossus of Rhodes and the gigantic statue of Nero at Rome. The temenos was soon a forest of votive statues which the faithful from far and near set up, besides many which were the gift of the emperor. These included a great number of portraits of Hadrian himself; figures representing the provinces of the empire; portraits of the great Athenians of the past, like Demosthenes and Isocrates; statues representing Industry, Prudence, and other virtues, and a host of athletic prize statues. An example of the last is to be seen in the bust of an athlete found near the Olympieum, and now in the National Museum. The bust is in a perfect state of preservation, and is very interesting in comparison with the older athletic statues in Athens.

It is essentially a portrait, showing little attempt at idealization—a truthful portrayal, no doubt, of the fine open face and noble expression of a robust youth of Hadrian's time. What strikes us most, perhaps, about this portrait of an athletic hero of eighteen hundred years ago is its modern air. Imagine it with a sweater about its muscular neck and shoulders, and you will have an

up-to-date collegian fresh from the football field or track.

From the grand portal in the north wall of the temenos, on the gradual slope which stretches away toward the north as far as the foot of Mount Lycabettus, extended the Roman city with its luxurious villas and gardens. Here were undoubtedly the emperor's palace and the residences of many Roman nobles. Naught is to be seen of these magnificent structures but some low foundation walls and a number of mosaic pavements, in varied and beautiful geometrical designs, which may be found among the palms and shrubs of the public gardens and the gardens of the royal palace. For the convenience of the new quarter, Hadrian built a fine aqueduct, which brought an ample supply of water for the new city and the old from away out toward Mount Pentelicus. This aqueduct is still in use. The channel which lies along the foot of Mount Lycabettus is the ancient conduit, and in the gardens of the royal palace ruins of arches may be seen which carried the water out to Hadrian's quarter.

In the heart of the modern city, surrounded with narrow shady streets and quaint bazaars, are the disconnected ruins of Hadrian's other great building. The



Bust of an Athlete, found near the Olympieum.

gymnasium or library of Hadrian, which doubtless served both purposes, was a huge colonnaded structure not unlike the market of Augustus's time in plan. It was surrounded with a massive buttressed wall built of huge blocks of



Column of the Portico and Part of Wall of Hadrian's Stoa.

limestone, parts of which are visible on its northern and eastern sides. Toward the west was a large open portico, from which a street led straight to the Dipylum. The portico consisted of four large columns of the Corinthian order, and, on either side of it, the west wall of the inclosure was faced with white marble and adorned with

columns standing free, supported upon pedestals, and carrying a rich entablature. The whole northern half of this wall, with one of the columns of the portico, still stands in an excellent state of preservation, and is locally known as the Stoa of Hadrian. The single preserved column of the portico is of white marble and of pure Corinthian style, while the decorative columns are of a smaller order and are in Roman Corinthian style, with unfluted shafts of the green and white marble which in Italy is called *cipollino*, and rich capitals and well-molded bases in the pure white marble of Pentelicus. This ruin, though in a squalid part of the modern city, facing a dirty street and flanked by a horrid prison, is still a delightful study of Roman magnificence, and is particularly interesting as an example of the means by which the Roman artists provided pleasing color effects by the use of variegated marbles instead of putting color upon white marble—one of the few improvements, according to our modern taste, which the Romans made upon the architecture of the Greeks. The great inclosure was provided within with colonnades on all sides, and semicircular and square exedras on two sides. At the east end was a large building with not less than five spacious compartments, which may have constituted the gymnasium. In the center of the grand court stood a large structure, central in plan, with a fine portico to the west. This was perhaps the library proper, “adorned with gilded roof and alabaster,” and with columns of Phrygian marble. Only portions of it remain *in situ*, and these have suffered badly from fire. Near it, the marble pavement of the court is well preserved. In describing this elaborate building, Pausanias, a few years later, says, “Most splendid of all are the hundred columns,” and, to the great traveler’s Roman taste, it was undoubtedly the most beautiful building in Athens. I am not so sure that, if we had not been

taught to consider the Parthenon as the norm of beauty, it would not have seemed so to our taste, too.

Of the Pantheon which Hadrian founded nothing is known, but it probably corresponded in magnificence with the other buildings of his with which we are acquainted. When the great temple of Zeus was dedicated, the emperor instituted a Panhellenic festival with splen-



The Acropolis, from Hadrian's Quarter.


did games which rivaled not only those of the Panathenaic festival, but even the famous games celebrated in honor of Zeus at Olympia. To the time-honored events of the old Greek games were added new ones of a Roman character, wonderful spectacles, gladiatorial contests and combats of wild beasts. The Athenians were shown the Roman pastimes which reeked with bloodshed; for it is recorded that one thousand wild beasts were killed at one performance in the stadium. It must have been itself a grand spectacle when the emperor Hadrian, surrounded by noble Roman courtiers and waited upon by the dignitaries of Athens, sat upon his marble throne in the

middle of the curving end of the stadium, beneath his purple canopy, and watched the procession, the games, and the shows, with all the splendors of Rome transported to the city of great Pallas, and all displayed under the blue sky and in the brilliant atmosphere of Greece. Hadrian, ever dreaming of his plan to revive the ancient cults of Greece and restore her past glories, saw it all with unspeakable joy, feeling that this was but a beginning of greater things.

In the train of Hadrian was a Bithynian youth of surpassing beauty, a friend and favorite of his imperial master. No one could see him without being haunted by his lovely, pensive face, so full of beauty, yet so mysterious and dreamy. He witnessed the pageant, he saw the games, he watched the bloody spectacles; yet his expression seldom changed, the sweet smile of half-prophetic resignation scarcely altered. But how could he or his royal patron or the soothsayers and diviners of the city have foreseen that within a few short years the fair young Bithynian would be worshiped as a god in Athens and in every city of the Roman Empire? When Hadrian departed from Athens, he went to Egypt, and enjoyed her ancient glories and mystic rites quite as much as he had the splendors of Greece and her retreats of philosophy and learning. At Besa an oracle predicted the imminent death of the emperor unless some one whom he loved dearly should offer his life as a vicarious sacrifice. Hadrian was greatly troubled; for he was superstitious above all things, and gloom fell upon the gay court which was following its proud monarch on his memorable journey. As they were sailing up the Nile in a gorgeous galley, Antinous, the beautiful Bithynian youth, who had been greatly depressed by the words of the oracle, leaped into the river and became the voluntary victim whose death was to save his master's life. Such




is the account as given by a majority of historians, though there were some who insisted that Hadrian was driven by superstitious fear to immolate his favorite in this way. However it happened, the emperor mourned his loss as no monarch had ever mourned. He believed that his own life had been saved by that costly sacrifice. Antinous was deified, the world received him as a god, a blood-stained lotus sprang up beside the Nile, which was dedicated to the new deity, a star appeared in heaven which the emperor believed to be the soul of his lost favorite, and a constellation bears his name to this day. The old Egyptian city of Besa became the new and splendid Greek city of Antinoopolis. Here Antinous was worshiped with special honors, and here he gave out oracles as the former Egyptian god had done. The worship of Antinous spread rapidly in the Greek world; and Athens, Hadrian's favorite city, was among the first to establish a cult of the latest divinity to be enrolled with the gods of Olympus. The priesthood for his service was chosen from among the epheboi. Games were instituted in his honor at Athens and at Eleusis; while countless statues reproduced the divine form he had worn on earth. In the Dionysiac theater a marble throne was reserved for the priest of Antinous, and his name may still be seen inscribed upon it. Statues of the beautiful new god seem to have been most popular among the ancients, not only for their religious significance, but for their intrinsic loveliness. We find them in almost every large museum, and most of them belong to the neohellenic period, the period which Hadrian and his immediate successors fostered. I have chosen to reproduce here one of those which is now in Athens, though it came originally from Patras, the modern gateway of Greece for Europeans. Though not one of the most famous statues of the youthful god, and only a bust, it preserves all the





**Bust of Antinous, from Patras, now in the National  
Museum at Athens.**

most salient characteristics and charms which all the others present: the well-developed yet sensuous form of the shoulders and breast, the strong neck with beautifully modeled throat, the graceful head poised slightly forward, the tangled mass of hair neither curly nor straight, and, above all, the mystic meditative face with low broad forehead, heavy straight brows and deep-set dreamy eyes, straight nose, softly rounded cheek and chin, and the half-pensive, half-pouting lips which, parting, form the loveliest mouth that sculptor ever carved. Beautiful as the features are, the expression is still more beautiful. It is the look of calm and thoughtful resignation in the face which haunts one after he has left the presence of the portrait, the mute appealing soul beneath the marble that speaks to our souls; and the critics tell us that this is not a highly idealized picture, that the power of lofty idealization had been lost before the time of Antinous, and that this is undoubtedly an almost exact likeness of the youth whose beauty first won Hadrian's heart and whose heroism subsequently offered his own young life to save his master's. Let Clemens and his followers carp as they will, there were a soul and a personality behind that face that stand for more than an emperor's dramatic grief, more than canonization by Greek priests, more than the worship of countless thousands of obedient subjects; a soul and a personality which speak to us, after centuries of Christian faith and moral development, telling a story of human pain, unselfish love, and heroic devotion; attributes so rare in pagan divinities, so new in the portrayals of pagan art, that we do not wonder that this embodiment of beauty and pathos was multiplied throughout the length and breadth of heathendom—the last sweet flower of classic art and of a waning faith that was to be supplanted by a religion of which human pity, self-sacrifice, and vicarious atonement were the supreme attributes.



The portrait bust of Antinous brings us to the mention of sculpture in general during the neohellenic period. The art of sculpture had revived again in Athens as in all Greece; but it carried on the style, the methods, and the subjects of the later periods of full bloom. Portraiture was still the leading motive, and the remains of sculpture which have come down to us from that time are chiefly in that form. Copying, of course, was continued; but that can never be considered as an artistic development in itself. Beside the bust of Antinous in the Athenian Museum, it is interesting to see one of the emperor Hadrian, which was found near the Olympieum. It has a noble, high-bred face, almost modern in type.



Bust of Hadrian, found near  
Olympieum.

It is not difficult to see in the features and expression the love of peace which gave the Roman empire tranquillity during a long reign, nor the pride which adorned the world with monuments bearing Hadrian's name, and, it may not be going too far to say, the thoughtful mind that found delight in philosophical study and literary pursuits. The same period produced the host of portraits

found near the supposed site of the gymnasium of the epheboi. These are portraits of the cosmetæ, the officials of the gymnasium, and appear in the form of Hermae with inscriptions on their rectangular bodies. A marble head, now in the National Museum and given here in a photograph, is a good example of the copyist's work



Head of Apollo, found near the Ilissus.


of the time. It was found near the Olympieum, not far from the site of the ancient Pythium, beside the Ilissus, and is somewhat broken. The head is usually called that of Apollo, and its resemblance to a number of Apollo heads in various European museums is certainly very striking. It shows no unusual merit, and was probably copied, by an artist of mediocre ability, from a then well-known statue.

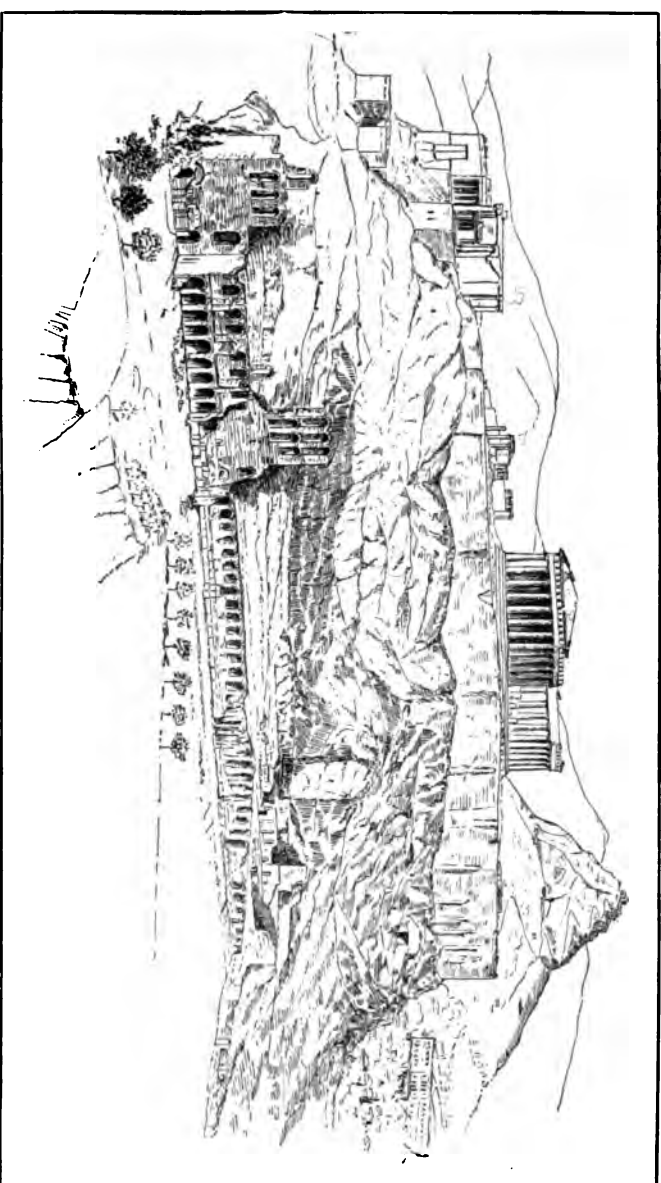
Shortly before his death the emperor Hadrian adopted Antoninus Pius as his successor; and Antoninus at the same time adopted Marcus Aurelius and L. Aurelius Verus, who were soon afterward students in Athens. Their teacher was Herodes Atticus, a distinguished rhetorician from Marathon in Attica. Under the influence of Athenian surroundings and the guidance of his wise preceptor, Marcus imbibed those lofty philosophical sentiments which afterward inspired him to write his "Meditations." Herodes was unquestionably the most distinguished and perhaps the wealthiest citizen of his time. As we have seen, he was a rhetorician and a teacher by profession; but he held many political offices and cere-

monial positions in the state. In 143 the emperor Antoninus Pius appointed him to the office of consul, as a mark of favor, perhaps on account of his services to the emperor's adopted sons. His wife, Regilla Annia, was more of a Roman matron than an Athenian lady, and was a priestess of the cult of Tyche (Fortuna). Herodes had made many costly gifts to the city when, at one of the great Panathenaic festivals, the citizens presented him with a crown of honor in the stadium. He received the gift of the state with pride and gratitude, and in his speech of acceptance proclaimed that, when another Panathenaic festival should recur, the Athenians would find their stadium overlaid with marble and so beautiful "that no theater could compare with it." The promise was speedily fulfilled: the quarries of Pentelicus were taxed to furnish the marble seats which rose in sixty tiers above a parapet of marble which surrounded the running track. At the semicircular end, marble seats, with high backs, for the dignitaries of state, were provided in the lowest tier. Steps of marble divided the seats into blocks and led up at intervals in the wall which raised the lower seats well above the track. At the summit of the semicircular end, a Doric colonnade, one hundred and fifty feet long, afforded a shaded retreat and a protection from rain; and when the next festival came around, the citizens could scarcely recognize the old stadium of Lycurgus, which was now by all means the most beautiful stadium in Greece, and, in truth, fairer than any theater. Above the stadium, on the hill which rises to the west, Herodes built a beautiful temple to the goddess Fortuna. We know of this only from ancient accounts, for it has completely disappeared, and the old references to it give no description.

In 160 Regilla died, and Herodes's magnificent villa in Hadrian's quarter was left desolate. Herodes must have

loved his wife with sincere devotion, for the monument which he erected in her memory was the most magnificent that had ever borne the name of a woman, with the exception of one or two built in memory of empresses or queens. It was not a massive tomb nor a vast mausoleum that Herodes chose for his wife's monument, but a great odeum—a covered theater—where music should ever lull her soul in sleep. It stands directly below the southwest angle of the Acropolis, beneath the little temple of Athena Nike, and at the western end of the colonnade of King Eumenes, which henceforth formed a covered way between the new Hall of Music and the ancient theater of Dionysus. To make place for this structure, which was to be of grand dimensions, it was necessary to remove a number of ancient landmarks. The old outworks of the Pelargikon, the most ancient of all the monuments of Athens, had long since begun to disappear, as builders less reverent than old Pericles demanded building material; but considerable portions of the mighty fortifications were still in place at this time, and these, so far as they stood in the way of the new Odeum, were removed. Above it stood the choragic monument of Nicias; and as Nicias was quite forgotten and his monument perhaps falling to decay, this too was taken away. The builders then cut a deep semicircle in the base of the Acropolis rock, and prepared to fit it with many tiers of marble seats, on a steeper angle than those of the old theater, and describing a perfect semicircle in the manner of Roman theaters. These were to accommodate six thousand spectators. The lower rows of seats were provided with continuous backs, and were raised upon a low step above the level of the orchestra. The orchestra, too, was a semicircle and was paved with squares of variegated marbles. The stage building was designed on strictly Roman plan, and on a magnificent scale. It extended

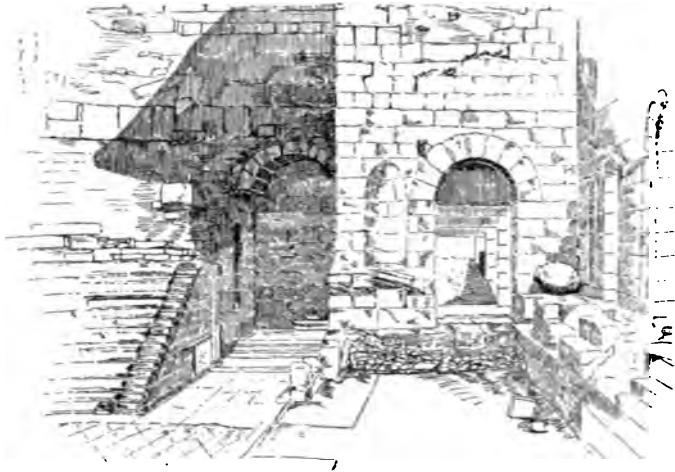




South Side of the Acropolis. Odeum of Regilla, Colonnade of Eumenes and Asclepieum.



the extreme width of the auditorium and was joined to it by a vaulted passageway, on either side, running parallel with the stage building, but entered from the front as we see it to-day. The *scena*, for it is Roman now, rose in three stories to the height of the highest seats, to receive



View Looking across the Stage in the Odeum of Regilla.

one side of the great roof of cedar beams. It was constructed on Roman principles: three stories of broad arches rising one above the other, all built of well-dressed limestone, though a few Roman bricks appear in the piers which carry the arches. A broad recess, wide as the orchestra itself, provided a space for the stage, which, like all Roman stages, was raised several feet above the orchestra level. In front of the stage building, on the outside, were vaulted passageways and open arcades. The whole building, outside and in, was undoubtedly veneered with slabs of marble in true imperial style. Re-

mains of this revetment are still visible on the walls of the vaulted passage between the auditorium and the stage building. The floors were of marble slabs, and the stage was embellished with a set scene composed of rich columns and architraves of different colored marbles. All these enrichments have disappeared, but the huge framework still stands, the most typical Roman ruin in Athens, and one of the best-preserved examples of the Roman stage building in the world. At a late period the gigantic roof of cedar was destroyed by a fire which ruined the marble enrichments of the whole building; but it is not difficult to reclothe the grand skeleton with its rich ornamentation and to restore its niches with their marble statues. Only one of these remains, a headless figure of a Roman official in a niche in the vaulted passage, which stands before us as we enter, and is often pointed out to tourists as the statue of Herodes Atticus.

One other Athenian monument is assigned, by a number of archaeologists, to this period,—one of the most familiar of all: I refer to the so-called Beulé Gate, through which we must pass to reach the glories of the Acropolis, and where we must often pause to take breath before beginning the ascent to our goal. Without going into a lengthy discussion of the date of this structure, we may say that it is known to have been constructed, in part, out of the materials taken from the choragic monument of Nicias, which is believed to have been taken down when the Odeum of Regilla was built. The frieze and cornice and other details were certainly second-hand when built into the two massive towers which flank the outer gate of the Acropolis. These two towers, which are military enough in design, were joined to the bastions of the Propylaea and the Nike temple by strong walls which added to the strength of the fortress, from which we may argue that the Acropolis was still regarded as a citadel

two centuries and more after the last warlike assault upon the ancient defenses. With the Beulé Gate may be considered the flight of Roman steps which completely transformed the ancient approach to the Propylaea. These are believed to be somewhat older than the gate, but not by many years. The innovation was essentially Roman, concealing the simple rocky base of the Propylaea, which gave it the effect of a great temple perched upon a crag, and giving it a formal right-lined base. The steps began in a broad flight, the full width of the two gate-towers, which extended about a third of the way up, at which point it was broken on the right by the old rock-cut road for the approach of chariots and animals, which entered at the base of the Nike bastion. Then the ascending flight began again in two sections, which were divided by the old road which turned and led up between the two divisions of the Propylaea, as it had originally, and were carried up to the ancient steps of the main stylobate. On the right of the steps a small staircase was let into the side of the Nike bastion, and led directly up to the sanctuary of Athena Nike and that of Hecate. The upper portions of this stair are still *in situ*, and may be of older construction than the Roman steps with which they were made to connect. These innovations so completely altered the entire western slope of the Acropolis that it is made impossible for us to restore the old approach; and so completely do they form a part of the Propylaea that one is easily led to imagine that he is ascending the sacred hill in the same manner as did Pericles and Demosthenes; although those old Athenian worthies never dreamed of such a broad and magnificent ascent to what was to them not only a holy place, but a stronghold to be reached only by the tortuous windings of the time-honored Pelargikon with its series of nine well-fortified gates. These two buildings, the tower-defended gate and the great

flight of steps, were the last contribution of Rome to the monumental splendor of Athens; and it was fitting that the last gifts of imperial Rome should have the dignity of leading future generations up to the glories of Imperial Athens.

Athens had seen the culmination and decay of her political power many centuries before this time; she now beheld the completion of her monumental grandeur, which, though standing yet for many generations in undiminished splendor, must sooner or later begin to crumble. But she still retained her primacy as a world center of intellectual achievement. When Marcus Aurelius donned the imperial purple, true to the memory of his distinguished teacher Herodes, he did all in his power to maintain the intellectual supremacy of Athens. He increased the emoluments of her teachers of rhetoric and philosophy, and summoned the foremost men in the world of thought to positions in her university. It was at this time that Lucian, a Syrian, the most distinguished of the later Greek writers, having completed his wanderings through Asia, Egypt, Macedonia, Italy, and Gaul, came to Athens and settled down to the serious work of his literary career. He had been one of that host of public lecturers that had sprung up in all parts of the Roman world, and had already gained a considerable reputation as a writer. But under the influence of the Academy at Athens he assumed that varied style which was to give him his greatest fame, adopting the old Platonic form of dialogue, in which he found the broadest range, from philosophical earnestness or dialectics to the keen, sharp wit of the Attic comedy. We have already quoted from his famous "Timon."

In the reign of Marcus Aurelius, Pausanias, the most famous of all ancient travelers, came to Athens and, as the result of his two visits, wrote his descriptions, which

have been the basis of all study for the restoration of the classic city. Athens had at this time reached the prime of her beauty as the most imposing city of antiquity. Pausanias, though dry and guide-bookish in many of his accounts, becomes almost inspired in his descriptions of the city of great Pallas. He probably entered by the Dipylum and passed through the agora, up through the



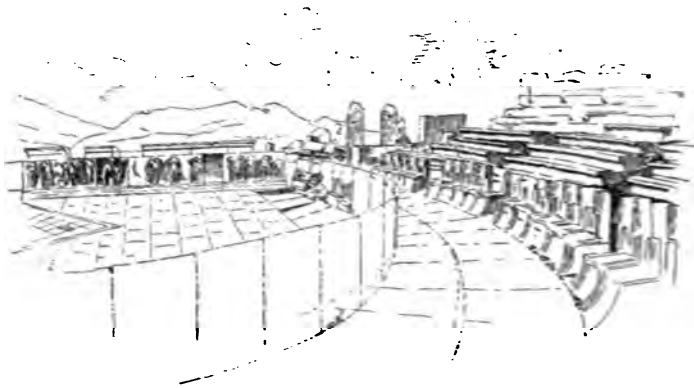
Pediment of a Roman Sarcophagus, found in Athens.

succession of sanctuaries, passing the temple of Apollo Patroös, the Metroum, the Council-house, the Tholos, and the Eleusinium, to the Acropolis. He visited all the holy places, all the ancient public buildings of the city, and gives most accurate descriptions of all, which are among the most valuable contributions to history, stopping now at the Altar of Mercy—the only altar to this divinity he had ever seen—now at the Gymnasium of Ptolemy, the Theseum, the Agraulium, or the Prytaneum. It is interesting to note how little the newer buildings and other monuments impressed him; for we find him passing directly by important works of the neo-hellenic period or of Roman workmanship to expatiate upon the more ancient monuments of the Golden Age.

He was writing for a Roman public and seems to have felt that his readers would care less to know about buildings and statues like those they had at home. Thus we find no mention of the Stoa of Attalus, the Colonnade of Eumenes, and many other important buildings of the later epoch. We follow him past the very conspicuous statue of Agrippa upon the steps of the Propylaea, which he does not seem to see, to the "bronze boy" of Artemis's sanctuary, a small and inconspicuous figure which he dwells upon at length because it was the work of an old Greek sculptor. Even the enormous groups which Attalus I set up are allowed only the barest mention in his journal, while some of the smallest votive statues of the Golden Era are given considerable space in his pages. Step by step, through the forest of marbles within the sacred inclosure, we may follow him as we might an uncommonly well-informed cicerone in a modern art gallery. All who love to picture to themselves the ancient Acropolis in all its splendor should read that book of Pausanias in which he gives such an admirable catalogue of the sights which so impressed him on his memorable visit.

A number of years after the visit of Pausanias, in the reign of Septimius Severus, according to the highest authorities, the last remodeling of the theater of Dionysus was accomplished by a Roman governor of Attica named Phaedrus. The half of the front wall of a stage, which is still to be seen in the theater, is all that remains of the stage of Phaedrus. In this final reconstruction, the sculptures of the older Roman stage seem to have been removed and built into a new stage front, considerably in advance of the other, which completely blocked the *parodoi* and joined the two ends of the ancient *koilon*. In the middle, a flight of steps was constructed connecting the orchestra with the stage; and, upon the top step, one

may still see the inscription which Phaedrus set up, telling how he "hewed this goodly bema," which was unquestionably second-hand at best. To this same period belong the covering of the gutter which surrounds the orchestra, and the plain marble parapet which separates the orchestra from the passage in front of the carved marble chairs of



View in the Theater, showing Stage of Phaedrus, Marble Parapet, and Ancient Chairs.

the first row. This parapet was undoubtedly built as a necessary protection for the spectators, after the theater had been given over largely to gladiatorial shows; for we are told by Dion Chrysostom that, in his time, the blood of the combatants was spattered upon the persons of the archons and other dignitaries who sat in the front row.

It is something of a shock to compare these scenes of Roman amusements with those of the grand old days when enthusiastic audiences listened all day to the majestic lines of Aeschylus and Sophocles in this same theater; and it is difficult to realize that the Athenians who could enjoy these pastimes of blood and brutality

were the descendants of those ideally poetical people who took delight in such a festival as the greater Dionysia, which they celebrated each spring by bearing the old wooden statue of Dionysus Eleuthereus through the city and outside the walls to a little temple of the god on the road to the Academy, where the epheboi sacrificed, and then carried the statue back again by torch-light, while groups of youths and maidens representing the seasons, the nymphs, and other poetical and mythical subjects, danced in the merry procession. The extension of the Roman Empire to Athens was far more than a territorial conquest.



Fallen Column of the Olympieum.



## XIV

### CHRISTIAN ATHENS

"Nothing is so painful as for friends to be separated from Athens and from each other."—GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS.



Fragment of Christian Carving from the Little Metropolitan.

DURING the century which saw the beginning of the decline of the Roman Empire, Athens was left to pursue the even tenor of an uneventful career, interrupted only by an incursion of the Gothic tribes. No brilliant luminaries arose from within to illuminate her gradually darkening path, and no great potentates from without came to deck her colonnades with garlands, strew her streets with palms, and leave behind them some mighty memorials of their visits. Her university still thrived, however, and produced a number of men whose names and some of whose works have come down to us: invaluable historical treatises, commentaries on the old philosophers and other works, in which the writings of the older literati are preserved in fragmentary form, or the various developments of the later schools of philosophy—Neoplatonism—are set forth.

Prominent in this long list of names are those of Longinus and Herennius Dexippus: the former a distinguished scholar who studied in the University of Athens and won the title of "living library," or, as we should say, walking encyclopedia, and whose estimate of Saint Paul as an orator was quoted in the last chapter; the

latter an Athenian by birth, a historian, rhetorician, and general. In the middle of this century, the third after Christ, the rising barbarian hordes of the North first set foot on Grecian soil. These tribes, who are usually referred to in history under the broad general name of Goths, were in all probability more specifically Scythians and other peoples, semi-civilized by contact with Rome, who had learned the value of coöperation and the principles of organized warfare, and had heard of the wealth of the south country and set out to ravage it. In countless thousands they swarmed down from the wild unknown regions of northern Europe, bringing their families, their cattle, and all their belongings, moving slowly and sweeping everything before them—the first great menace to the power of Imperial Rome. Pressing southward by slow degrees, they finally reached the Danube and came into Roman territory. In 251 they were met and checked by the armies of the emperor Decius: but defeat meant little to people with no settled habitation; within a few years they constructed a fleet and, crossing the Euxine, laid waste the northern shores of Asia Minor, crossed the Bosphorus, and moved, in a vast and resistless multitude, toward Greece. The fame of the invaders, of their overwhelming numbers, their undaunted bravery, their brutal savagery, had come before them; all Hellas was in abject terror. Athens, as the northernmost of the great cities of Greece and by far the richest object for the invaders' spoil, had perhaps more to fear than any other city. Valerian was on the imperial throne; he feared for the city as she feared for herself; and, under his direction, the walls were strengthened and all preparations were made for the assault. The ruins of an ancient wall which bisects the ancient city, extending from the northern bastion of the Propylaea down along the east side of the agora and mak-

ing use of the rear wall of the stoa of King Attalus, has been ascribed to the time of Valerian's fortifications; but the most recent critics now assign this wall to a much later period and concur in the belief that this emperor did no more than to rebuild and strengthen the old circuit wall whose foundations had been laid by Themistocles in the distant days of the Persian wars.

With slow but certain and resistless march, the Peril of the North pressed toward the revered city of Athena. Attica was soon reached; the people fled into the city, and the invading hosts swept across the plain, surrounded the walls in a mighty multitude, cutting off all hope of escape or succor. An enemy far more terrible than the haughty Philip of Macedon, far more cruel than the relentless Sulla, was at the gates. No Roman army could be spared to protect the ancient city of Theseus in those turbulent times, and Athens saw that she must meet her doom. In fear and despair, the ancient constitution, the glory of old Athens, was laid aside, and the city was placed under martial law; the archonship was abolished and the strategus, the commanding general, was made chief magistrate. But the citizens were not prepared to face a long siege, and the small garrison was not strong enough to attempt a battle with the unnumbered hosts of the enemy; so the city fell to the crude weapons of the men of the North. Another reign of terror filled Athens with blood. Temples and shrines were sacked, homes perished before the torch, the proud Athenian women were ravaged in savage brutality, children were put to the sword; but the greed of the enemy turned their hands from rapine and murder to sack and pillage of the Athenian treasure-houses, and, while the barbarians were busy with plunder,—each man striving to get more than his neighbor,—a number of the citizens escaped to the hills. It was then that Dexippus, the man of great learning and

of noble soul, showed that he was no less a soldier than a scholar. He gathered about him all the stout hearts that he could muster, took up a strong position among the hills, and prepared to save Athens from complete annihilation. When the band of patriots had assembled, the brave Dexippus addressed them as follows: "I am resolved to share your fate in fighting for all we hold most dear on earth. Rest assured that, through me, the fame of Athens shall never be brought to shame. It becomes us to remember the deeds of our fathers; to make ourselves examples of bravery and liberty to the other Greeks; and to secure, among the present and future generations, the undying glory of having proved that the courage of the Athenians remains unshaken even in adversity. We march to battle for the defense of our children and all that is dearest to our hearts. May the gods fight on our side." His words had the desired effect; the little army resolved to follow their noble leader and to do or die. The city he could not take; but when all preparations had been made, he descended upon Piraeus and routed the portion of the enemy assembled there. He then proceeded to cut off the barbarians within the city from every base of supplies; Attica was too poor to support so great a host for a long time; the little band under Dexippus could hold out much longer than the enemy; so that it was not long before the barbarians were starved into making a retreat. In their exodus they were so harassed by the little army of Athenians that they left much of their spoil behind them. The citizens returned to Athens and set to work to repair the damage wrought by the Goths. They were full of gratitude to their deliverer and conferred upon him the highest honors that were theirs to bestow. It is impossible to say how greatly the city had suffered from this visitation from the North. It is quite certain that the temples and

great public buildings were not injured, but it is natural to suppose that they and all the rest of the city were pilaged of everything of value that could be carried away. It is not wholly impossible that the Acropolis held out during the occupation of the city by the barbarians; for the statue of the Parthenos is mentioned more than a hundred years after this siege. It would be difficult to picture the savage tribes who had already destroyed the great temple of Artemis at Ephesus, with their lust for gold, in possession of the Acropolis and not despoiling the Parthenon of its treasures. Two years later, the Roman emperor Claudius II defeated the Goths in Moesia and earned for himself the title of Gothicus. Aurelian, his successor, also made war upon the barbarian invaders and succeeded in driving them once more across the Danube.

The third century ended without incident in Athens; the barbarian hordes were kept at bay by Roman arms, and the city enjoyed a long period of classic repose, during which a number of rhetoricians, of whom Philostratus was the most distinguished, taught and lectured in the gymnasiums. But the fourth century opened with great changes for the whole Roman world. The faith that Saint Paul had preached in Athens over two hundred years before, and which had fallen like seed on stony soil, had met with a very different reception at the seat of the empire, where, like the grain of mustard seed, it had sprung up and spread its branches until it threatened to cast its shade over the whole earth. Little by little the church founded by Saint Peter and Saint Paul had undermined the ancestral faith of Rome; little by little it had risen through the various ranks of society, from the lowest grade where it had made its beginning to the very highest level—the imperial household itself. Constantine the Great had come to the throne. One of his first great

acts had been to call the church from its hiding-places among the Catacombs, and make Christianity the religion of the state. It is well known what followed in Rome: how the temples of the gods were consecrated to the service of the Christian faith; how buildings of all kinds were rebuilt for the requirements of the new belief; how the shrines of paganism, with their statues, were destroyed to blot out all memory of the ancient religion of the Romans. But in Athens it was not so: for, while Constantine was busy Christianizing Rome, and his mother, the devout Saint Helena, was building churches in sacred places throughout the Holy Land, Athens preserved her ancient religion, or what there was left of it; her temples, her sacred shrines, her statues of divinities, and her festivals; while her pagan philosophers taught the same old doctrines of Plato and Aristotle—in the dress of Neoplatonism, to be sure, but without a suggestion of the teachings of Saint Paul. Still Athens did not escape the notice of the first Christian emperor, for we know how Constantine gloried in the title of Strategus of Athens, and how proud he was to have his statue set up in that renowned city of antiquity, among those of the host of statesmen, generals, kings, and emperors whom Athens had honored. In fact, the emperor sent a yearly gratuity of grain to the citizens of Athens, that the ancient mother of art, letters, and philosophy might have a comfortable old age. Constantine conferred a new title upon the governor of Attica—the title of Grand Duke—which was a great distinction and became hereditary after a short time. But with all these acts, which show that his attention was frequently called in the direction of Athens, the emperor did not once attempt to force upon her the new faith which he was ingrafting upon the greater part of his empire; her temples remained the shrines of her ancient

gods and her university the haunt of the followers of her ancient philosophy. And when the seat of empire was moved to the Bosphorus, that it might be nearer the center of its domain, and the emperor became a near neighbor of Athena, the conditions were not changed. Constantinople became a great Christian city; but Athens remained the chief seat of paganism in the Roman world. During the terrible strifes among the successors of Constantine which followed hard upon the emperor's death, Athens remained undisturbed. Constantius, after he had made himself undisputed lord of the East, conferred a great favor upon the city by bestowing upon her a number of rich islands for her supply of corn. In 348 a terrible earthquake shook Athens to her very foundations and injured a number of her ancient monuments, but we may not know the precise extent of the damage caused at this time.

During the reign of Constantius at the new capital, about the middle of the fourth century, there were among the students of the University of Athens three young men who were to make their names known to all future generations, one of them as Roman emperor, and the other two as saints of the church; the first as a most bitter opponent of Christianity and a devotee of paganism; the others as champions of the new faith and doctors of the church. Julian, as a nephew of the late emperor Constantine and a presumptive heir to the throne, had spent a life of fearful seclusion. He had no ambition to wear the crown and purple, but loved study and retirement. Nevertheless he was suspected and jealously watched, and lived in constant fear for his life, and with good reason; for, upon the death of his imperial uncle, most of his relations had been put to death and the rest were hunted by suspicious rivals and kept in continual dread. It was a glad day for the young prince when he

was allowed to come to Athens to pursue the study of the ancient religion and philosophy of Greece, which he dearly loved, not only as the products of the glorious days of the Golden Age of Greece, but as the antithesis of those tenets for whose sake he and his family had been persecuted with the severest cruelty. He had been brought up and educated as a Christian; but it was natural that he should not have been drawn toward a religion which, as an imperial tool, had caused so much anguish to those dearest to him. In Athens, Prince Julian began to prepare himself for that literary career which afterward gave him the greatest reputation as a writer of all the later Greek literati, excepting only Lucian. In his studies he was associated with a number of young men, among whom were Gregory, who had come from Nazianzus to study in the Athenian seats of learning, and Basil, a student from Caesarea. The three young men were very nearly of the same age, Gregory being one year older than Basil and two years older than Julian; they were fast friends, and doubtless sat together at the same lectures, Julian imbibing truths which drew him nearer and nearer to the old religion of the past, while Gregory and Basil saw the same truths in the light of Christian faith. It is largely due to the studies which these two Christian youths pursued in Athens, and to the advantages for learning all the results of past philosophical speculation which were at their disposal here, that the Christian creeds are so thoroughly impregnated with Greek philosophy; for Gregory became one of the four fathers of the Eastern Church and stamped his doctrine upon the whole body of Christian dogma, while Basil stands out in ecclesiastical history as one of the greatest champions of orthodoxy against the Arian heresy, an acknowledged bulwark of the early church. It would seem as if, in spite of the fact that Athens had retained her ancient



pagan religion, that a church of considerable strength must have grown up in the city before this time, and since the days when Athenagoras had written his "Apology for Christianity" in the second century; a church which would necessarily have been strengthened by the edicts of Constantine in favor of Christianity, but which would not have been likely to suffer persecution in a tolerant city like Athens. Gregory and Basil were both staunch adherents of the new faith when they came to Athens; but they undoubtedly found a Christian community there in which they formed companionships with those of their own persuasion. The two youths were extremely strict in their moral behavior, even amid the blandishments of the gay pagan city; but this does not seem to have prevented them from being very popular among their fellow-students, who were less strict. Basil was particularly admired by the philosophers and literary men of Athens, both teachers and students, who did all they could to retain him in their midst. But he was bent upon devoting his life to the service of his Master and resolved to quit Athens for other fields of labor. Gregory, his devoted friend, afterward wrote of this separation. He, too, it would seem, had planned to leave Athens; but was held back by the entreaties of his friends; for he says: "The day of our departure and all the circumstances of our departure arrived—the farewell words, the attendance of our friends to the ship, the parting messages, the lamentations, embraces, tears. Nothing is so painful as for friends to be separated from Athens and from each other. Our fellow-students and some of the professors surrounded us and entreated that we should desist from our purpose. With Basil it was of no use, and he departed; while I, who felt myself torn asunder by the separation, speedily followed him." It is not difficult to see why Gregory was given the title Philathenaeus.

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Julian had not yet openly avowed his sympathy with the waning faith of Greece, yet his fondest dream was to witness a return to the old religion. There were, we may imagine, fierce discussions between the high-minded, thoughtful prince and his resolute Christian friends; but his conviction, if such it was, never wavered. This period of studious repose was destined to be short-lived for Julian; he had scarcely become acquainted with the life and surroundings which so delighted him, when the obligations of his royal blood forced him to leave his books and his congenial companions, the shady groves of Athens, and the sunny skies of Greece behind him, and set out for a Roman military post in bleak Gaul. Julian had been only one year in Athens when his cousin the emperor conferred upon him the title of Caesar, and made him governor of the Gallic province. The prince reluctantly left his sympathetic surroundings and entered upon his new office with a determination to do his best in the discharge of the duties which devolved upon him. On the occasion of his departure, Julian wrote a letter to the Athenians in which he says, "What fountains of tears did I shed, what lamentations did I utter, stretching my hands up toward the Acropolis, when I invoked and supplicated Athena to save and not to abandon her servant." And it would almost seem as if the goddess had heard his prayer; for the studious prince was transformed, as if by magic, into a wise ruler and an able general, manifesting all those qualities in which Athena took special delight. It was not long before he proved that his ability to govern men was not inferior to his intellectual gifts. He was at once recognized as a good ruler, and for nearly five years administered the affairs of his province with great success. It was something of a task, as we may imagine, for the scholar,



Coin of  
Julian.

the man of studious habits, to take up the leadership of armies; but the turbulent condition of the borders of the empire compelled him to launch out upon a war with the barbarians as soon as he reached his post. Again the studious prince proved his all-round ability, and the campaign was remarkably successful.

But the emperor grew jealous as the fame of the wisdom and brilliancy of his cousin spread throughout the empire, and resolved to deprive him of some of his legions, even though this step would expose the province to the inroads of the barbarians. When the message came commanding Julian to despatch his best soldiers to the war against Persia, the prince bade his men leave him and obey the word of their imperial master: but the troops were unwilling to go; they were, moreover, greatly attached to their royal leader, and in the night surrounded his palace, sent a deputation within, which found him hiding from them, and brought him out to be proclaimed emperor. All efforts on the part of Julian to compromise with Constantius failed, and he soon saw that he must contend in open warfare with his cousin for the possession of the empire. He accordingly set out for Constantinople, the news spread throughout the Roman world, and at Rome and in Athens Julian was proclaimed emperor amid general rejoicings; but before blows were struck between the armies of the West and East, Constantius died in Cilicia on his way home from Syria to defend his capital. A month later Julian entered Constantinople in triumph, undisputed ruler of the East and West. He made it his first duty to perform the last rites over the body of his cousin, according to Christian ritual, and to give it burial with great pomp and solemnity in the Church of the Holy Apostles, above the Golden Horn.

Upon his accession to the throne, Julian openly avowed

the religion that he had cherished in his heart for ten long years. As lord of the empire he could now behold the realization of his fondest dream—the restoration of the religion of the gods of Greece. The pagan world was thrilled with joy; while the Christians were horrified at the thought of the undoing of all their latest great achievements, and fearful of wide-spread persecution and bloodshed in retaliation for some of the brutal acts which the late emperors had committed in the name of Christianity. But in this they were agreeably disappointed—Julian made an edict proclaiming religious toleration, though favoring the supporters of the ancient religion whenever a case arose where favoritism could be shown. Throughout the length and breadth of the great empire, pagan temples and shrines were restored; while the priesthood and religious ceremonies of the old deities were reinstated. Still the Christians were allowed to worship in their own way, and were restrained only from teaching their peculiar version of the ancient Greek philosophers, and from commenting unfavorably upon the works of other great writers of the Golden Age of pagan Greece.

Julian's Christian friends were naturally greatly shocked at his bold stand in favor of paganism, and the outraged church gave him the name of "the Apostate." Among his most prominent denouncers was his old friend Gregory of Nazianzus, who by this time had become a power in the Church of the East, surpassing all his contemporaries in eloquence. Julian reigned but two short years as sole lord of the Roman Empire, dying from the effects of a wound received in battle—a strange death for the meek Athenian student of a few years before. But, even had he lived, he would undoubtedly have seen that his cherished scheme for the revival of paganism was a vain attempt to arrest the course of history by

turning back the clock of religion. His efforts were well meant and were prompted by the sincerest devotion to the religion of classic Greece, for he was, at least, a Greek of the Greeks, a lover of all that belonged to Hellas, and he may be called the last of the true Hellenes. His was the last hand raised to stay the fall of Hellenic religion, and his the last voice to speak its praise. Had it been within the power of mortal man to bring back or reproduce the days of Pericles upon the stage of history, Julian would have accomplished it in time, but this could never be; and his death saved him from the bitter disappointment which he must have faced if he had been spared for many years.

Julian was not an Athenian, but he knew and loved Athens, and I have dwelt upon his career and his attainments somewhat longer perhaps than is warrantable, simply because this gifted emperor found in the city of Athena the most satisfactory experience of his life. Her art, her thought, and her religion were everything to him, wherever he might be. He was her last true friend among the great ones of this world, and with his death her doom was sealed.

Toward the end of the century Athens witnessed two events of importance to her history: the birth of an empress and the second coming of the Goths, or, more properly speaking, the Visigoths. The former event was fraught with greater concern to the city than would seem possible at first blush, as we shall see later. The latter had less effect than we might at first expect. In the year 395, Alaric, the chief of a large number of Northern tribes, invaded Thessaly, with a host of barbarous and warlike followers, and swept down toward Athens, ravaging the country far and wide as he came, leaving death and destruction, want and misery, in his wake. He passed Thermopylae without resistance, plun-

dered the towns and fields of Attica, and stood at length in view of the Acropolis, whose treasures were the object of his coming. Then, as Zozimus, a historian of the following century, relates, a curious thing happened. As the warrior chieftain advanced toward his prize, at the head of his savage horde, he beheld the marvelous vision of Athena, in full panoply of war, marching up and down upon the walls of the citadel, doing guard duty over the city of her choice; and by her side the figure of Achilles, the hero terrible to behold when fired with rage, as he is described by Homer. The savage leader was awestruck and filled with fear; and, instead of besieging the city, thus guarded by goddess and hero, sent heralds to the gates with proposals for peace. Little credence, of course, can be given to the story as told by the old historian; but it is not at all improbable that, as the barbarians advanced, the sun may have shone out upon the brazen helmet and spear of the Promachos with such effulgence as to make a spectacle more divine than the wild warrior had ever dreamed of; that the superb statue of Phidias seemed, to the eyes of ignorance, to be the very person of the renowned goddess of war; and that superstitious fears were roused in his savage bosom by the sight. However it was, Alaric did not attack Athens, though he laid Eleusis in ashes; but entered the city under a truce, received the plaudits and hospitalities of the citizens, and retired rich in gifts which were made as free-will offerings by the magistrates and people. Again Athens had escaped destruction, this time as if by a miracle when we consider the fate that befell many Grecian cities at the hands of Alaric and his Visigoths. But though she had escaped the pillage of the barbarians, Athens lay now at the mercy of the new imperial capital upon the Golden Horn. With the beginning of the fifth century the systematic plundering of the city, which was begun under Nero,

but had ceased with the accession of Hadrian, was renewed to enrich the city of Constantine. It is very probable that the Promachos, which had saved the city from the torch of Alaric, was taken at this time to adorn the circus of Constantinople, while ship-loads of other statues, in bronze and marble, were carried from the Piræus to the Bosphorus. Paintings, too, were not left by the imperial vandals; for we are told that the masterpieces of Polygnotus were taken from the Stoa Poikile by the imperial commissioner. Synesius, a writer of the period, referring to the famous stoa, says, "now the painted stoa no longer; for the proconsul took away the panels." In the same letter he shows us how highly Athenian culture was still regarded. He writes: "I shall not only derive the benefit of escaping from my present troubles by my journey to Athens; but I shall no longer be forced to worship, for their learning, all those who come from thence, who are in no wise superior to us ordinary mortals, especially in the comprehension of Plato and Aristotle. They move about among us like demigods among mules, because they have seen the Academy, the Lyceum, and the Stoa Poikile in which Zeno philosophized." It reads like the letter of one of our young men who has just arrived at a German university.

Athens was the birthplace of very few women whose names occupy a prominent place in history—even Aspasia, the most famous woman of the Golden Age of Greece, was not an Athenian born; but thus late in her career, Athens gave birth to an empress, one of the most distinguished consorts of the imperial throne of the East. There lived in Athens at this time a philosopher named Leontinus, a man of great learning and of considerable fortune. He had several sons and one daughter, whom he called Athenais. As the girl grew up, she was uncommonly fair, and gifted with unusual intelligence. Her

father educated her with great care in the literature and philosophy of pagan Athens, so that she became not only the most beautiful, but the most brilliant maiden of her day. A companion in her studies was young Paulinus, a brilliant Athenian youth. When her father died he left his fortune to his sons, providing but a hundred pieces of gold for Athenais, stating in his will that this amount would be enough for her, considering how much her natural gifts and her accomplishments raised her above other women. Athenais pleaded with her brothers to provide a living for her, but in vain. She finally decided to go to the capital to invoke imperial interference in her behalf. Accordingly, with an aunt, she set out for the great and gorgeous city of Constantinople, full of fear and misgivings. After a long delay, she finally secured an audience with the princess Pulcheria, the elder sister of the young emperor Theodosius II, who held the position of regent during her brother's minority. Pulcheria was so won by the beauty and intelligence of the Athenian maid that she hoped in her heart that she might some day have her for a sister-in-law. The emperor was just twenty. Pulcheria was anxious to see her brother married, and arranged for a meeting between him and the charming maid of Athens. It was a case of love at first sight. Theodosius made up his mind that there was but one woman who should share his throne, and that woman was Athenais. Religious differences, however, seemed likely to prove a barrier to the consummation of this romantic love affair; for Pulcheria was a devout Christian. But Athenais, not wholly ignorant of Christian doctrines, was quite willing to be converted, and was baptized into the faith on the eve of her marriage; receiving from the patriarch of Constantinople the Christian name of Eudocia in place of the distinctively pagan name which her father had given her. Two



years later a daughter was born to the imperial pair, and Eudocia received the title of Augusta. She used the power conferred by her new dignity to heap coals of fire upon the heads of her undutiful brothers by making them consuls and prefects: but for twenty years neither she nor Theodosius took a very active part in the government; for Pulcheria had great executive ability and a taste for politics, and ruled the empire without assistance. Eudocia meanwhile proved the sincerity of her conversion by paraphrasing parts of the Old Testament in hexameter verse and composing a life of Christ in lines taken from Homer. She surrounded herself with men of learning and her court was famed for its intellectuality. Among those who moved in the brilliant circle was Paulinus, the former companion of the empress's studies in Athens; but the presence of one who was possibly an old flame of his wife aroused the jealousy of the emperor, and Paulinus was promptly banished to Capadocia, where he was subsequently assassinated.

After a time, Pulcheria and Eudocia had a falling out over a theological question, and the empress asserted her imperial rights, Theodosius apparently leaving all matters of state to the management of the women of the family. It was at this time that the zealous convert turned her attention to the city of her birth. Athens was still pagan. The pious Gregory had bemoaned the idolatry of the city, where he said there were more images than in any other city in Greece, and the empress's mind was filled with thoughts of her birthplace. In 430 the gold and ivory statue of the Parthenos is mentioned for the last time. We know not what became of it. A year or two later an imperial decree ordered the destruction of the temples of Athens; but some good fate interposed to save those glorious creations of man's ignorant gropings after unseen gods, and in 435 the emperor ordered

the consecration of the greater temples to the service of the Christian religion. The Olympieum was forthwith dedicated to Christ the Saviour; the Parthenon, the shrine of the virgin goddess of wisdom, to the Divine Wisdom (Saint Sophia); while the Hephaestum, commonly called the Theseum, became the Church of Saint George of Cappadocia. Soon afterward the ancient shrine of the Parthenos was rededicated to the Holy Mother of God, the Panagia. Fortunately for us and for the study of Greek architecture, few alterations were found necessary in the transformation of a pagan temple into a Christian church. The orientation, of course, had to be reversed; and in this process the western wall of the cella of both Parthenon and so-called Theseum were pierced for doorways; the opisthodomos, in both cases, becoming an atrium. Semicircular apses had to be built in the eastern porticos of the temples to conform to the plan of church architecture; but these, being poorly constructed of masonry, were easily removed in later times. The greater part of the sculptured decorations of the temples remained undisturbed; but the central figures of the pediments were removed, probably to make room for statues of appropriate saints. The Christians do not seem to have had the regard for the beauty of their church that the devotees of Athena had had for her temple. The exquisite smoothness of the marble columns was rudely disfigured by crude inscriptions recording the deaths of church functionaries; and the faithful scratched legends and ejaculatory petitions upon them, as the earlier Christians had done in the Catacombs of Rome. We are sometimes prone to rail at the early founders of our faith for their rough treatment of these priceless works of art; but our resentment should be somewhat tempered by the reflection that, had these temples not been considered worthy of consecration to the faith for which the early

Christians were so zealous, they might have been totally destroyed to make room for purely Christian edifices.

During the last days of Athena's reign in her own city, there was a fanatical old philosopher, Proclus by name, who had his house near the sanctuary of Asclepius, between the Odeum of Regilla and the theater of Dionysus. He was a Neoplatonist and taught regularly in the city; and, though a bitter opponent of Christianity, having written a book called "Twenty-two Arguments against the Christians," he lived the life of an ascetic monk, observing fasts and vigils. He worshiped the sun and moon, the spirits of heroes and philosophers, and spent much time in the celebration of all the old pagan religious festivals. One night he dreamed a dream: A woman of radiant beauty appeared to him and bade him prepare his house for the reception of the Queen of Athens. The dream was prophetic; for, within a short time, the imperial decree banished Athena forever from her ancient abode, and the sacred statue of the Parthenos, after nine centuries of undisturbed possession, disappeared from its shrine and from the eyes of man. Thus did the daughter of Athens, the imperial Eudocia, work out the salvation of her mother city. Thus did the last stronghold of paganism fall before the standard of the cross.

Athens could assume the titles and don the vestments of the new faith, but she never could become to Christianity what she had been to paganism. She was essentially a classic and a pagan city, too old to change and still be herself. The new garment did not fit, and ill became her classic beauty. She simply accepted the inevitable, putting on the outward signs of conversion, but silently protesting within her heart. A century longer the city was allowed to retain her reputation as a center of culture; her great schools, her university, still drew

scholars to their classic porticos; but with the accession of Justinian, the clouds which had begun to lower about the Acropolis grew heavier, and finally inclosed the city in the shades of darkest night. The emperor's ambition was to make his capital sole mistress of the world in all things, and Athens, with her time-honored seats of learning, was a serious rival in the intellectual field. An imperial edict recalled the salaries of the teachers of the University of Athens, and forbade the public teaching of philosophy in the home of Plato. The death-blow had been struck, the city of Athena had been lopped of all her treasures, her power, her wealth, her art; but so long as the heart of her literary institutions beat she could live; these were her very vitals—touch them, and she must die. In the year 429 B.C.—the year that Pericles died—Athens reached the zenith of her splendor. In the year 529 A.D. the night of oblivion closed in about her, and classic Athens was no more. The dying fire of her ancient glories went out, to become but a memory, in the dead embers of the past, which are still loved and cherished in the cold urns of art; while the tablets of her literature still speak her undying fame: for “wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.”

## XV

### THE DARK AGE

#### ATHENS FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE MIDDLE AGES TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

"Age shakes Athena's tower."

BYRON.



THE history of Athens, a thousand years after the Golden Age, is shrouded in mystery almost as obscure as that which envelops her history a thousand years before it. For seven hundred years after the passing of classic Athens, only an occasional message comes from the clouds and thick darkness which surrounded her grave. In the middle of the seventh century, the emperor Constans II spent the winter under the clear skies of Athens, which were not dimmed by the clouds of adversity. A hundred years later, Athens gave birth to a second empress, more famous perhaps even than the consort of Theodosius II. Irene, like Eudocia, was both beautiful and accomplished; she also was left an orphan in girlhood and was sent to Constantinople, where she attracted the notice of Constantine V, who destined her to become the wife of his young son—the future emperor Leo IV. In Athens, Irene had been brought up to worship Christian images, this much of pagan custom having been translated into Christian ritual in the ancient high place of paganism and carried to a greater



The Little Metropolitan, the Old Cathedral of Athens.

extreme than in almost any other city. When the Athenian girl became a royal princess, she was obliged to give up her image-worship in conformity to the doctrines in vogue at the court. Her husband's reign was a short one, and before his death he appointed Irene

regent during their son's minority; and when she became virtual head of the empire, she returned to the tenets of her youth and made every effort to restore the adoration of images in face of the strong iconoclastic feelings of the capital. Her son, Constantine VI, espoused the doctrines of his father and grandfather, and a bitter animosity sprang up between mother and son, which ended in her having him put to death in the most cruel manner. Irene was then supreme, and for several years reigned with judgment and moderation. Like Eudocia before her, Irene turned her attention to the religious welfare of her native town and built a number of churches for the advancement of religion. One of the few monuments of the Byzantine period in Athens, the church of the Panagia Gorgopiko, or the Little Metropolitan, as it is usually called, is attributed to this age of the Athenian church and often to the reign of the empress Irene. This minute building, standing beside the huge bare structure of the modern Metropolitan church, like a wee mother that has given birth to a giant, is the oldest Christian monument in Athens. It is built entirely of ancient fragments of architecture and sculpture, thrown together in haphazard fashion. Above the main portal is a frieze in relief representing a calendar of the ancient Greek festivals; at either end of the frieze are crosses added by the Christians by way of consecration. Corinthian capitals, a Doric triglyphal frieze with bucrania in relief upon its triglyphs, crossed torches and a vase in each metope, and ancient fragments of relief sculptures of all ages are worked into the scheme, sometimes upside down. Bits of tomb reliefs and a mutilated figure of a wrestler are added to the *mélange*, and the whole makes up a combination almost grotesque in its uncouthness. The only signs of Byzantine style are the plan and form of the building, the tall central dome on its elevated drum,

the little apses at the east, and the bizarre representations of animals in flat relief, which are truly Byzantine in character.

Almost another century passes without a word in history concerning Athens, and then the archbishop of Athens is made a metropolitan of the Eastern Church, which, though only a brief word, signifies that Christian Athens was not wholly forgotten in the growth of the church under the patriarchate of the great Photius in Constantinople. A century and a half elapse before we hear of the city again; this time she is chosen as the scene of a triumph which the emperor Basil II held to celebrate his victory over the Bulgarians. The victory was accompanied by some of the most brutal atrocities that history has ever witnessed; but the triumph upon the Acropolis was the most gorgeous pageant that the ancient city had beheld since the days when Hadrian filled her streets with the splendors of the Western Empire. Basil gave thanks to the Blessed Virgin in her cathedral—the Parthenon of days gone by—and filled the ancient shrine with precious gifts, among them a silver dove, emblematic of the Holy Ghost, which ever hovered above the high altar.

With the gradual decay of the Eastern Empire, Athens recedes even more deeply into the gloom; we do not hear from her again until the Normans of Sicily, cousins of the Normans who had just conquered England, arrive upon the scene, under the leadership of Roger of Sicily, who, on one of his semi-piratical expeditions, took Athens for the sake of the few treasures she still retained. After the capture of Constantinople by the armies of the fourth crusade, Athens began to play a part in the mediæval history of Europe. In 1204, Sgouros of Nauplia took the lower city and burned it to the ground; but failed to get possession of the Acropolis. The following



year Boniface II, the famous margrave of Montferrat, then king of Thessalonica, came to Athens with his victorious army of Burgundians and Lombards, and, after a brief struggle, took the city and the citadel. Again the Parthenon and other temples were obliged to change their religion; this time from the orthodox Greek faith to the Roman Catholic, and the Latin tongue sounded for the first time within Athena's walls when the Roman priests chanted the mass. Thus Athens became a Frankish duchy, and, in 1205, Otho de la Roche was made duke of Athens with the title of grand signor. Otho took up his residence on the Acropolis, and a ducal palace was built for him, including portions of the ancient Propylaea. Four successors of Otho held the dukedom for a hundred years, during which time Athens enjoyed a false and unnatural era of peace and prosperity. The ruling house during the French occupation, with its court, were foreigners among a conquered people with whom they had no sympathies. The feudal system was imposed upon the inhabitants of Attica, subjecting them to strange and unwelcome conditions. The court was in every sense a product of French medievalism: here were assembled the most gallant knights of Europe. French was spoken in Athens just as well as in Paris; the chivalry of Athens was second to none in Europe. Knighthood was once conferred in the converted Parthenon, while the gentlemen of the court indulged in jousts and tournaments upon the Attic plain. The French dukes at length yielded to Walter de Brienne, who, in turn, was forced to give Athens over to the Grand Catalan company, to whom he had looked for aid. The Catalans conferred the dukedom upon a member of the Sicilian branch of the house of Aragon, in whose house it remained until 1386, when it was claimed by the Florentine family of Acciajuoli.

After these various vicissitudes Athens entered upon another ephemeral period of prosperity. The first two Florentine dukes undertook the task of making over the Acropolis into a medieval castle. The ancient wall of Cimon had fallen somewhat into disrepair during the ages of neglect, so that it was found necessary to reinforce it throughout in order that it might withstand the shock of iron balls propelled by the force of gunpowder—a kind of assault which Cimon had neglected to reckon with, and, indeed, this method of attack was quite a new invention. It was found necessary to double, and in some cases to triple, the original thickness of the walls, and thus the beautiful ashlar of the fifth century B.C. was soon completely hidden from view beneath a revetment of rough and uncut stones of all kinds and shapes, laid with a great quantity of mortar. It is this revetment that we still see when we look up at the Acropolis, except in a few small spaces where this has fallen away, disclosing the soft yellow limestone courses of Cimon's work. The old approach to the fortress at the western end was not deemed of sufficient strength, and a wall more than twenty feet in thickness was thrown from the Nike bastion across to the pedestal of Agrippa's monument. The pedestal was then joined to the north wing of the Propylaea. A new method of approach was planned, more like that which had led up to the Acropolis in the earliest times; the roadway entered by an arch beside the pedestal of the Agrippa monument, then was carried on a sloping terrace across the front of the Propylaea and south of its southern wing, where the old Pelasgic wall was partially destroyed for its entrance to the inclosure. The Propylaea of Mnesicles was now no longer a gateway in any sense, but was converted into a palace. The main central portico was blocked up by walls which filled the intercolumniations, and which were

provided with two stories of windows; for the interior was fitted with a floor which divided it into two stories. Above the ancient roof a third story was provided; and the south wing became the base of a lofty tower from the top of which the dukes could view the whole of their domain and enjoy the prospect far out to sea and over toward the mountains of Morea. Pericles and his architects would not have recognized their majestic entrance to the shrine of Athena if they could have come back to visit the Italian dukes, and it was well for them that they could not return to behold the desecration of their superb monuments. The Acropolis inclosure was filled up with barracks and magazines built in the same crude style as the walls and tower. The summit of the outer walls was provided with battlements, and batteries were placed upon the top of the redouts; underground passages and deep cisterns for water were excavated in the rock, and, in fact, nothing was wanting to make the ancient citadel a fortress of the most approved medieval type.

It is worth while to notice that, with all these transformations, no building upon the Acropolis, at least so far as we know, was actually destroyed. Walls and towers were hastily constructed in the crude methods of the day, but only to incase the ancient buildings or to fill them up. Of course the marble suffered by this process, but the buildings themselves were spared and, perhaps, by being thus incorporated with medieval structures, saved from the lime-kiln which swallowed up so many of the sumptuous temples of antiquity.

Below the Acropolis many of the ancient buildings had long since disappeared; but the circuit wall which had been repaired by the emperor Valerian against the coming of the Goths was probably in a fair defensory condition; but the space inclosed by this wall seems to have been too large to suit the convenience of the lords of the Acropolis,

and it was at this time, according to the most recent critics, that a wall was built dividing the city in twain,—the wall which may be traced in ruins from the northwest angle of the Acropolis along the eastern side of the agora,—employing the material of the dismantled stoa of King Attalus. The line of this wall is indicated on the map of Roman Athens.

Five successors of the first Acciajuoli ruled in Athens, and the city seems to have been tolerably prosperous under their sway. The population at this time is said to have been more than fifty thousand.

The fame of the medieval Athens spread abroad in Europe and the title of Duke of Athens became familiar words in the courts of France, Italy, and England. Dante refers to Theseus as *il duca d'Atene*, and Chaucer applies the same title to the legendary hero. Shakspeare also introduces him as duke of Athens in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," showing how the reviving interest in classic lore translated the life of prehistoric Athens in terms of the Athens of the day. But how little remains in Athens to-day to remind us of the time when knighthood was in flower upon the Acropolis! The walls and towers of the French and Italian dukes have disappeared; only the ugly revetment of Cimon's superb wall remains, which, with a cistern here and there upon the Acropolis, is all that is to be seen of them there. Far out on the plain, in the dilapidated little convent of Daphni, two coffins of stone with carved fleurs-de-lis upon them, now scarcely traceable, are the most characteristic memorials of the men who first introduced Athens to modern Europe.

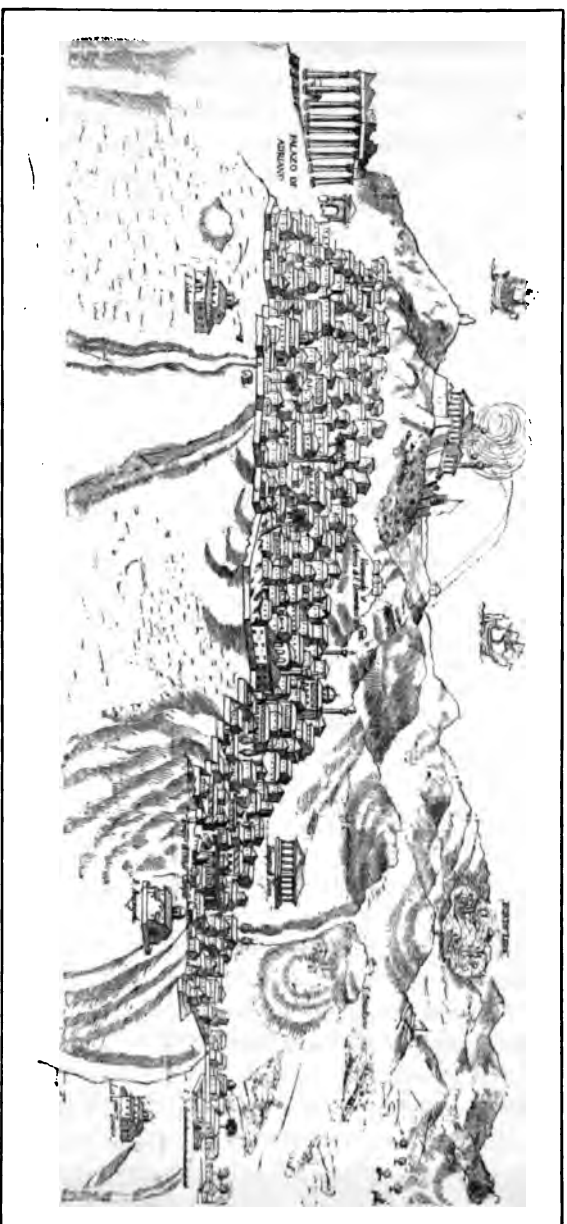
Under Franco II, the last of the Acciajuoli, the life of debauchery which was in vogue within the castle of the Acropolis had its effect upon the administration of affairs, and lawlessness pervaded the entire city. At the

same time the Turk appeared in Europe. Constantino-ple had fallen before the terrible assault of the sultan Mohammed II, and the storm of conquest swept toward the west and south. In 1456, Omar, the Turkish general who had taken Jerusalem, arrived before the walls of Athens, and the disorganized condition of the lower city made it an easy prey to his army. The castle was well provided to resist a siege, and held out for over a year; but this also finally fell into the hands of the Turks. The sultan, who visited the city soon afterward, was so delighted with the marvelous monuments of her past, and so charmed with the mildness and beauty of the climate, that he was tempted to establish a royal residence in Athens, and for that reason treated the city with great leniency for a Turkish conqueror, and extended many privileges to the citizens, exempting them from the terrible oppression that many of the conquered cities of Greece suffered, by appointing an official of his household as governor. Disdar-Aga took up his residence upon the Acropolis, the Propylaea became his palace, the Erechtheum his harem, while, as a mark of special favor, the Parthenon was reserved for the Christians as a house of worship. Then, having garrisoned the Acropolis with Turkish troops, with many tokens of good will the sultan took leave of Athens and set out for the Peloponnesus. On his return, two years later, the sultan found the Christians plotting against his government. Having put the leaders of the conspiracy to death, he proceeded to punish the ungrateful Christians by converting their Panagia—the Parthenon—into a mosque. The pious Moslems speedily covered the odious pictures of saints upon the walls with a coat of thick whitewash; but this did not make the Parthenon a real mosque. One thing more remained to be done: it must have a minaret. The mute figures on the pediments must have wanted to

hide their faces when the slender tower began to rise at the southwest angle of the massive Doric temple. But it was beautiful to the sultan's eye and did no harm, except that a doorway was rudely hacked in the west wall of the opisthodomos, to connect the stairway of the tower with the porch. The minaret was completed, the Parthenon espoused its fourth religion, and now a third tongue sounded out a new ritual when the priest of Islam mounted the minaret to give the first call to prayer.

All this was in 1460. But the Turks had not more than gotten comfortably settled in their new abode when the Venetians landed a large army at Piræus and, after a terrible battle, drove them out of the city. Athens was now so accustomed to sudden changes of both religion and government that she was little surprised to see the return of the sultan, three years later, and the second establishment of Turkish power upon her Acropolis. The second Turkish rule in Athens was one of extreme moderation. A Turkish governor and a Turkish garrison, of course, occupied the citadel, and annual tribute was exacted by the Porte; but in the administration of the laws the Christian citizens had their own representatives. A *cadi*, or judge, settled all differences between Moslems; but the Christians elected their own magistrates, to whom they gave the ancient title of *archon*. If disputes arose between Moslems and Christians, the *archons* constituted the first court, from which an appeal could be made to the *cadi*, and from him to the Grand Vizier. For two hundred years the city enjoyed a measure of prosperity under this mild Turkish régime. The Acropolis was inhabited by Turks, but the bulk of the city's population, which is estimated to have been over forty thousand, was Christian. The people tilled their fields and garnered rich harvests of olives, from which they received a good income through the markets of Constantinople. It is

most unfortunate that this condition of affairs could not have been perpetuated until Europe had become enlightened. It is altogether probable that the Turks, during their second occupation, either through religious fanaticism or for amusement, indulged in the mutilation of the sculptures of Athens; but this form of vandalism is not a drop in the bucket of devastation that the interference of European powers dashed over the city. During all this period the great edifices upon the Acropolis remained intact except for one most unfortunate catastrophe, in which Nature was the agent and the Turk only the unwitting instrument. In 1645, we are told by de la Rue, Isouf-Aga had a large quantity of powder stored in his castle—the Propylaea; and one night, when the Christians were celebrating the feast of Saint Demetrius in his little church at the foot of the Museum Hill, the Aga proposed to drop a few bombs upon them. One bomb was fired with little effect, and then three pieces were so aimed as to cover the church and destroy it completely; but before the guns were fired a fierce thunderstorm swept over the Attic plain, and a bolt of lightning, striking the castle, ignited the powder, causing a terrible explosion, which demolished a large portion of the Propylaea and sent Isouf-Aga to his reward. The whole interior of the ancient gateway of Mnesicles was a wreck; two of the beautiful Ionic columns were completely destroyed and the tops of the rest were blown off. The wonderful marble ceiling, which had been the marvel of generations, and the main architraves, were also demolished; only the Pinakotheka, the outer walls, and the eastern portico remained comparatively unharmed. The Christians, of course, believed that the saint had turned the tables against the Aga; for, from that time, their church was called by the name of Saint Demetrius the Bombarder.



Athens during the Siege of the Venetians. Reduced from an Old Print in Fanelli's "Atene."  
The Original Drawing was made in 1687.



A few years after this Jean Jacques Carrey made a visit to Athens and devoted his precious time to making drawings of the Parthenon sculptures, as if he had been forewarned of their approaching doom. These drawings are our only records of many of those masterpieces of Phidias and his gifted pupils.

On September 21, 1687, Francesco Morosini, the future Doge of Venice, after a series of victories over the Turks, sailed into the harbor of Piraeus. The Athenians lost no time in sending a deputation to the Venetian admiral to tell him how earnestly they desired freedom from the Turks. Morosini at once moved his horrid engines to Athens, mounting his batteries on the hills of the Muses and of the Nymphs, his mortars upon the Areopagus. The Turks upon the Acropolis had already begun to feel insecure with Morosini so near, and had begun elaborate operations for defense. They demolished the lovely little temple of Athena Nike, built it, block for block, into a breastwork in front of the Propylaea, and provided this with six pieces of ordnance. The work of bombarding a fortress so redoubtable was very tedious to the impatient Morosini. He held a consultation with his engineers, and a fine scheme was devised by which the Acropolis was to be undermined and the whole citadel, temples, Turks, and all, was to be blown into eternity; but the task proved too laborious, and Morosini returned to his guns. One day a deserter from the Turkish side came over to say that if the bombardment was continued the Parthenon might be destroyed, for in this the Turks kept their powder magazine. This he said hoping to put a stop to the devastation; he told only a half-truth, however, for there was but one day's supply of powder in the temple. But the deserter did not know his man. "Powder in the Parthenon!" This was just what he wanted. All the guns were at once directed toward one

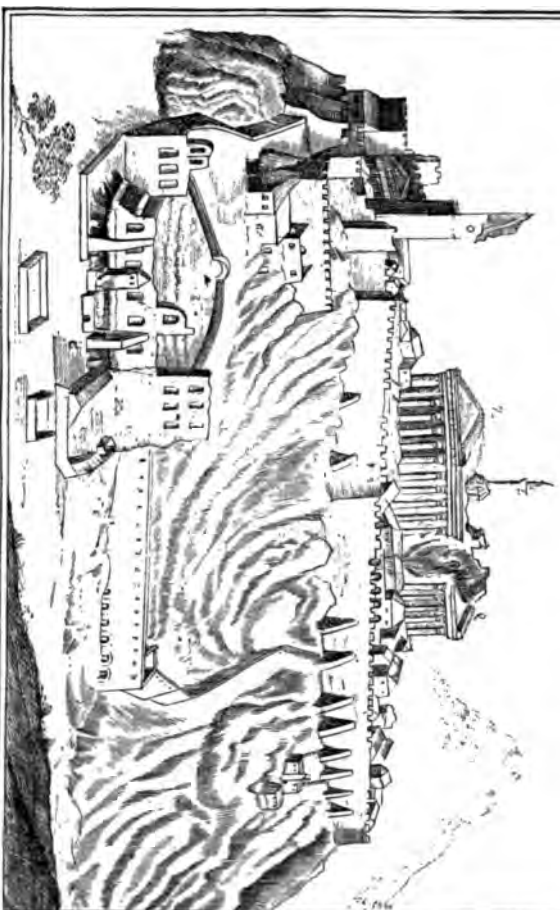


The Bombardment of the Acropolis by the Venetians. From an Old Print  
in Fancelli's "Atene."

focus, and that focus was the Parthenon. For three days some good fate took advantage of the bad marksmanship of the Italian gunners to save the temple of Athena—the shrine of the Blessed Virgin—now a mosque; but on the fourth, an evil fate sent a German lieutenant to a mortar which had been stationed below the Acropolis, near the little monument of Lysicrates. The lieutenant directed the gun with deadly precision; the cord was pulled and a terrible boom echoed from Cimon's wall. The bomb ascended, hissing along its graceful curve, and then fell. We shudder to think of what happened when it descended upon the roof of the Parthenon, crashing through the marble tiles down into the cella where the powder was. A mighty explosion shook the Acropolis, the crowning work of architectural genius, the grandest monument of man's religious devotion, was rent asunder. The splendid roof was sent toward heaven, the magnificent columns on either side leaped from their basement and fell prone as we see them still. The massive architrave, with the beautiful metopes, and the lovely frieze toppled and fell, breaking themselves into fragments. The whole interior was completely demolished. For two thousand years the Parthenon had stood in all its splendor; a second of time sufficed to lay it in hopeless ruins.

But the disaster did not end here; the explosion was followed by a terrible conflagration, which raged for days among the wooden fittings of the mosque, and spread to the barracks and huts with which the Acropolis inclosure had been crowded full. The fire spread to the other ancient buildings which had been fitted up for habitation, and great havoc was wrought in the Erechtheum and its dependencies. The Turks, of course, evacuated with heavy losses, and Morosini took possession of the citadel, with religious celebrations of his victory. The most beautiful church in the city was reconsecrated to the

VEDUTA DEL CAST. D'ACROPOLIS DALLA PARTE DI MEZO GIORN



The Acropolis after the Bombardment, Showing the Fortifications of the Propylaea and the Odeum of Regilla. From an Old Print in Fanelli's "Atene."

name of Saint Dionysius the Areopagite, on whose feast day the Acropolis had surrendered. The Turks were allowed five days to leave the city, with their families, bag and baggage. Three thousand departed, but three hundred others preferred to embrace Christianity rather than quit Athens, and these were forthwith baptized into the Church of Rome. When the fire had consumed every particle of inflammable material within its reach, leaving the Acropolis strewn with ashes and its sadly shattered marble glories blackened with smoke, the captors looked about for some suitable trophy of their victory, some monument which they might carry home to Venice as an imposing memorial of their prowess, like those fine bronze horses which Constantine had carried from Rome to the Bosphorus and which Doge Dandolo of Venice had taken away in 1204 to adorn the façade of the Church of Saint Mark. Morosini's eye fell upon the four superb marble horses which stood before the chariots of Athena and Poseidon in the western gable of the Parthenon, which, strange to say, had not been dislodged by the explosion, and he was seized with a desire to possess them. Messengers were despatched to the ships to fetch cables and tackling and to bring a detachment of sailors for the work of taking down the sculptures. The labor of devastation began and the proud marble steeds were loosened from their pediment; but, through some stupid blunder, the tackling slipped and the sculptures fell with a crash upon the steps of the Parthenon to be dashed into countless fragments. Morosini then satisfied himself with the possession of two bronze lions, which were safely conveyed to the ship, and have been one of the sights of Venice ever since the victor's return. Having completed their task, having committed more barbarous vandalism in Athens than all the hostile armies of Spartans, Macedonians, Romans, and Goths combined, having wrought

far greater havoc than the lightning and tempest of two thousand years had done, the Venetians sailed satisfied away, leaving the poor Athenians, who had sought their aid, to the mercy of the Turks, who immediately returned, pitiless toward the wretches who had brought so great disaster upon them. Large numbers of the citizens were driven to take flight, some of them to Salamis, as in the days of the Persians, some to Aegina, and some to Corinth and other cities of the Peloponnesus, many of them never to return again. Disease and death spread terror among those who remained, and the Turks put off reoccupation for nearly a year. Then they returned and set fire to a large portion of the city in order to purify it of the pestilence. The sultan, who was very well disposed toward the rebellious Athenians, sent a free pardon to all the citizens and remitted the tribute for three years. The old families began gradually to return and to rebuild their homes, so that within a few years comfort and industry were again restored.

The mosque within the Parthenon was rebuilt. The minaret had been miraculously preserved, and a sort of dome now rose between the severed porticos of the temple, and the work of destruction so inauspiciously introduced by the Venetians went rapidly on. Entirely too much is said, in Athens and out of it, about Turkish vandalism. It was *not* the "ignorant Turk" that began the destruction of the monuments upon the Acropolis, but the "enlightened Europeans" who were at war with him. So far as the Turks were concerned, the Parthenon and the Erechtheum would have remained intact as monuments of architecture until this day. It was their policy to preserve these buildings for their own use, even though they may have defaced the sculptures. But when the intermeddling Europeans had once given them a lesson in destruction, they began with a will to practise what they

had learned. Their poor huts, their barracks, and their walls had been totally demolished, and must now be rebuilt as soon as possible. The marble fragments which had been broken from the temples by the explosion and by cannon-balls were hastily gathered up and converted into lime for the work of reconstruction; and when all the pieces that could be moved had been thus requisitioned, they soon found how easy it was to make fragments of the larger pieces and from the portions of the buildings that were still standing. It was then that statues, inscribed bases, and pedestals were collected into heaps and bits of cornice and frieze were broken off, all to be carried to the lime-kiln for the manufacture of that material which was the most readily handled and produced the most speedy results. But the work of devastation had only begun. It was hard enough to have the Turks breaking up the already shattered buildings; but with the restoration of peace came the first European tourists. The great passion for antiquities had seized Europe, and now, for the first time, broken bits of statuary began to command good prices in European markets. The coming of the tourists and the collectors for antiquity shops sealed the doom of the sculptures that had escaped up to this time. As soon as the Turks learned that these relics had a money value, they ceased to deface them from religious scruples; but, climbing up to the pediments and the metopes of the temples, they broke off the heads of the figures and sold them to the visitors for a few pieces of silver. The trade flourished for a number of years: few travelers came to Athens prepared to export whole statues, metope blocks, or sections of frieze; but every comer could pack a head or two among his luggage, with perhaps a shapely arm or hand by way of memento. In this way almost every statue or relief in sight was mutilated; while every figure that came to light in the process of rebuilding the

town was decapitated to catch the eye of some antiquity-hunter. We can only marvel that anything was left. Indeed, it is wholly due to the fact that the Turks did not excavate or even clear away the debris, when they wished to lay the foundations of a new house, being content to smooth off the ground to a general level, that we owe the preservation of the few Athenian treasures which the National Museum and the museum upon the Acropolis possess. For by this simple method a small number at least of the ancient sculptures were buried and hidden from the greedy grasp of the antiquarians' native agents.

It was in all probability during this period of Turkish occupation that the greater number of monuments of Athens, both of architecture and sculpture, perished forever, the temples and other buildings being taken for the lime industry, the reliefs and statues mutilated for the antiquity market. It may be that this era saw the disappearance of that large number of smaller temples that were scattered over the lower city and spread out into the plain, and the endless colonnades and porticos that lined the agora and newer market-places; for this great array of buildings, though ruined and fallen to decay, could not have been annihilated in any other way. It may be that in this generation the mighty temple of Zeus was dismantled and broken up and the marble seats of the stadium were torn up to furnish food for the hungry lime-kiln. Certain it is that many of the reliefs and statues came to grief at this time; for when Dalton, the English draftsman, visited Athens in 1749, and made his drawings of the Parthenon, more than half of the sculptures of the ancient shrine had disappeared from their places in the pediments, and the metopes and the frieze were in a shocking state.

For more than sixty years "Athens, although under



the Ottoman yoke, was in a flourishing condition, and might be held up as an example to the other cities of Greece," to quote from one of her own later historians. The Athenians governed themselves much as they had done before the painful Venetian interlude. The Turkish government was not oppressive nor were its taxes excessive. After 1754 the city suffered from incursions of the Albanians; but a good governor arose who raised an army, composed of Turks and Athenians, and gained a great victory over these marauders in 1777, after which the Albanians were not heard of again in Athens. The good governor, by this brilliant campaign, won the esteem of the Porte and the love of his subjects to such a degree that his office was conferred upon him for life; but these demonstrations seem to have spoiled him, for he directly converted into a bad governor, oppressing his people and misusing his powers, until the Athenians revolted against him and had him removed. Bribery restored him to his place for a time, but he was again removed, only to buy his position back again. This operation was repeated several times, until 1795, when he was at last put to death in exile at Cos. During these twenty years of misgovernment Athens declined in wealth and prosperity, and the terrible pestilence of 1789 and 1792 reduced her population, through death and flight, by several thousands. The city was in a deplorable condition when Lord Elgin arrived with the opening of the nineteenth century. He spent three years laboriously making casts and drawings of the remnants of architecture and sculpture upon the Acropolis, working under inconceivable difficulties. Then he secured a firman from the Sublime Porte permitting him to remove, as he saw fit, any stones bearing sculptures or inscriptions, and began the work which robbed the temples upon the Acropolis of their last treasures. It is a bitter chapter in the

history of Athena's citadel, the tearing from her embrace of the scant residue of her ancient splendor; but we must admit, in all fairness, that it was for the best, in the light of subsequent history, in view of the terrible war that wrecked the Acropolis in the last struggle that was to end in triumph for the cause but devastation for the land. Lord Elgin was perfectly right in removing the treasure, which was, after all, a part of the inheritance of all civilization from its Grecian mother, to the safekeeping of the British Museum. But in the methods which he pursued, or which were pursued in his absence, for the rescue of that treasure, he was unquestionably wrong, and his memory will be justly odious so long as civilization endures; for, not content with taking the figures and reliefs that had fallen from their places, nor yet with gathering up the fragments of those which lay broken on all sides of the Parthenon, he, or the rapacious vandals whom he employed, in order to wrest the priceless metopes from their places, tore up the gigantic cornice of the temple, and wrenched apart the massive stones of the entablature, dashing their superb members to pieces on the rock below. They snatched one of the lovely caryatid maidens of the south porch of the Erechtheum from her place with such brutal violence that one half of the entablature and one of the two gigantic slabs that composed the superb coffered ceiling fell with a crash in a heap of hopeless ruins. They removed one of the six exquisite columns of the Erechtheum's eastern portico—the sacred portico of Athena Polias—leaving a meaningless row of five to mourn the rape of their sister. All this was unnecessary and wanton vandalism. Most of the statues which were not a part of the Parthenon had been stolen already; but Lord Elgin found the seated statue of Dionysus that had crowned the choragic monument of Thrasycles above the theater, and added that to his cargo of booty, as one

of the "blocks of stone with figures upon them," according to the terms of his firman. For these acts of vandalism, as I say, we can never forgive his lordship; and yet he was instrumental in preserving to us the major part of the Parthenon sculptures from utter destruction, perhaps, or perhaps from some other museum in a land where revolution and mobs are of more frequent occurrence than they are in England. But when we ascend to the Acropolis, and feast our eyes upon the two glorious porticos of Ictinus, so bare and forsaken, with only the head of one of Helios's horses rising from the waves in one angle of the eastern pediment, and two lonely and battered figures clinging hopelessly to each other above the western portico, we cannot but yearn for the exiled gods and heroes of Phidias, conceived in the remotest ages of Grecian history, and fashioned by the deftest hands of the Golden Age of Athenian art, now sentenced to endless imprisonment in the stifling gloom of the London museum; for the clear air of Attica they have smoke, for sunshine they have mist. Who can blame the modern Greeks, who love their past and glory in it, for cherishing the forlorn hope that some day good, kind England will restore Athena's treasures to her shrine again?

In the year 1821 the breath of patriotism passed once more over Hellas, stirring up a wave of revolution which increased in volume until the whole country was roused to arms. Greeks of Greece and Greeks living in all parts of the world joined forces and with their own services or gifts of money lent impetus to the cause which ended in the final liberation of Hellas. The wave of enthusiasm reached Athens among the first of the cities of Greece, and she, though weak and poor, roused herself for the terrible struggle. The insurgent army entered Attica, took Athens, and surrounded the Acropolis; but presently

the Turks were relieved by the arrival of reinforcements. The Greek army was driven out of Athens, and the city was set on fire, while hundreds of the inhabitants were put to the sword. As soon as the Turkish army had withdrawn, leaving the fortress in the keeping of the native Turks, the Greek army returned to besiege the Acropolis. Terrible scenes followed. The Turks were well supplied with food, but soon ran short of water, and, after suffering untold misery, finally capitulated on June 10, 1822. The army of the Greeks at once took possession, and the standard of liberty floated from the ancient citadel. Then Odysseus, the great general of the Greeks, erected a mighty bastion at the northwest angle of the Acropolis, just above the Clepsydra spring. This work of fortification, which has since been taken away, was the last wall of defense to be built upon the rock of the Acropolis. But peace was not to be expected so soon as that. A year had not passed before the Turks were again harassing Attica, at first only to murder a few peasants, carry off a number of women, and plunder the harvest of ripe grapes.

Then the Greek cause suffered the terrible blow of seeing her chief general, the brave Odysseus, turn traitor. After having made certain negotiations with the enemy, he began open hostilities against Athens. Gouras, the Athenian commander, was sent out against him and won a decisive victory. Odysseus, fearing after this to intrust himself to the Turks, voluntarily gave himself over to Gouras, and was taken to the Acropolis, where he was imprisoned in the tower which the Franks had built above the Propylaea. Soon after his incarceration, his mangled body was found on the rocks below, and it was believed that he had been put to death at the instigation, or at least with the consent, of Gouras. The story of Odysseus, even briefly told as it is here, sounds very like that

of some of the Athenian generals of the ancient democracy; his gallant bravery, his ability to command, and his willingness to desert his country's cause are all suggestive of the character and deeds of an Alcibiades. The same canker at the root of Greek character of a certain type was still the greatest barrier to Grecian liberty and Greek independence.

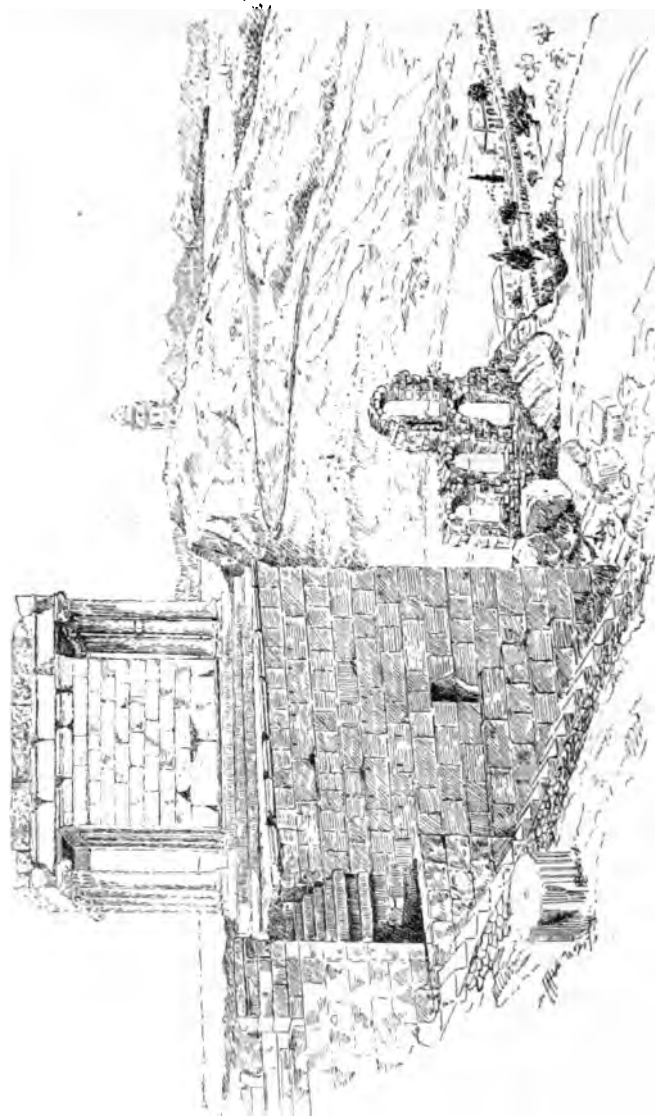
The early years of the last Greek struggle for freedom saw not only a great revival in Greek national feeling, but an awakening of a general interest in Greece throughout Europe. Moral sympathy and material aid flowed in from all quarters, and the great powers of Europe began to feel the necessity of recognizing the Hellenic nationality. It was at this time that a number of distinguished Englishmen arrived upon the scene, offering their services as soldiers and large sums for munitions of war. The most famous of these was Lord Byron, who, crushed with resentment at the real or supposed wrongs that he had suffered at the hands of his own countrymen, and fired with loving enthusiasm for the cause of Greece, left the sneers of the English critics once for all, left Italy, the scene of his amatory escapades and wild excesses, and fled to Athens, where, with all the ardor of his passionate soul, he threw himself and all the funds at his disposal upon the side of the Greeks. In Greece, Byron strove to reconcile the warring factions into which the national party, especially in the army, was divided, and raised a body of Siliotes which he intended for his own command. Byron had been in Athens more than ten years before this. The vividness of his first impressions are evident in the famous lines with which he opens the third canto of the "Corsair":

Slow sinks more slowly ere his race be run,  
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;

Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light.  
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,  
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.  
On old Aegina's rock and Idra's isle,  
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;  
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,  
Though there his altars are no more divine.  
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss  
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis;  
Their azure arches through the long expanse  
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,  
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,  
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;  
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

This is believed to depict the sunset as seen from the southwestern angle of the Acropolis, where the poet must have stood upon a medieval bastion covering the spot where the little temple of Athena Nike now stands; and, in truth, every word of the luminous description is borne out by the scene as it may be enjoyed three hundred days out of every year. Upon the occasion of his second visit, the Athenian muse inspired Byron to write that song which is perhaps his most familiar poem—his farewell to the Maid of Athens. “Σὼη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ” is believed to have been addressed to a beautiful Athenian girl, the daughter of a consul, whom Byron met in Athens; but it is not incredible that, even though a maiden of flesh and blood may have held temporary control of his heart-strings at the time, the poet's exalted imagination may have seen in her the genius of Athens herself, and that to her, in part at least, his vow was made.

Byron's endeavors for harmony among the generals were not successful, and he soon found himself unfitted



**View from the Propylaea Showing the Temple of Athena Nike, with the Hill of the Muses,  
the Bay of Salamis, and the Mountains of Morea in the Distance.**

to control the turbulent spirits of his soldiers; for, though full of human sympathy and love for mankind in the abstract, he was at heart a proud aristocrat. He never forgot for a moment that he was a British peer, and could not but look upon his Greek soldiers as beings far inferior to himself. Such a spirit was not easily tolerated in a country where all had cast their lot into the same basket and were struggling as equals for one supreme idea. Byron was deeply chagrined at his failure as a diplomat and a soldier, and died not long afterward at Missolonghi. Whatever his shortcomings even in the rôle of champion of Grecian liberties, the Greeks sincerely admired and loved Byron as a friend. Twenty-one days of mourning were observed throughout Greece, and Byron's heart was enshrined in a little mausoleum at Missolonghi.

Besides Lord Byron, England furnished, as champions of Greek liberty, Lord Cochrane and General Church, who came with ships and men and provisions to fight for the cause; the former was to take charge of the naval operations of the Greeks; the other was made commander-in-chief of all the Hellenic forces. For ten years and more the war for independence raged in Greece, sometimes sweeping about the Acropolis, and again receding to other parts of the country. In 1826 the terrible siege of Athens began. The Turks had entered Attica and ravaged it, and finally took the city, having driven Gouras and his little army into the citadel. Then for eleven weary months the storm of war raged in the Attic plain as one attempt after another was made to relieve the Greek garrison. The greatest tragedy of the siege was the untimely death of the brave Gouras, who was shot one evening while making a tour of inspection around the walls. The general was instantly killed. Grief and dismay took possession of the garrison, and on the following morning, when his body was tenderly laid to rest



beside the Parthenon with all the solemnity of the Greek ritual, many of the soldiers were moved to tears; but Gouras's brave wife showed a stouter heart than many of the fighting-men. The desperateness of the situation gave her courage, while the behavior of some of the soldiers, even before her husband's death, filled her heart with resentment. "Why do you weep?" she said. "It is you who have caused his death by your attempts at desertion. If your consciences reproach you for this deed, amend your ways and do not cause the death of Gouras's wife, as you have caused his, by desertion." The soldiers were deeply moved and asked that they be given an opportunity to swear fidelity to the wife of their late commander. A book of the Gospels was accordingly brought, and a picture of Christ, upon which they took the oath, which not one of them broke. Soon afterward this noble woman, with her whole family and a number of Athenian women, perished in a collapse of a part of the Erechtheum in which they had taken refuge. All efforts to relieve the beleaguered Acropolis were futile. The Turks maintained the siege and continually renewed the bombardment. The few portions of monuments that had survived the fire of the Venetian guns now met their doom. It is, of course, impossible to tell which of the horrid scars that mar the golden fluted smoothness of the columns of the Parthenon were made by Venetian and which by Turkish cannonade; but we do know that it was a Turkish shell that struck the superb north porch of the Erechtheum and demolished one half of that richest of Athenian porticos. For eleven months the Greek garrison held out manfully against privation, shot, and shell, but finally surrendered, and the Acropolis fell again, and for the last time, into Turkish hands. Six years the Turks remained in possession of the city, during which time the new Greek government was established upon a

firm basis at Nauplia. In 1831 the President of Greece was assassinated, and the European powers held a concert at which they determined to give free Greece a government which they themselves would maintain until it could take care of itself. England, France, and Russia chose young prince Otho, second son of the King of Bavaria, to be the ruler of Greece, and in his eighteenth year Otho was proclaimed King of Greece at Nauplia.

But Athens was the predestined seat of the new Greek government. A Bavarian garrison was despatched to take possession of the Acropolis, and the Turkish soldiers quietly withdrew. A mournful spot for a capital was Athens at the end of her turbulent career. The city, during the dark centuries of Turkish dominion, but particularly during the closing years of the revolution, had gone steadily downward and had reached at last the very dregs of her existence. We are told that when Athens was chosen to be the seat of the nation, the city contained less than a hundred habitable houses. Her ancient buildings could scarcely be seen for the accumulations of medieval and Turkish appendages that had been added to them, and now even these were in a semi-ruinous state. Small structures had been spared simply because they had been built into the solid walls of some late building. Thus the choragic monument of Lysicrates had escaped by being included in the structure of a Capuchin convent. Fragments of the larger buildings were saved in the same way. The northwestern colonnade of the gymnasium of Hadrian had been included as part of the palace of a Turkish official. The theater, the stoa of Attalus, and the market-place of the Caesars were buried, and their sites long forgotten. Little of Athens's ancient splendor remained to add dignity and beauty to the new honor that had been conferred upon her. But the Greeks wished historic Athens to be the home of the independent govern-

ment for which they had fought so nobly and so long, and the whole world sympathized with their wish. Thus Athens emerged from the darkness of her night, and from that day the sun of prosperity has shone upon her career. In 1837 King Otho and his lovely bride, the princess Amelia, entered Athens in triumph, passing along the streets embowered with triumphal arches of laurel, myrtle, and flowers. A new era of prosperity has begun for Athens, and the ancient city of Athena is once more the center of civilization and culture for that part of the world, the home of classic studies for all the great nations of the earth.



## XVI

### MODERN ATHENS: THE AGE OF RECOVERY

"O to be wafted where the wooded sea cape stands upon the laving sea;  
O to pass beneath Sunium's level summit  
So that we might greet sacred Athens."

SOPHOCLES.



THE Bavarian rule has passed away in Athens within the memory of living men, and a prince of Denmark's royal house wields the scepter over a far greater territory than that which royal Theseus ruled—the kingdom of united Greece. A constitution framed by Greeks of high renown regulates the privileges of her people, and she has already taken her place as a recognized power in Europe. Athens has been raised from the dust and ashes of her fall to become one of the most beautiful and best-ordered cities of Europe. The wealth of Greeks in all parts of the civilized world has been poured out at the foot of the Acropolis, and appears in large and sumptuous buildings of which many a larger and more powerful city might well be proud. Her university, her library, and her National Museum would do credit to the architects of any age or country, and in these the art of the Golden Age of Athens has been revived.

Her public squares and pleasure gardens are beautifully laid out with cypresses, palms, and evergreens, and embellished with statues of her modern sons and devotees, among them a statue of Lord Byron. Her principal

streets are broad and straight, and lined with well-designed buildings. The lower stories of these are occupied with shops whose capacious show-windows are so like those of the French capital as to make this feature of the town, at least, deserving of the title "Little Paris," which is ridiculously pleasing to the modern inhabitants of the city, considering the dignity of her own great name.

The prevailing colors of the streets are a creamy white and a light terra-cotta, which give an effect of brilliance that is almost too bright in the heat of summer, but which impart an air of cleanliness to the city. The resident portion of Athens where the well-to-do have their houses is the most attractive and artistic quarter of its kind in Europe. Its broad avenues are shaded with close-standing ranks of graceful pepper trees. The houses are separated from the street by gardens with high fences of open ironwork and filled with trees and flowering shrubs and vines, which in the spring present brilliant touches of color amid the luxuriant foliage. The houses—or, perhaps better, the villas, for they stand free in the midst of their gardens—are designed upon classic lines, with graceful colonnades and porticos. They are usually colored white or a soft yellow, the walls of the porticos and loggias being often painted in deep classic reds, which give depth of shadow to the covered portions.

The one serious drawback to complete comfort in Athens is the dust, which fills the streets with white swirling clouds when the wind blows, and creates a dreadful glare when there is no wind. Though modern Athens does not occupy a very important portion of the ancient classic city, covering chiefly the Roman quarter of Hadrian, it is nevertheless built upon the ruins of a city of marble, and the white dust that makes itself so uncomfortably conspicuous serves as a reminder of this; but it is little

comfort to reflect that one is swallowing pulverized columns of classic antiquity, or that he is being blinded by the dust of antique statuary.

Life in modern Athens as viewed by the casual observer presents little that is different from that of the younger capitals of Europe. It is more like that of Paris or Vienna than that of Rome or Madrid, because it is essentially more modern. There is an air of repose about it, however, that is more in keeping with its climate than would be found in northern Europe. The class of the enormously rich is naturally very small, and the larger number of the citizens seems to be on a nearly equal footing as regards wealth. For this reason there is an absence of vain display and vulgarity which is most refreshing; the absence of wretched poverty is equally conspicuous. An air of domesticity pervades the city that is lacking in most modern capitals. In the evening the cafés are crowded with family parties, who spend an hour or two eating ices or sweets and drinking, seldom anything stronger than water or coffee. On summer nights this same crowd gathers in the public square to listen to up-to-date music well rendered by an orchestra, and to partake of some simple refreshment. There is, of course, a generous admixture of officers of the army, dandies, and coquettes on these occasions; but the general impression is that of family life transported from homes, which may be narrow and cramped, to the brighter light and freer air of a well-appointed restaurant, or to the cool atmosphere of Constitution Square or some other of the public gardens. The theaters are well attended and well appointed. One may hear good music and see excellent plays in Athens, but these are usually supplied by foreign talent, though native artists of unquestionable merit are not wanting.

But all this is the modern Athens which the average

tourist sees. In the winter and early spring the city is full of foreigners, and one might think that these very modern and Western manners and customs were assumed for the sake of the visitors,—company manners, as it were; but in midsummer there is no change, though Athens is then essentially Greek,—full of Greeks from other cities,—for Athens is the summer resort of the Greeks of Alexandria, Constantinople, and Smyrna. The town is even gayer while the summer visitors are in possession than during the invasion of the Northern tribes, and the tram line to Phalerum is crowded with parties bound for the gay *plage* and the bathing beach of that most popular of Greek watering-places.

There is, however, another life in modern Athens which the average tourist often fails to see. It is the life of the lower classes, which is quite apart from that which I have just described. The poorer citizens and the ignorant have preserved their own existence to a certain extent in their own quarter of the town, and in a form much older than that described above, though it is colored more by the Middle Ages and with the brilliant hues of Orientalism than with ancient classic sentiment. To catch a view of this other side of Athenian life one has only to stroll from Constitution Square a short distance down Hermes Street, and then turn to the left into the region of Hadrian's Stoa. He will soon find himself in a maze of narrow, tortuous streets with low, wooden structures on either side—streets too narrow for sidewalks, where the shop-fronts or bazaars open directly upon the thoroughfare, like the bazaars of the Orient, with all manner of articles of merchandise hanging in profusion within reach of the passer-by. These streets are often shaded with bright-colored awnings, through which is shed a soft, subdued light. Here is the quarter of the shoemakers, there the quarters of the iron merchants or wood-workers and a host of

other tradesmen. The native costumes are seen more frequently here: the *fustanella*, the *tsaruchia*, and the *fessi*, or long red cap with black silken tassel, add much to the picturesque effect. The street of the shoemakers is perhaps the most characteristic of all, where the gay red shoes, with tasseled upturned toes and embroidered uppers, hang in profusion from the shop-fronts. In this quaint corner of Athens one may hear native music and see native pantomimes and puppet-shows in which the names of the old Athenian heroes are not forgotten; he may eat native dishes and drink the native *masticha*, which is not often seen in the modern quarters, or taste sweet Turkish coffee in quaint and tiny cups.

An air of happiness and content pervades the scene: the blacksmith sings at his forge, and neighboring tradesmen joke with one another good-humoredly across the street, while the Greek equivalent of the shell-game man goes around with his basket of pistachio nuts, inviting the bystanders to help themselves. Almost every one takes a handful and guesses whether the number of nuts in his hand is odd or even; and if his guess is correct, he gets them for nothing: otherwise he pays for the nuts he has taken. Cleanliness is a conspicuous virtue even in this forlorn old quarter, which inspires one with hope for the future of Greece.

This scene, so foreign to our eyes, seems more Oriental than Greek as we imagine ancient Greek scenes, and makes us wonder whether the Oriental bazaar as we know it is the survival of the old Greek market-place, or whether this Athenian market of to-day was derived from Oriental sources during the long period of Turkish occupation.

This view of Athens has its own peculiar charm, but it is not the Athens that is shaping the destiny of the Greek nation. It is the newer, more advanced, more



enlightened Athens that is doing this grand work—the region of the *boulé* and Constitution Square, where a host of small boys drive a brisk trade in newspapers that bear the inspiring names of “Acropolis,” “Hellas,” and the like, and spend their leisure moments poring over the contents of their wares. Here, under the shadow of the royal palace, the life of the young kingdom centers. It is an impressive sight when the guard at the palace is relieved, and the retiring company comes down the street on its way to the barracks, bearing the royal ensign of Greece. Every man upon the sidewalks, every loungee in front of the cafés, even the little bootblack in the street, stands and salutes the blue and white cross, the emblem of Grecian independence.

Athens, though faithful to the present and far-sighted for the future, has remained true to her glorious past. The monuments of her ancient glory have been tenderly cared for from the first years of her infant independence; and, true to her ancient traditions, she stretches out her hands to all the lovers of her ancient art and literature, beckoning them to come to her for the study of those things by reason of which she holds the far-famed title Mother of Arts and Eloquence.

Soon after Otho took up his royal seat in Athens the recovery of the ancient monuments was begun. To the young king is due the prevention of one great act of premeditated vandalism. The German architect Klenze proposed to erect the royal palace upon the Acropolis, but the plan was defeated by the king himself, and the palace was built in the far eastern quarter of the city, in the ward of the emperor Hadrian.

The first archaeological research in Athens was undertaken in 1833, when a modest sum was raised by popular subscription, and a clearing was made beside the Parthenon. There were no important results from the exca-

vations; but two years later the government began the work on a larger scale, under the direction of Ludwig Ross. The debris which had covered the basement of the Parthenon up to its second step was thoroughly overhauled, and an unexpectedly large number of the Parthenon sculptures were brought to light, consisting of portions of figures from the pediments, whole metopes quite well preserved, and a number of pieces of the zophorus. Besides these, a number of valuable inscriptions were found, and several interesting statue bases. The central portion and the main porticos of the Propylaea were cleared of the medieval walls of rough masonry which filled up the intercolumniations and choked the central passage and the portals. This was no easy task, as the coarse mortar adhered to the marble with such tenacity that the sharply cut arrises of the columns threatened to break in its removal. This mortar may still be seen clinging to the walls and columns in many places. Many of the fortification walls which the Franks and Venetians and Turks had built were removed, revealing various interesting sites and foundations. But the most important work carried on under Ross's direction was the discovery of the disjointed members of the Nike temple and their extrication from the Turkish bastion into which they had been built during the bombardment of the Acropolis by the Venetians. Something of the condition of the other monuments upon the Acropolis at that time may be inferred from that of this fragile building when the Turks took it to pieces. Almost every portion of this little building was found stowed away in the Turkish masonry. Piece by piece the members were removed, and piece by piece they were fitted together upon its little crepidoma until cella and porticos were quite perfect even to the coffered slabs of the ceilings of the little porches. Only the roof was wanting, and several pieces of the frieze, which

Lord Elgin had carried to London. This elaborate work of restoration, together with the general clearing up of the façade of the Propylaea, quite restored the upper part of the western end of the Acropolis to its classic simplicity; but the great tower above the south wing of the Propylaea and the bastions below the main façade still remained, and visitors still entered the Acropolis by the medieval approach.

In 1838 Pittakes directed the archaeological work upon the Acropolis. He excavated in the vicinity of the Erechtheum, and uncovered the lower portions of the temple. A few years later the mosque which the Turks had built upon the ruins of the Parthenon was removed, and the ancient pavement of the temple was laid bare. The upper portions of the minaret were taken down, and the Parthenon began to assume the appearance of a Greek temple. When all this work had been accomplished, the Greek government rested from its labors, and the government of France took up the good work. In 1852 M. Beulé, a member of the French School at Athens, was given the direction of the operations of recovery. Beulé removed the mass of fortress walls which the Venetians and Turks had thrown across the western end of the Acropolis, below the Propylaea, and brought to light the Roman steps and the tower-guarded gateway which bears his name. The approach to the Acropolis was thus restored to its condition in later Roman times, and all traces of the Middle Ages, with the exception of the great tower, disappeared.

The French were followed by the Prussians, who, under the supervision of Bötticher, removed the Byzantine apse of masonry which stood in the pronaos of the Parthenon, freeing the east end of the temple of all its Christian appendages.

The Greeks themselves then formed the Archaeological .

Society of Greece, and began the series of excellent excavations which they are still conducting. With funds partly the gift of the great Dr. Schliemann, the whole Acropolis of the Periclean age was wholly exposed to the view of students and visitors. It was then believed that nothing more was left to be revealed upon the summit of Athena's rock, and the archaeologists began their researches in the lower city. Work here was, of necessity, much slower and was attended with far greater difficulties, owing to the greater accumulation of debris in the lower quarters and the presence of modern houses—difficulties which still stand in the way of our knowing all there is to be known about the ancient Asty.

Soon after 1860, Chandler located the theater of Dionysus, for which the Odeum of Regilla had long been mistaken; and a year or two later Strack excavated the site of the ancient theater, and left it in the condition in which we see it to-day. Many interesting inscriptions and sculptures were brought to light at this time, all of which are now in the National Museum. Among these finds was that beautiful head which is so suggestive of the face of our Lord as it is represented in art. The excavations in the sanctuary of Asclepius also reaped a harvest of sculptured fragments.

Then came the discovery of the Stoa of Attalus and the excavation in the ancient Ceramicus which resulted in the discovery of the ancient cemetery and that superb set of funeral reliefs and vases which forms one of the most beautiful and valuable collections in the world. The number of sculptures that had come to light within a few years necessitated the building of a suitable receptacle for them in Athens.

In 1866 plans for the museum were made, and though years passed before the scheme was finally executed, Athens has now one of the best-appointed museums in Europe.

Toward the end of the sixties, King George defrayed the expense of having the stadium cleared of debris and rubbish, but almost no vestige of its ancient marble lining was discovered. At the same time the Dipylum was discovered, and the supposed site of the classic agora was changed from the south side of the Areopagus to the north side. Then the medieval tower on the Propylaea was taken down in hopes of finding fresh sculptures and inscriptions, but this hope was disappointed. The little museum upon the Acropolis was built about 1878, for the protection of the sculptures that had already been found within the sacred inclosure. It was carefully designed, of low proportions, and placed in a hollow behind the wall of Cimon at the southeastern extremity of the Acropolis. The builders little dreamed of the company of distinguished archaic guests that would come to them within a few years. A short time after the erection of the Acropolis Museum it occurred to General Ephor Kavvadias that the Acropolis had not yet yielded up all her buried treasures, and a plan was formed to scrape the summit of the rock clean in every quarter. The plan resulted in the richest discoveries that had ever been made upon the sacred hill. The whole topography of the sacred inclosure was changed. The sites of no less than three ancient buildings were located, and that priceless set of pre-Persian sculptures was brought to light which made the collection of the Acropolis Museum unique in the world. The fragments of the most archaic temple sculptures and their bearing upon the history of the Acropolis have been described in the early chapters of this book; also the brilliant work of Dr. Dörpfeld upon the foundations and fragments of the old temple of Athena—the Hekatompedon; the finding of the *Tanten* and other archaic statues has also been recounted, so that it is not necessary to review again this period of recovery upon the Acropolis.

It is enough to say that bottom has been reached; the Acropolis has no more light to shed upon the history of Athens, except in those records which may be hidden, and hidden forever, beneath the foundations of the Parthenon.

Since that day researches have been continued in the lower city. The huge basement of the Olympieum has been thoroughly cleaned up, and the foundations of a Pisisiatric temple have been found. Dr. Dörpfeld has made great excavations in the valley between the Areopagus and the Pnyx, disclosing an ancient aqueduct which he identifies with the Enneacrunus, and a host of houses of all ages crowded together along narrow streets. He has found the remains of a very ancient *peribolos*, or wall, about an orchestra, far beneath the historic level of the orchestra in the theater of Dionysus. Excavations are continually in progress, now in the region of the agora, where the Stoa of Attalus is being further unburied, now in the Market of the Caesars, now in the great building of Hadrian. All these researches are dependent upon the government's ability to secure the property which contains the ancient monuments buried beneath the accumulated soil of many generations.

A few years ago a wealthy Greek of Alexandria named Averof, filled with love and admiration for the capital city of Greece, and longing to see her ancient prowess restored, undertook to restore the ancient stadium of Lycurgus and Atticus, with the hope of reviving Athenian interest in athletic sports. The marble quarries of Pentelicus were again asked to yield a vast amount of their store. The lower portions of the mighty structure soon assumed the ancient splendor of old Greco-Roman days; and when the restoration was about one third complete, in 1896, representatives from all the countries of the world gathered in Athens to celebrate the six hundred and sixty-eighth Olympiad with festive games. The

greatest assemblage that Athens had seen since the days of Roman emperors gathered in the partly restored stadium to see athletes of all nations and tongues compete for the wreath of olive from the hand of the Prince of Greece, and to witness the finish of the Marathon run. This last event, which marked the culmination of the fes-



The Crowd in the Stadium Waiting for the Marathon Runner.

tival, was one of the most exciting scenes that can be imagined: the grand old spirit of the Hellenic race seemed to burst into new fire among the assembled Greeks, and quickly spread to the representatives of other, newer races as the great throng beheld the foremost runner in the distance. The crowd surged toward the goal with unsuppressed excitement as the runner approached, and when he came near a thundering shout went up that echoed back from the side of Lycabettus. He was a Greek, the winner of that great event, and all Europe and far America joined in the joy of Hellas over the victory.

A romantic story is told in Athens about the winner

of the Marathon run. It seems that, though highly respectable, he was poor, and had fallen in love with a maiden whose social standing was a grade higher than his own, and for this reason his suit was hopeless. After he had won the victory, while Athens and all Greece were ringing with his fame, the story of his love affair reached the ears of the king, who graciously took the necessary steps to raise him to such a rank and fortune that he could with all propriety seek the hand of the fair Grecian maid. The romance ends as all such stories should: the victor won, in addition to his laurels, the hand of the woman of his choice.

Soon after the games had concluded and Athens had assumed her wonted rôle as the Mecca of students and tourists of every land and nation, the war with Turkey plunged Greece into a sea of trouble and anxiety. It was at this time that M. Averof, the munificent friend of Athens, decided to devote the sums which he had given for the restoration of the stadium to the more immediate needs of Athens and of Greece. The appropriations for the monumental adornment of the city were thus converted into channels for the sinews of war, and for a few years the stadium remained only partially restored. But upon the death of that patriotic and public-spirited son of Hellas, which occurred in 1900, it was found that he had made provision in his will for the complete restoration of the splendid monument of Athenian glory, as well as for a new and excellent water-supply to the city, combining in his gifts the Greek taste for monumental splendor of a Herodes with the Roman utilitarian spirit of a Hadrian.

There is no city of classic antiquity, existing still as a modern city, that impresses the visitor upon his approach as does the city of Athens. Whether we approach overland by the modern road of iron, which carries us



over the lowest point of the shoulder of Mount Daphni, or by sea from Aegina's isle, or after rounding the templed point of rocky Sunium, the effect is much the same. The sentinel cone of Lycabettus, capped with the white pinnacle of St. George's chapel, salutes us first; and then, as our eyes follow the line of its steep slope downward, we are greeted by the vision of the most glorious monument of history and of art that time has spared to the sight of the children of to-day—the violet-crowned Acropolis, girt about with its golden wall and crowned with its glistening diadem, wrought in gold and ivory and surmounted by one priceless jewel that flashes out in the sunlight, like the chiefest ornament in an imperial crown. Nowhere else in the world, even of old, was there, or is there now, a sight like this, where perfect nature and consummate art have combined to paint a matchless scene, where a rocky stronghold of ages distant and dim still bears aloft the unrivaled monuments of historic man's supremest genius, where, in spite of time's rude touch and the devastating blows of war and tumult, the works of that most glorious age still stand triumphant; for, as we view the Acropolis from afar, there is nothing between us and the time of Pericles—nothing that distance cannot obliterate. We behold the same scene that faded upon the sight of that great Athenian fleet which sailed for Sicily in the days of Alcibiades, the same fair prospect that smiled to welcome the devoted Roman emperor Hadrian, the same bewildering sight that fell upon the eyes of Saint Paul as his ship rounded the promontory of Sunium. It is only when we come nearer, only when we enter the streets of the city which our own day has brought into being, that the veil of the present falls between us and the past, and we are made to feel how vain it is to try to see the past as it was, how vain it is to strive to push

away the veil in order that we may have a clearer vision of the life that is no more. The monuments are here—

So sadly sweet, so calmly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.

The life that produced them is gone.

There is much in the monuments below the Acropolis



The Acropolis, from the Pnyx.

in modern Athens to take us back to Athens in the bloom of her youth, if we could but see them by themselves. The so-called Theseum is an isolate example of the art of the Periclean age that might have rolled down from the Acropolis and lodged where it stands; the necropolis, outside the ancient sacred gate, is an oasis of artistic beauty which belongs to the best period of Athenian art, but which is cut off from the classic city by a railway and by blocks of mean modern houses; the Pnyx is a sturdy reminder of the strength and prowess of youthful Athens,

and from its solid foundations the most inspiring view of the glory of the imperial city of Athena may be had. If one stands here after the sun has sunk behind the Delphian cliff, and waits until the deeper shadows infold the sacred rock and hide the modern city from view, the Acropolis of the Periclean era will rise from its ruins and, catching the last rays of departing day, will stand forth in all its splendor. The unsightly seams and gashes in the shapely columns will be healed, the fallen blocks of architrave and cornice will mount silently into their places, the stately figures of the gods and goddesses will return from their wide wanderings and assemble once more in the pointed tympanums of the Parthenon, the statues of the great Athenians will appear in a vast multitude upon the steps of the Propylaea and within the sacred inclosure; and then, as it grows still darker, will come a vast crowd of old Athenians, moving in and out among the columns and statues, ascending and descending the broad approach. For a few brief moments time and war are forgotten, and he will behold, as in a dream, the ghostly apparition of imperial Athens.

The Odeum of Regilla, like the mighty group of the columns of the Olympieum standing upon their massive basement, is too suggestive of the dominion of imperial Rome to help us in picturing to ourselves the city when at the height of her glory as a purely Hellenic creation; but the Dionysiac theater is to many people—to those who love the ancient dramatic poets of Athens—more inspiring even than the Parthenon itself. In this little hollow beneath the wing of the frowning rock were heard for the first time those glorious masterpieces in which were laid the foundations of all that we prize most in literature; upon those rising tiers of seats have gathered the foremost souls that have inhabited this sphere, whose brilliant lives brought history to light and made modern civilization possible.

If one comes to Athens after having already made the acquaintance of Greek monuments in Italy or Sicily, or in Greece itself, at Olympia or Corinth, he will find here the climax for which all the rest is a preparation, and will have read the history of Hellenic art in a book of carven stone. If the Acropolis be for him his first glimpse of Greek art, he will have opened the book at its climax and will be filled with a desire to read the earlier chapters. Or if, by force of circumstances, Athens be his sole vision of the art of classic Greece, he need not grieve; for here is the whole story if he read aright—here is the beginning and the end.

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